OOSEVELT Unlocks White House Press Conference SECRET

MAR. 26,
1938

★ Liberty

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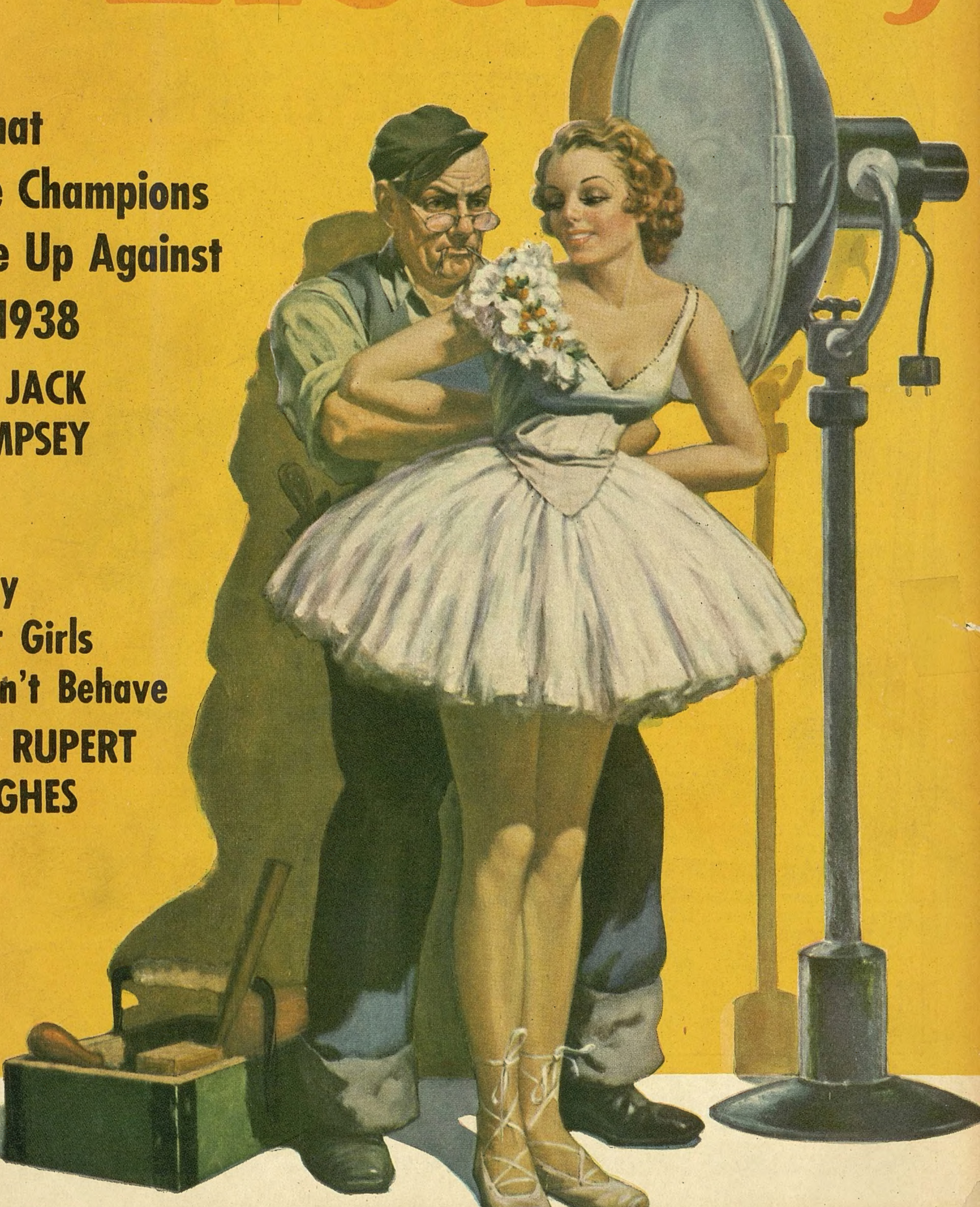

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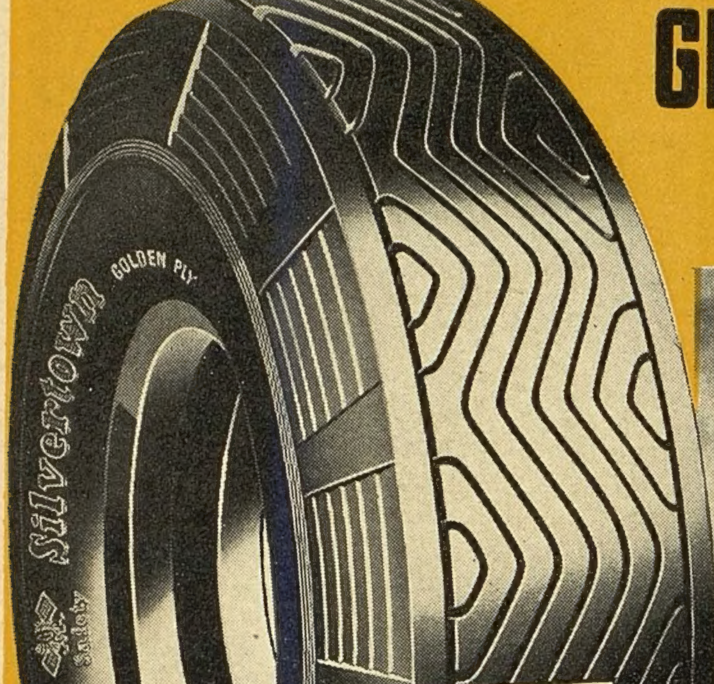
NEW KIND OF TIRE

GIVES THE *QUICKEST* NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN!



SAVED BY A SILVERTOWN STOP!

HERE'S THE EVIDENCE

from America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

A. R. Ellis, Pres.
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

LIFE-SAVER TREAD WORKS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS

Sweeps the water right and left—forces it out through the *deep* drainage grooves. Thus, with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on your car, you *constantly* have a dryer, safer road surface for the rubber to grip—in all directions.

Wins Hands Down in Thrilling Competitive Road Tests Conducted by Famous Testing Laboratory!

AGAIN Goodrich makes tire history! Meeting the demands of millions of motorists for greater protection against skidding, Goodrich engineers have perfected a remarkable new kind of tire that conquers wet road skid dangers in a sensational way.

In exhaustive road tests made by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, largest independent testing laboratory in the country, against regular and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, *no tire tested*—even those costing 40% to 70% more—matched this tire in non-skid action.

Golden Ply Blow-out Protection

The new Goodrich Silvertown is really *two* great tires combined in one! For *inside* the carcass is the famous Goodrich Golden Ply protection against high-speed blow-outs. And *outside* is the new Life-Saver Tread which stops you quicker, safer than you've ever stopped before. That's because this amazing tread is actually a *road dryer!* Its never-ending spiral bars, acting like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep water from under the tire, force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

No Extra Cost!

Go to your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a *free* demonstration that will give you one of the greatest motoring thrills you ever had. Don't miss it, because you'll never know what the word STOP really means until you've felt the grip of this Silvertown on a wet, slippery road.

Remember, this new skid-protected Goodrich Silvertown also has the famous Golden Ply protection against blow-outs. So you get *two* great life-saving features—AT NO EXTRA COST!—to say nothing of 19.1% greater non-skid tire mileage—which means you get EVERY 6TH MILE FREE!

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

"Going on Seven"–but wiser than his Dad about the care of his teeth and gums

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

DAD may laugh at Billy's errors in grammar and his slips in spelling, but there's one classroom lesson Billy has pat—*and one that dad ought to learn!* For, young as he is, Billy knows the meaning of "pink tooth brush" and the importance of massage to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth. He could tell dad a thing or two there—*and dad would be wise to listen!*

For, in grade-schools all over the country, youngsters like this are being taught the importance of massage to healthy gums, *the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth*. They know the meaning—and the threat—of "pink tooth brush."

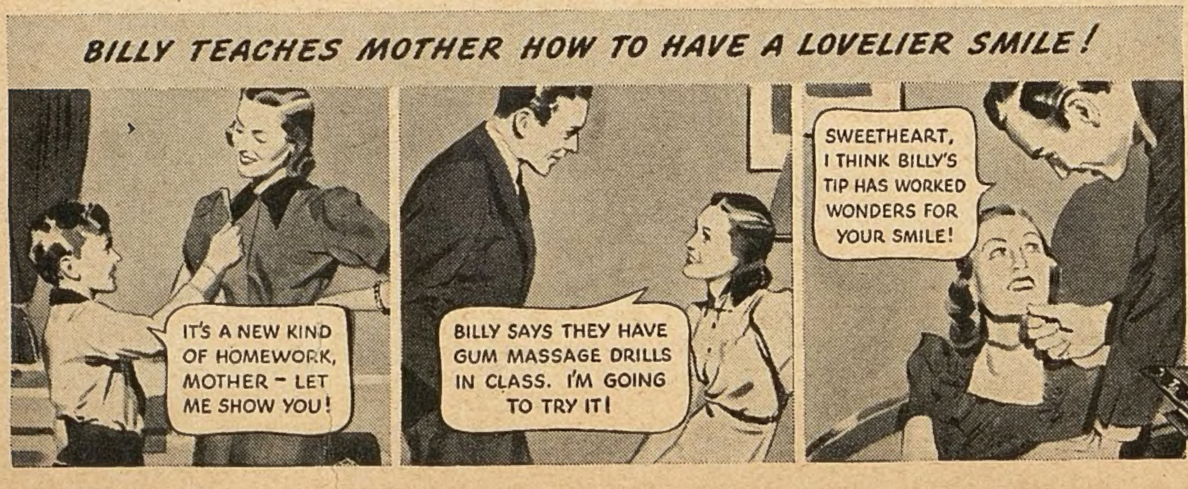
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning. But if you see it—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him make the decision. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Lazy gums"—"gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods." Probably he'll suggest "more exercise, more vigorous chewing," and often the "helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as to clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana Tooth Paste today. See how much it can do to help you to have a more attractive and a *safer* smile.

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.



BILLY TEACHES MOTHER HOW TO HAVE A LOVELIER SMILE!

IT'S A NEW KIND OF HOMEWORK, MOTHER – LET ME SHOW YOU!
BILLY SAYS THEY HAVE GUM MASSAGE DRILLS IN CLASS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT!
SWEETHEART, I THINK BILLY'S TIP HAS WORKED WONDERS FOR YOUR SMILE!

IPANA
Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK

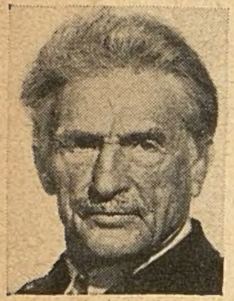
MARCH 26, 1938
Liberty
VOL. 15, NO. 13

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

OVER THE HIGH-WAGE PRECIPICE—MAYBE?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

During the boom period previous to 1929, wages went soaring. And due to what? Not to governmental edicts—but to the scarcity of labor.

Business was booming. Prices were high. Profits were big and the money required to pay high wages was easy to find.

Now we all want the prosperity that distributed money so freely everywhere during that period, and because high wages meant liberal spending and because of their close association with prosperity many of our officials concluded that boom times could be brought again merely by raising wages higher and higher.

But it was not high wages that brought us prosperity . . . it was prosperity that brought high wages. We would hardly want to put the cart before the horse. We might just as well say a farmer raised a good crop in order to bring the rain.

Wages represent an investment, and investors put their money in wages because they are reasonably sure that profits can be secured; but when wages are artificially boosted until no profit can be expected, the investment is no longer attractive and there is automatically a business recession.

Furthermore, it cannot be repeated too often that high wages bring high prices, and even a moron will admit that high prices mean lessened demand, which automatically adds to unemployment.

It was former President Hoover who started the high-wage demand through official sources. In the beginning of the 1929 depression, great business leaders were called to Washington, and Mr. Hoover especially requested them not to reduce wages. The Presidential edict was highly respected everywhere, and business men throughout the country tried to maintain their wage standard.

But when orders began to fade away, something had to be done. Departments of every great organization were carefully scrutinized with a view of lowering expenses, and the consequence of this analysis brought layoffs of employees that averaged from twenty to twenty-five per cent throughout the entire country, bringing the unemployment rolls up to ten million or more.

If wages had not been interfered with artificially, they would have been lowered on that occasion to meet the conditions, and prices for everything would have tumbled far more than they did at that particular time, and the unemployment difficulties would have been much less severe. Lower wages—cheap prices—increased demand—that is automatic.

The statement that high wages bring disaster will be treated with derision by some labor leaders. Why, they will say, they give the laboring man more money to spend, and that helps business of all kinds. . . . Which is true as far as it goes . . . but with the increased prices for merchandise brought on by artificially boosted high wages, demands automatically decrease, which naturally adds to the unemployment rolls.

We have a most amazing exemplification of the truth of this statement in the automobile business. The wages in this business have been constantly boosted over a period of years. The business has increased so rapidly, and the processes of mass production have improved to such an extent, that prices on automobiles have greatly decreased, notwithstanding the gradual increase in the wage scale.

But beginning with the last wage increase, during the epidemic of sit-down strikes, automobile manufacturers were compelled to increase their prices, and the demand receded to such an extent that already there have been more than one hundred thousand layoffs in Detroit alone.

If this artificial boosting of wages continues, we can depend upon unemployment gradually increasing until perhaps half of the workers will be out of jobs. Then the other half who are working will have to support the "half" who are not working, either through taxes or union dues. So what is the gain through high wages?

Furthermore, let us repeat again that there is little difference whether wages are high or low, provided they are uniform in all businesses, because the price of what you buy goes up or down with the wage scale.

During the lowest period of the depression, twenty-five dollars per week salary would buy more than forty dollars . . . or in some commodities fifty dollars . . . can buy at the present time.

The workings of economic laws, guided by supply and demand, are as definitely fixed as the movements of the sun, moon, and stars, and artificial interference of any kind will ultimately bring disaster.

Bernarr Macfadden

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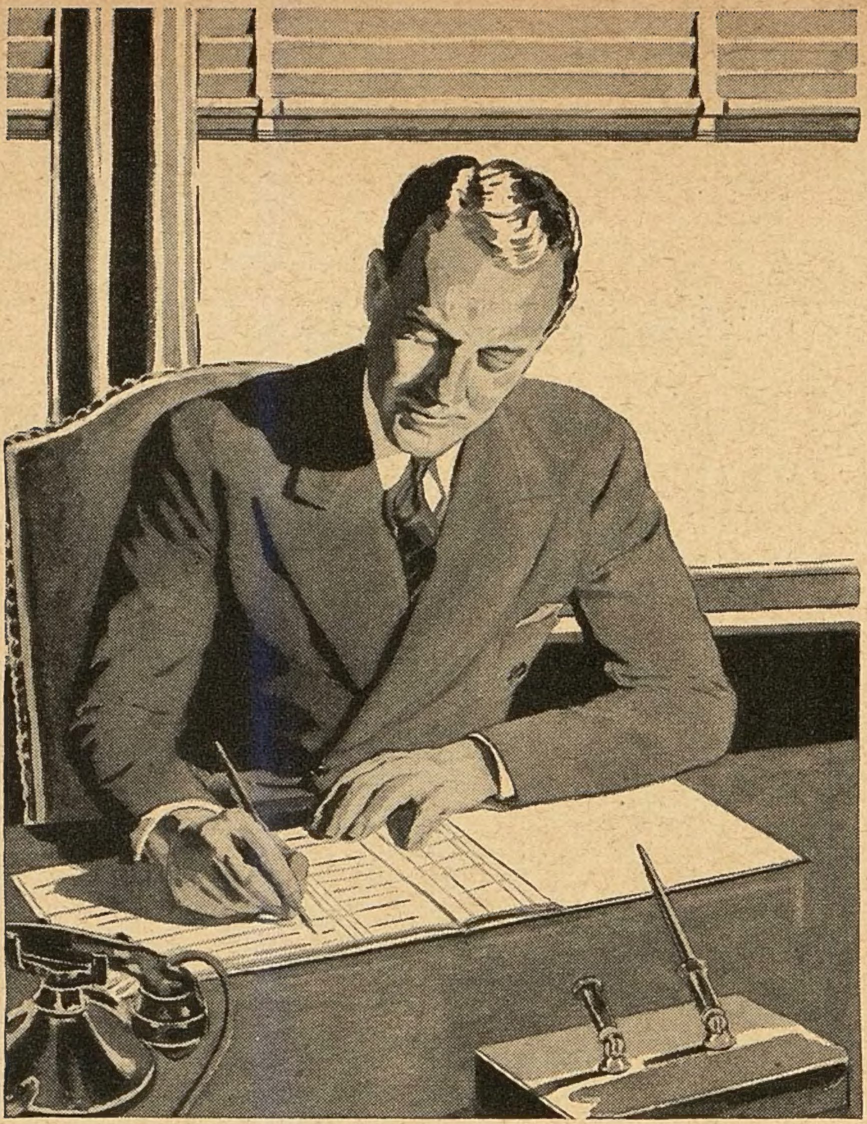


SYSTEMATIC INVESTORS

Because of their safety, freedom from price fluctuation, increasing value, and easy redemption, United States Savings Bonds are enabling investors to meet many problems.

Systematic investors have found in the regular purchase of these bonds—

1—A practical way to establish financial independence.

2—A convenient way to enlarge funds set aside for — Education of Children, Care of Dependents, Creation of a Cash Estate, Travel and Recreation.

For investors, both individual and institutional, United States Savings Bonds fit logically into requirements for a backlog security that will not shrink in dollar value. In ten years, these bonds add 33⅓% to the amount invested and are tax exempt both as to principal and interest to the same extent as other Treasury bonds. They may be redeemed in cash at any time after 60 days from issue date at their full purchase price, plus any accruals due.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

MONEY FOR THE FUTURE

If you invest **$18.75, $37.50, $75** or **$375** each month in Savings Bonds, under the present offering, there will be payable each month, beginning at the end of ten years from your first investment, a sum 33⅓% greater than the amount of each purchase, and continuing for as many months as you may have made the original investments.

If you do not already own the maximum holdings of Savings Bonds for 1938, you may increase your ownership to the maximum of $10,000, maturity value, for this year. Also, subject to the continuation of the offering of these bonds, you may acquire an additional $10,000, maturity value, in 1939 and in each calendar year thereafter.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES AND DIRECT BY MAIL

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, **3-L,** Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
......	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	**$** ....
......	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	**$** ....
......	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	**$** ....
......	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	**$** ....
......	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	**$** ....
		Total	**$** ....

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (maturity value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1 to December 31) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to

Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} ____________________

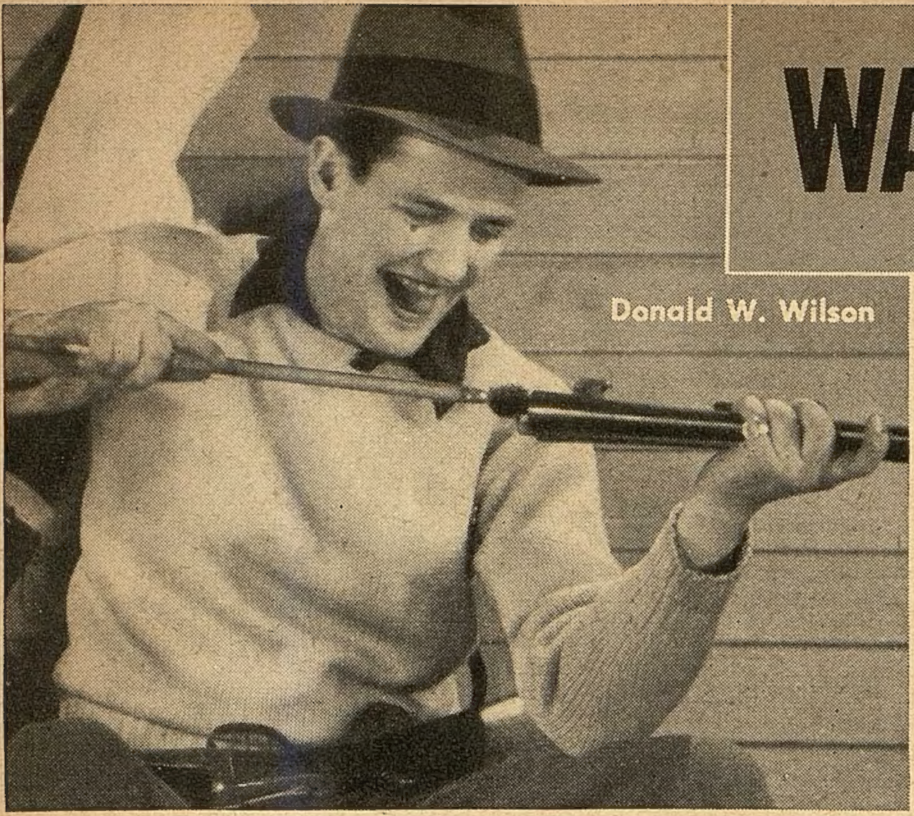
*Street address*____________________

*City*______________ *State*________

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

WAKE UP AND LIVE

These Four People are living Happier, More Interesting Lives. Their Experiences may help YOU get more out of Life


Donald W. Wilson

Now I Hunt, Ride, Ski

"A couple of years back I had a bad motorcycle accident in Hartford, Conn. When I got home from the hospital, I had to hobble around on crutches. I was terribly run-down, had no appetite, and felt weak as a child.

"My mother put Fleischmann's Yeast in the two quarts of milk I drank each day, hoping it would help build me up faster. After eating yeast a month or so, I got over the downhearted, listless feeling I'd had so long.

"Now I feel great. Besides working, I hunt, play polo, ski, swim, skate, fish . . . do everything."—*Donald W. Wilson*

Blair Corney and his brother fixing up a bike

Having Fun Again

"I'm 15, and I never had any skin troubles up to last year. But I had plenty then. I'd been studying hard for final tests. I got so tired Mom had to call me at least three times every morning. Then I started having pimples. I hated being seen. Mom remembered that eating Fleischmann's Yeast is good for pimples. So she got some for me.

"After a week the pimples began to go. And I noticed a big improvement after 3 weeks. Gee, I'm glad my face is fixed up so I can have fun again."—*Blair Corney*

Gloria Rossi

So Happy

"Two years ago when I was 14—my skin began to break out. I was just *sick* about it. There were some girls at school with awful complexions. I was scared to death I'd look that way, too.

"Mother heard Fleischmann's Yeast helps clear up pimples. She asked the doctor if it would be all right for me to eat it.

"In 3 weeks my skin was better. After about a month it was back to normal. I was *thrilled*. I'm so happy that now I know how to keep my skin right for the career I hope to have."

Gloria Rossi

Hamilton Cochran dictating a lively chapter to his wife

At Full Speed

"During the two years I was in the Virgin Islands, I did a lot of exploring. I wanted to get all the experiences I could to put into a book.

"But when I got back to the States I couldn't get going. I had the stuff all right, but not the energy to put it on paper. I suffered from irregular elimination, too.

"A friend got me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I was astonished how it helped. I began to throw off my sluggishness.

"Now the book is out and I'm working at full speed on lectures and special articles."

Hamilton Cochran

IT is the prompt action of the millions of tiny, *live yeast plants* in each cake that makes Fleischmann's fresh Yeast so effective.

These microscopic plants help stimulate and increase the flow of gastric juices. Your entire system is kept cleaner and more active. Skin troubles begin to clear up—your bowels to become regular, that pepless feeling to go.

Each cake of this fresh food is fortified with 4 vitamins (A, B, D and G)—the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Nerve Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin. Start today to eat 3 cakes daily, a cake about ½ hour before each meal.

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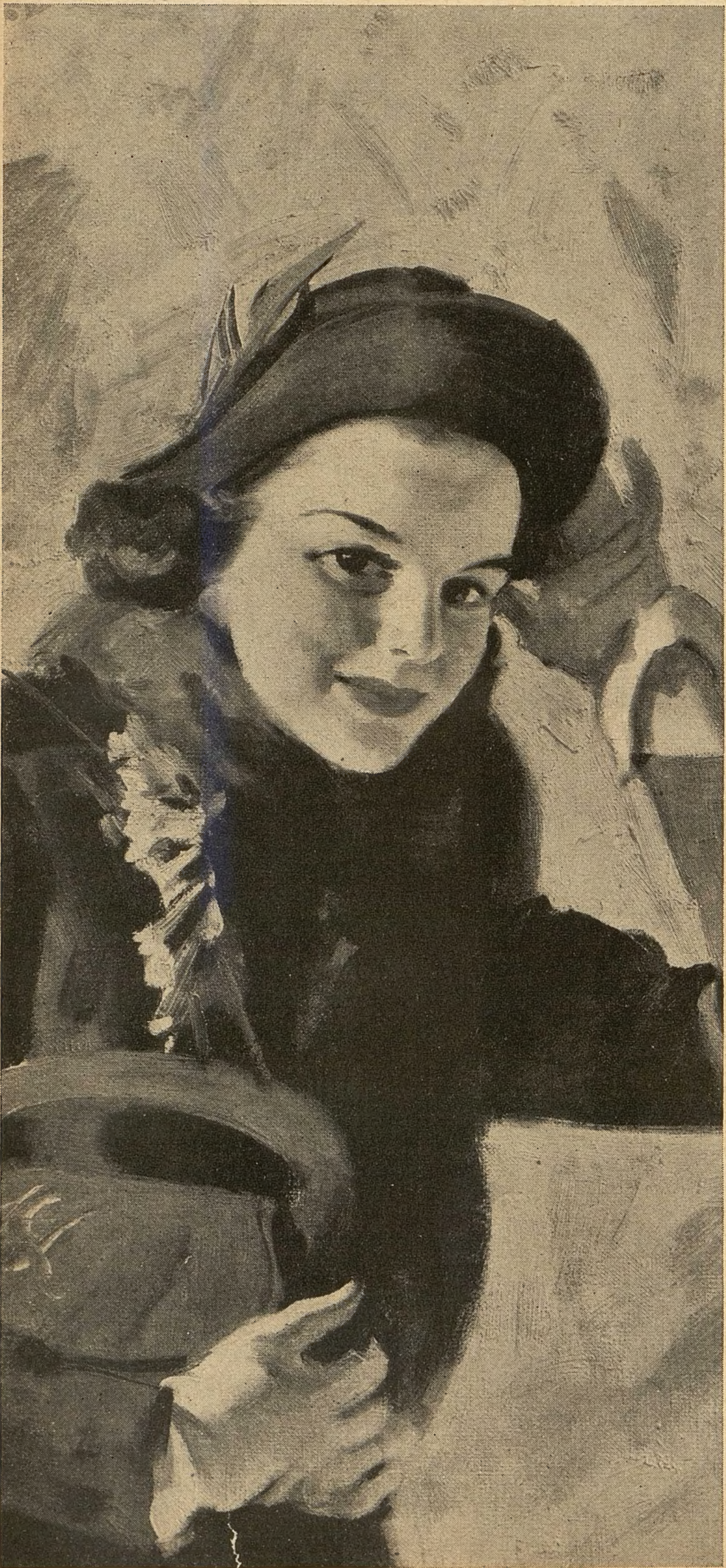
. . . Not Born to WORK!



Judith Gillmore was born to money. Not the glittering, brassy, front-page gold of café society, but the comfortable, conservative wealth of Philadelphia gentlefolk. The right schools, travel, friends that mattered—all that sort of thing. A thoroughbred of thoroughbreds—not born to work.

Now, just past twenty, red-haired, black-eyed, a spectacular figure that caused heads to turn, she faced a dazed, panic-stunned world—with scarcely a dollar. Too proud to accept the " hospitality " of former friends, hopelessly untrained for business, she had grasped a job as

HOTEL HOSTESS

and in a startling new story by that name America's best loved novelist

FAITH BALDWIN

reveals her breath-taking career for you in Liberty, beginning next week. Written as only Faith Baldwin could draw it, you will find this gripping word picture of love and life today a story to enjoy tremendously and remember gratefully.

Jot this down on your engagement pad right now!

THE TIME:

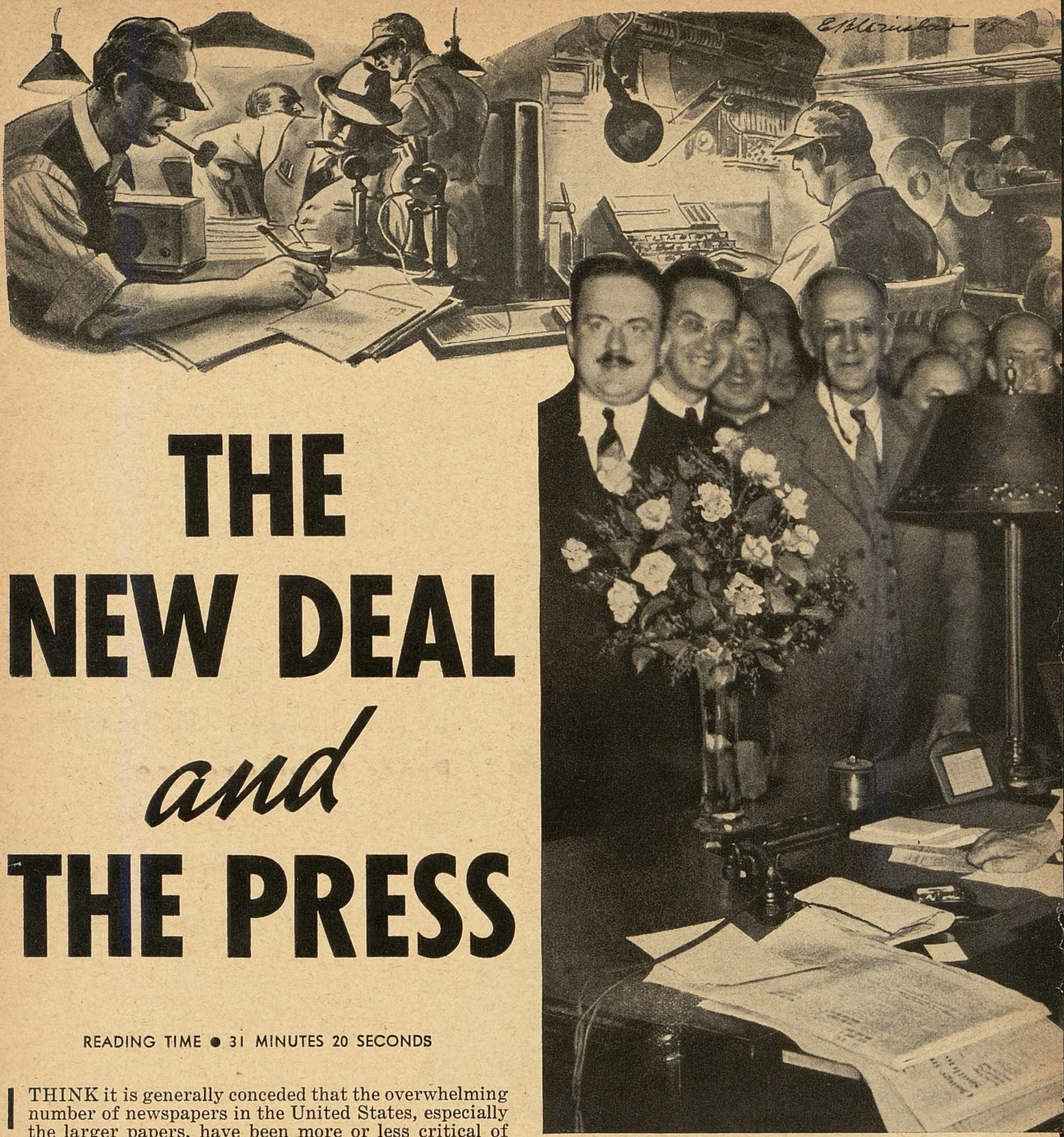
NEXT WEEK, Wednesday, March 23

THE PLACE:

Liberty

AND THE GIRL:

Unpredictable, fascinating, valiant, lovable Judy Gillmore. She's grand!



THE NEW DEAL *and* THE PRESS

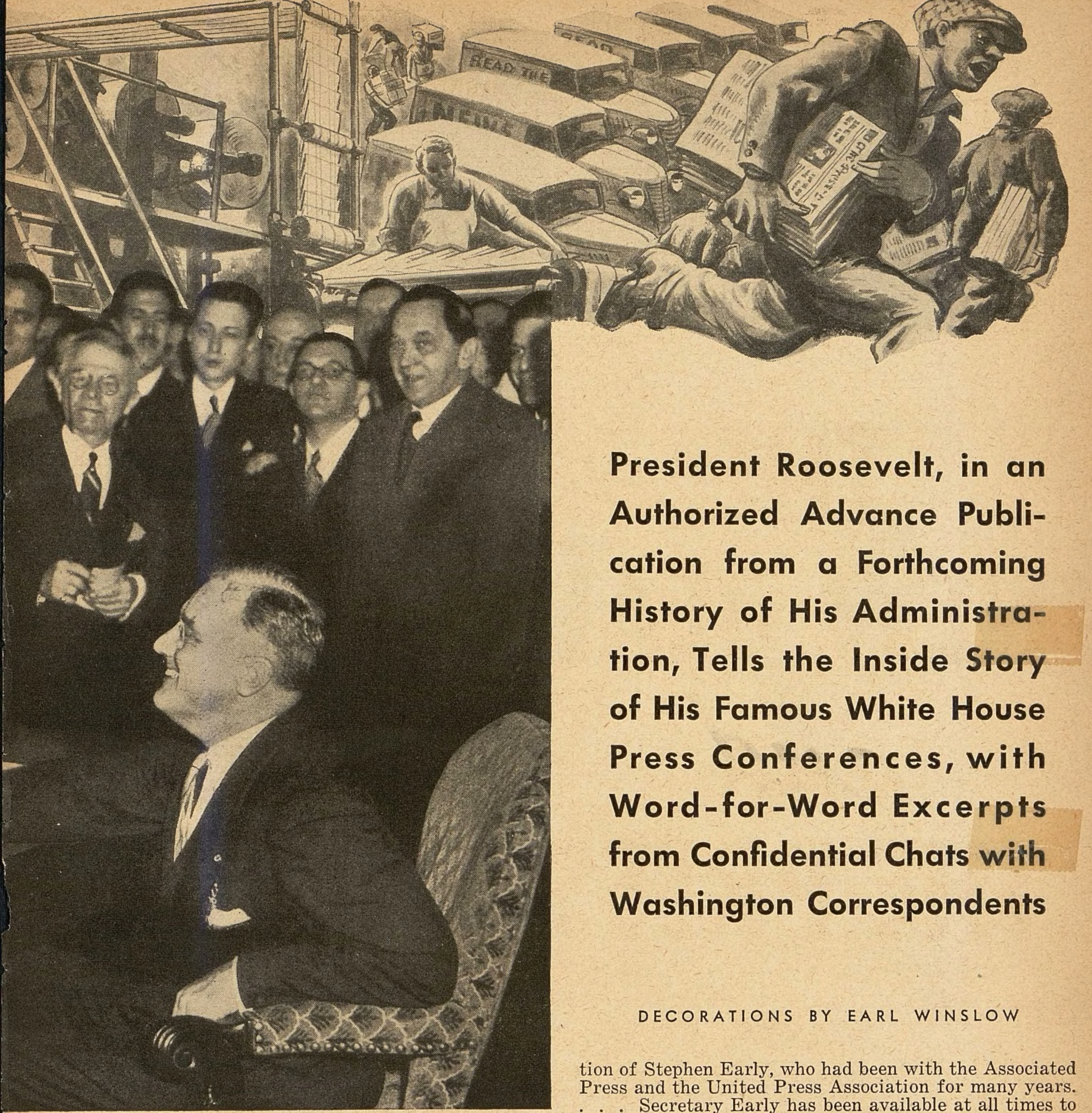
READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I THINK it is generally conceded that the overwhelming number of newspapers in the United States, especially the larger papers, have been more or less critical of the New Deal policies in general and of my Administration in particular. This was true in the campaign of 1932, and even more true during the campaigns of 1934 and 1936—although all of these campaigns resulted in overwhelming popular endorsement of the aims, objectives, and accomplishments of the New Deal.

I consider it an interesting fact that in spite of this array of editorial opposition, which apparently has been unable to exercise adequate influence upon public opinion in the United States, the great majority of newspaper correspondents who cover the White House are personally friendly to the Administration, and in general approve its objectives, most of its methods, and the legislation adopted to accomplish its goal. I know that a number of the newspaper correspondents who write so-called "unfriendly" articles are not personally opposed to the things they write about. I think that the first part of this anomaly can be explained by the fact that many hostile newspaper owners require their Washington correspondents to give their news dispatches a critical or unfriendly touch; and the second part by the fact that correspondents themselves have such intimate contact with the day-by-day administration of affairs and with the views of those who make policy, that they have come to approve the objectives and not to share personally the opposition displayed by their papers.

"The conferences are conducted informally, with

In this I am referring only to the writers of what are known as news stories. They are in a different class from columnists and writers of business news letters. In recent years the writings of these latter groups have found a ready market. In most cases their columns are based either on the pure imagination and invention of the writer or on untrue gossip which, of course, can be obtained almost for the asking to fit any objective. In many instances the so-called "news" is molded and fitted to supply what the writer or the "service" believes the subscribers desire to read. These pseudo-news sources



mbers of the press standing in front of my desk . . ."

President Roosevelt, in an Authorized Advance Publication from a Forthcoming History of His Administration, Tells the Inside Story of His Famous White House Press Conferences, with Word-for-Word Excerpts from Confidential Chats with Washington Correspondents

DECORATIONS BY EARL WINSLOW

do little real harm, however, for they entertain and amuse some of their readers, please others, and are generally appraised as having little value, so far as really affecting public opinion is concerned. With this general estimate, bona fide newspaper reporters and correspondents agree.

I have tried to see to it that at all times the press relation section of the Executive Offices should be helpful to all the members of the press, so that accurate knowledge may at all times be available to them, not only as to general policy but as to the details of administration. I have not tried to create a publicity bureau for the Administration or to " plant " stories on its behalf; but I have endeavored to set up an organization under a trained and experienced newspaper man, which would be helpful to the correspondents. . . .

From the beginning of my Administration the press relations of the White House have been under the direction of Stephen Early, who had been with the Associated Press and the United Press Association for many years. . . . Secretary Early has been available at all times to answer questions from the press. He has also arranged to have a scheduled time each morning at which to meet members of the press for the purpose of giving them the White House background, or, in the parlance of the newspapers, the " White House slant " on the current news of the day. He has carefully avoided conveying to the press any confidential information; but he has been able to give the information necessary to keep the correspondents from printing inaccurate stories. . . .

I hold these press conferences generally twice a week, and have seldom missed one. In fact, there have been occasions when I have been confined to my room with a cold, and still have received a delegation of six or seven members of the press, so that they could relay any information to the rest of the waiting newspaper men in the lobby of the White House.

Three hundred and thirty-seven press conferences were held during my first term as President. These press conferences are rarely attended by fewer than a hundred members of the press, and frequently there have been more than two hundred present. They are held in my office when in Washington, or in my study at Hyde Park, New York, when I am there, or in my cottage at Warm Springs, Georgia. When I am on a trip of inspection, or on a campaign, these conferences are held on the train. When I make trips by water, occasional conferences take place on board ship. On extended trips, only the press associations are usually represented.

I have abolished the rule of the former Administration of insisting upon written questions. The conferences are conducted informally, with all the members of the press standing in front of my desk, privileged to ask such questions as they wish. The questions and answers are taken down stenographically, but the transcripts are not ordinarily made public.

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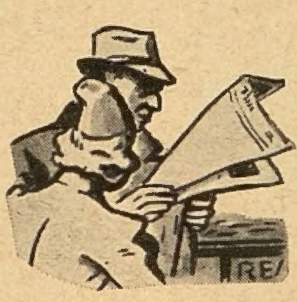
EXCERPTS FROM TYPICAL PRESS CONFERENCES 1933—1934—1935—1936

The First Press Conference. March 8, 1933

THE PRESIDENT: It is very good to see you all. My hope is that these conferences are going to be merely enlarged editions of the kind of very delightful family conferences I have been holding in Albany for the last four years.

I am told that what I am about to do will become impossible, but I am going to try it. . . . I see no reason why I should not talk to you ladies and gentlemen off the record in just the way I have been doing in Albany and in the way I used to do in the Navy Department down here. Quite a number of you, I am glad to see, date back to the days of the previous existence which I led in Washington. . . . There will be a great many questions, of course, that I won't answer, either because they are "if" questions—and I never answer them—and Brother Stephenson will tell you what an "if" question is—



MR. STEPHENSON *(Reporter):* I ask forty of them a day.

THE PRESIDENT: And the others, of course, are the questions which for various reasons I do not want to discuss, or I am not ready to discuss, or I do not know anything about. . . .

Then, in regard to news announcements, Steve (Early, Assistant Secretary to the President) and I thought that it would be best that straight news for use from this office should always be without direct quotations. In other words, I do not want to be directly quoted, unless direct quotations are given out by Steve in writing. That makes that perfectly clear.

Then there are two other matters we will talk about: The first is "background information," which means material which can be used by all of you on your own authority and responsibility, not to be attributed to the White House, because I do not want to have to revive the Ananias Club. *(Laughter)*

Then the second thing is the "off the record" information, which means, of course, confidential information which is given only to those who attend the conference. Now there is one thing I want to say right now about which I think you will go along with me. I want to ask you not to repeat this "off the record" confidential information either to your own editors or to your associates who are not here; because there is always the danger that, while you people may not violate the rule, somebody may forget to say, "This is off the record and confidential," and the other party may use it in a story. That is to say, it is not to be used and not to be told to those fellows who happen not to come around to the conference. In other words, it is only for those present.

Now, as to news, I don't think there is any. *(Laughter)* . . .

The Third Press Conference. March 15, 1933

THE PRESIDENT: Sorry to keep you waiting, but the Secretary of the Treasury was over, as usual, this morning. . . . The Japanese Admiral is coming to see me this morning. Steve will tell you all about him.

Q. Are we going to have a war? *(Laughter)* . . .

Q. Anything in plans for putting people to work, does that include a vast public works program?

THE PRESIDENT: I knew you were going to ask me that question and I am not ready to answer it yet, for this reason. This is entirely off the record. There are quite a lot of people who would like to see the bill made an all-inclusive bill; in other words, a big public works program, like the Wagner Bill that failed in the last session, or a modification of it along the La Follette-Costigan lines. I don't know yet whether the bill will be made all-inclusive or whether it will be confined principally by the main thought of putting people immediately to work on natural resources. . . .

Q. I understand that some of the features of this farm bill will be presented to the International Economic Conference to make it international, putting this country on the same basis.

THE PRESIDENT: No, I think the only thing on that is this: There are certain crops like wheat where the world surplus is comparatively small. It is only from 10 to 15 per cent. Therefore, if the wheat-producing Nations can reduce pro rata to that extent, it will help very much to solve the world price of wheat—to raise the world price of wheat as well as our own. Obviously if we can raise the world wheat price to a proper level, the need for continuing with an acreage-reducing plan in this country would not be so great. . . .

Q. It will be brought out at this economic conference, won't it, or at some further conference?

THE PRESIDENT: It is on the agenda; it might be brought up ahead of it to get it out of the way.

Q. Has it been taken up diplomatically already?

THE PRESIDENT: I should say it has been taken up wholly unofficially so far. Right, Steve?

MR. EARLY: Right, sir.

Q. Can we use this?

THE PRESIDENT: For background it is all right.

Q. Is it permanent legislation?

THE PRESIDENT: No. Obviously a farm bill is in the nature of an experiment. We all recognize that. My position toward farm legislation is that we ought to try to do something to increase the value of farm products and if the darn thing doesn't work, we can say so quite frankly, but at least try it.

Q. Aren't there other crops where the same sort of agreement could be reached?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, very distinctly. . . .

The Tenth Press Conference. April 7, 1933

THE PRESIDENT: I understand that in some mysterious and subterranean way you got the suggestion that Frank Murphy is going as Governor to the Philippines. I guess you are right.

Q. Frank Murphy of Detroit?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, Mayor of Detroit.

Q. When will he go?

THE PRESIDENT: I don't think I have sent the nomination yet. It will go up Monday.

Q. Does that mean that Homer Cummings will stay as Attorney General?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes. And then somebody guessed that "Chip" Robert is going in as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. That is right too.

I cannot tell you anything about diplomatic appointments because there are two or three on the way and we have not heard from the foreign countries as yet. . . .

Q. Have you been able to cash that first pay check?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, I cashed it and I am sending back my 15 per cent.

Q. What is that?

THE PRESIDENT: Dollars—$843.75. And I am also sending my dues to the National Press Club.

Q. That is foolish.

Q. That is on your first month's pay, is it?

THE PRESIDENT: Up to the first of April. . . .

Q. Would you like to make some comment on the effect on employment by reason of the production of beer?

THE PRESIDENT: Nothing. Maybe later on this evening, I may.

Q. I can right now. *(Laughter)*

Q. How many cases have you gotten thus far?

THE PRESIDENT: I can't say anything on the record, except entirely off the record. But all reports we are getting in is that the actual employment that has resulted from the manufacture of beer is bigger than the estimate; and the amount of beer manufactured during the month is running away ahead of the Treasury estimates.

Q. I want to thank you for sending the beer to the Press Club.

THE PRESIDENT: It got there all right? Fine. . . .

The Thirteenth Press Conference. April 19, 1933

(The President had a cold and the Press Conference was held in the Oval Study in the White House proper.)

THE PRESIDENT: What is the news?

Q. There has been some talk again about inflation. I don't know . . .

THE PRESIDENT: How do you define inflation?

Q. I don't know what it is. *(Laughter)*

THE PRESIDENT: Neither do I. I have gotten to the point where even a cigarette tastes bad.

Q. That is a sign of a cold?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, it certainly is. . . . Has the State Department given you the social program yet?

Q. Yes, it has.

THE PRESIDENT: That is the only news of any real importance that I know of. . . . If I were going to write a story, I would write it along the lines of the decision that was actually taken last Saturday, but which really goes into effect today, by which the Government will not allow the exporting of gold, except earmarked gold for foreign Governments of course, and balances in commercial exchange. That is for straight movement.

The whole problem before us is to raise commodity prices. For the last year, the dollar has been shooting up and we decided to quit competition. The general effect probably will be an increase in commodity prices. It might well be called the next step in the general program.

Q. In other words, let the dollar take care of itself?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, let the dollar take care of itself by protecting it against foreign currencies, and letting it seek its own natural level instead of trying artificially to support it. . . .

Q. Have you any other ideas in mind on this so-called inflation or reflation as to the steps to be taken?

THE PRESIDENT: Nothing else. I think on the general subject, it is awfully difficult to particularize.

It is a little bit like a football team that has a general plan of game against the other side. Now, the captain and the quarterback of that team know pretty well what the next play is going to be and they know the general strategy of the team; but they cannot tell you what the play after the next play is going to be until the next play is run off. If the play makes ten yards, the succeeding play will be different from what it would have been if they had been thrown for a loss. I think that is the easiest way to explain it. . . .

Q. Where did you get your cold?

THE PRESIDENT: I don't know; I think I got it from talking too much. . . .

The Nineteenth Press Conference. May 10, 1933

Q. Mr. President, do you or do you not consider the solution of the war debt vital to the success of the Economic Conference?

THE PRESIDENT: Have I stopped tickling the soles of my mother-in-law? *(Laughter)* Yes or no?

I don't know, it is too difficult a question to answer. Are my mother-in-law's feet ticklish? *(Laughter)* In other words, of course some cleaning up of the debt issue would be a fine thing, but it is not necessarily tied in with the success of the Economic Conference. The two are not necessarily wired together. They may be, what shall I say, "platonic friends." . . .

The Fifty-ninth Press Conference. October 11, 1933

Q. Have you issued any orders affecting salaries of those in the motion-picture industry?

THE PRESIDENT: I haven't issued any orders in regard to the movie code, one way or the other.

Q. Have you advanced any ideas along that line?

THE PRESIDENT: The only time I have mentioned the movie code in any shape, manner, or form, was to ask that the Deputy Administrator look into and consider the size of earnings of—I hate to be impolite—immature persons who, perhaps, are making more money than is reasonable in good conscience; and the same thing in relation to—what do they call them?—producers or directors who are making about four or five or six or eight times the salary of the President of the United States—to consider whether it is conscionable. . . .

Q. Can you tell us anything about the British debt negotiation?

THE PRESIDENT: Only what I read in the papers and that was inaccurate. *(Laughter)*

The Sixty-sixth Press Conference. November 3, 1933

THE PRESIDENT: Quite a mob today.

Q. It must be the spring weather. They expect a good farm story.

THE PRESIDENT: I don't believe they will get any farm story. Haven't got to it yet. . . .

Q. Anything about gold, so that we can know what we are writing about?

THE PRESIDENT: No. Didn't Jesse Jones talk to you yesterday?

Q. He told us he knew nothing about it yesterday.

Q. And we believe him. *(Laughter)*

Q. He said that you were the only man who knew. *(Laughter)*

THE PRESIDENT: Then I guess nobody does.

The One Hundred and Eighth Press Conference (Excerpts). March 23, 1934

Q. Mr. President, there is a delegation of steel officials at the NRA conferring with General Johnson and there is considerable secrecy around their negotiations. Do you know anything?

THE PRESIDENT: I cannot imagine anything unless it is caused by the report of the Federal Trade Commission. It might have been. It created quite a commotion.

Q. Have you any observations on that report?

THE PRESIDENT: No, except as background. It goes back—I think I talked to you about this before—it goes back to the question of this open-price posting. Of course in practice that almost necessarily results in one-price bidding, because everybody else follows the first one to post, and posts exactly the same price; and then they all bid on exactly the same identical price. Of course that is not free competition and the thing is not working. We have to find some method of restoring competitive bidding, which seems to be pretty well precluded by this open-price posting method that exists. How we are going to go about it we don't know; but we have to do something about it. . . .

The One Hundred and Thirtieth Press Conference (Excerpts). June 15, 1934

Q. Did you tell Senator Robinson, sir, that you wanted labor legislation this session before adjournment?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, quite a while ago.

Q. Have you agreed on a substitute form?

THE PRESIDENT: That you will have to find out up there on the Hill. In other words, the real situation is this: We have been trying to get some form of legislation which would not greatly delay the termination of the session. There have been at least a dozen different drafts of legislation, and it is a matter of discussion between Senator Robinson and Senator McNary, and has been for the last two days, a little over two days. That is really what it comes down to. I haven't heard anything since this morning when various other suggestions were made.

Q. Mr. President, can you comment on those three or four principal objections to the terms, such as limiting it to one year and restricting power?

THE PRESIDENT: There is no objection to restricting it to one year. There was definite objection to eliminating the word "organization" from the principle of representation. In other words, 7-A. This might just as well be made absolutely clear once and for all: About 120,000,000 people out of 125,000,000 understand plain English; there seems to be a very, very small minority that does not understand plain English. . . . Section 7-A says that the workers can choose representatives. Now if they want to choose the Ahkoond of Swat they have a perfect right to do so. If they want to choose the Royal Geographic Society, they can do that. If they want to choose a union, of any kind, they can do that. They have free choice of representation and that means not merely an individual or a worker, but it means a corporation or a union or anybody. And that has got to be made absolutely clear in this legislation.

Q. How do you feel on the point of minorities?

THE PRESIDENT: The question of minorities is not a tremendously serious one, because that has to be worked out in each individual case. If there is a substantial minority, it seems fair and equitable that that minority should have some form of representation, but that is a matter of detail depending on the individual case. In some industries it is possible that neither side may want to have it.

Q. Suppose they do choose the National Geographic Society, then do the employers have to trade with them?

THE PRESIDENT: Absolutely.

The Two Hundred and Eighth Press Conference (Excerpts). May 29, 1935

Q. Have you talked to any one concerning Congressional action to limit the power of the Supreme Court, as can be done under the Constitution?

THE PRESIDENT: No. Oh, I have had—this is the batch since nine o'clock this morning, but I suppose that we have had about fifty different suggestions. They go all the way from abolishing the Supreme Court to abolishing the Congress, and I think abolishing the President. That is, so as to make it complete. . . .

The Two Hundred and Ninth Press Conference. May 31, 1935

THE PRESIDENT: What is the news?

Q. (Francis Stephenson) That's what we want.

THE PRESIDENT: Have you any questions to ask?

Q. What did you do yesterday outside of seeing Mr. Richberg?

THE PRESIDENT: I saw lots of people. I telephoned to a lot more, and I am continuing to do it.

Q. Do you care to comment any on the NRA (decision)?

THE PRESIDENT: Suppose we make this background and take some time because it is an awfully big subject to cover, and it is just possible that one or two of you may not have read the whole twenty-eight or twenty-nine pages of the Supreme Court Decision.

I have been a good deal impressed by—what shall I call it?—the rather pathetic appeals that I have had from all around the country to do something. They are very sincere as showing faith in the Government. They are so sincere that you feel in reading them—and so far there have been somewhere between two and three thousand by letter and telegram and I haven't seen this morning's mail yet—so sincere that you feel the country is beginning to realize that something in the long run has to be done. And they are all hoping that something will be done right away. . . .

Now, coming down to the decision itself. What are the implications? For the benefit of those of you who haven't read it through I think I can put it this way: the implications of this decision are much more important than almost certainly any decision of my lifetime or yours, more important than any decision probably since the Dred Scott case, because they bring the country as a whole up against a very practical question. That is in spite of what one gentleman said in the paper this morning, that I resented the decision. Nobody resents a Supreme Court decision. You can deplore a Supreme Court decision, and you can point out the effect of it. . . .

Since 1885 the Court in various decisions has enlarged on the definition of interstate commerce—railroad cases, coal cases, and so forth and so on. It was clearly the opinion of the Congress before this decision and the opinion of various attorneys general, regardless of party, that the words "interstate commerce" applied not only to an actual shipment of goods but also to a great many other things that affected interstate commerce. . . .

The whole tendency over these years has been to view the Interstate Commerce clause in the light of present-day civilization. The country was in the horse-and-buggy age when that clause was written and if you go back to the debates on the Federal Constitution you will find in 1787 that one of the impelling motives for putting in that clause was this: There wasn't much interstate commerce at all—probably 80 or 90 per cent of the human beings in the thirteen original States were completely self-supporting within their own communities. . . .

They had in those days no problems relating to employment. They had no problems relating to the earning capacity of people—what the man in Massachusetts earned, what his buying power was. Nobody had ever thought of what the wages were or the buying capacity in the slaveholding States of the South. There were no social questions in those days. The question of health on a national basis had never been discussed. The question of fair business practices had never been discussed. The word was unknown in the vocabulary of the Founding Fathers. The ethics of the period were very different from what they are today. If one man could skin a fellow and get away with it, why, that was all right. . . .

The Two Hundred and Eleventh Press Conference (Excerpts). June 7, 1935

Q. (Mr. Cromie, editor Vancouver Sun, Canada) What would you say was the social objective of the Administration?

THE PRESIDENT: I am glad to see you back here. Is this going to help in the Canadian election too? *(Laughter)*

That is a difficult subject to discuss, offhand. It would take an hour or two hours at least.

The social objective, I should say, remains just what it was, which is to do what any honest Government of any country would do: to try to increase the security and the happiness of a larger number of people in all occupations of life and in all parts of the country; to give them more of the good things of life, to give them a greater distribution not only of wealth in the narrow terms, but of wealth in the wider terms; to give them places to go in the summertime—recreation; to give them assurance that they are not going to starve in their old age; to give honest business a chance to go ahead and make a reasonable profit, and to give every one a chance to earn a living.

The Two Hundred and Fourteenth Press Conference (Excerpts). June 19, 1935

THE PRESIDENT: Good morning, everybody. I think this is going to be the dullest for news on record. I don't know anything.

Q. You have said that before.

THE PRESIDENT: I know it; it doesn't always work out that way. Who is going to the boat races?

Q. Fourteen of us, so far.

Q. Are you rooting for Harvard?

THE PRESIDENT: I think I could get a White House Correspondents' crew that would beat the Harvard crew.

Q. A 100-yard dash, but no longer than that.

Q. You wouldn't tell Franklin that, would you?

THE PRESIDENT: No. *(Laughter)*

The Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Press Conference (Excerpts). July 31, 1935

Q. Mr. President, is there anything you can tell us about the tax situation, generally?

THE PRESIDENT: I have been talking with the Treasury in regard to the data that relate in general terms to the tax measure before the Congress and of course relate also in general terms to the tax message that I sent up. I got a good deal of information yesterday and I still have more coming.

There are a few things yesterday that came out clearly that I think are of some interest. . . .

For instance, it appears that the 58 thriftiest people in the United States *(laughter)*—the 58 thriftiest people in the United States—and of course we are all in favor of thrift, the thriftier you are the nearer you will come to being included among the 58—in 1932 they were all so thrifty that although they had a million dollars income a year or more, they paid no tax whatever to the Federal Government on 37 per cent of their net incomes.

Q. Is that individually or as an average?

THE PRESIDENT: The aggregate of the 58. On 37 per cent of their net incomes they escaped taxation altogether, largely because the investments were in municipal or State or Government tax-exempt bonds. Thirty-seven per cent escaped taxation altogether.

Furthermore, it turned up in the figures that one family in this country had 197 family trusts. They are a very thrifty family. Of course it is very easy to demonstrate that one of the primary purposes of these 197 family trusts in this one family was to reduce their taxes through the reduction and splitting up of income into a great many parts, thereby avoiding or greatly reducing the surtaxes. That family trust method, in the case of that one family, cost the Government of the United States a very large sum of money. . . .

It is a form of tax avoidance. There is a very great distinction between tax evasion and tax avoidance. Tax avoidance means that you hire a $250,000-fee lawyer, and he changes the word " evasion " into the word " avoidance." . . .

Let me see, there were some other things in here. Another rather interesting thing came out. While the gift-tax legislation was in the process of going through the Congress in 1932, in other words during the two months before it was actually signed, one taxpayer transferred approximately one hundred million dollars in tax-free gifts, and another transferred approximately fifty million dollars in tax-free gifts. That is what they call beating the gun.

Q. Can you tell us the name of that family? *(Laughter)*

THE PRESIDENT: Do you want me to violate the law?

The Two Hundred and Thirty-fifth Press Conference (Excerpts). September 4, 1935

Q. Is there anything you want to say further on this Ethiopian situation, that is, the cancellation of the oil leases?

THE PRESIDENT: No. I think it has got pretty full stories from Washington.

Q. It was a good piece of diplomacy.

THE PRESIDENT: A good job. Of course you can—if I were writing the story, I would put it this way: That by no stretch of the imagination has the President or the Secretary of State ever been the least bit concerned over the possibility of this oil lease involving the United States, in any shape, manner, or form, in the Ethiopian or Italian problems.

Nobody who knows the Administration policies could think for a minute that there could be involvement. The only danger lay in the effect of the oil lease on the negotiations between European powers and Ethiopia that are now going on in Geneva. And of course the result yesterday of the withdrawal from the concession has been a fine thing because it has cleared the air of those conferences.

And then, if I were going to write one more paragraph, I would put it this way: " that this is another proof that since March 4, 1933, dollar diplomacy is not recognized by the American Government." *(Laughter)*

Q. May we quote that?

THE PRESIDENT: I think you could quote that.

MR. EARLY: Just that one sentence.

THE PRESIDENT: Since the 4th of March, 1933, dollar diplomacy is no longer recognized by the United States Government.

Q. Are you sure that this was dollar diplomacy and hat there were no other currencies involved? *(Laughter)*

THE PRESIDENT: Off the record, I would say that would depend on the rate of exchange.

Q. Would you be willing to answer the question that neither is the pound-sterling diplomacy going to be recognized?

(The President did not answer.) (Laughter)

The Three Hundred and Thirty-second Press Conference (Excerpts). December 29, 1936

THE PRESIDENT: Hello, Fred (Storm). Pretty good crowd today.

MR. STORM: Pretty good audience, yes.

THE PRESIDENT: I think Christmas cannot have been so very severe, there are so many.

MR. STORM: They are all on their feet. . . .

Q. Can you tell us what Sidney Hillman dropped in this morning for?

THE PRESIDENT: We discussed a lot of things. Among others, we discussed the breakdown of both the maximum-hour and minimum-wage provisions that we enforced until a little over a year ago. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion and statistics—you might try to get a story out of the Department of Labor on that or out of the Central Statistical Board, showing the breakdown of the child-labor provisions and also the minimum-wage, maximum-hour provisions.

There has been very little printed about it, but the fact remains that the breakdown has been constant and increasing.

I had one experience in the campaign—I don't think any of you who were with me saw it that particular day because it was half a mile back, I mean you were half a mile back. It was on that hectic ride from Providence to Boston.

We got into New Bedford and in that park there was the most awful jam. There must have been 20,000 people where there was room for only about a thousand and they were jammed around my car. There was a girl six or seven feet away who was trying to pass an envelope to me and she was just too far away to reach. One of the policemen threw her back into the crowd and I said to Gus (Gennerich), " Get the note from that girl." He got it and handed it to me and the note said this: " Dear Mr. President: I wish you could do something to help us girls. You are the only recourse we have got left. We have been working in a sewing factory, a garment factory, and up to a few months ago we were getting our minimum pay of $11 a week (I think it was $11 a week) and even the learners were getting $7 or $8 a week. Today the 200 of us girls have been cut down to $4 and $5 and $6 a week. You are the only man that can do anything about it. Please send somebody from Washington up here to restore our minimum wages because we cannot live on $4 or $5 or $6 a week."

That is something that many of us found in the campaign—that many of these people actually think that I have the power to restore things like minimum wages and maximum hours and the elimination of child labor. That was just one example of a good many in the campaign. Of course letters keep on coming in all the time which say that just by Executive Order or action I can take care of these individual cases. Of course, I haven't any power to do it. . . .

Q. Do you think something should be done to restore minimum pay and maximum hours by the Government?

THE PRESIDENT: Absolutely. But don't write any story saying that the President is going to restore NRA. That is the easy, sloppy method of writing a story. Anybody can do that. What I would like to have you do is to point out the fact that something has got to be done, and don't go beyond " something." Don't get out on a limb, because you know how often you have sawed off your own limb. Say that something has to be done about the elimination of child labor and long hours and starvation wages. That is as far as I could go. If I were writing the story, I would stick to that.

Q. What did you do with the letter you got in the crowd?

THE PRESIDENT: I sent it to the Department of Labor and I sent a copy to the Massachusetts Labor Commissioner. What happened, I do not know.

Q. Did you send a copy to the Supreme Court? *(Laughter)*

[The President did not answer.]

THE END

One Square Emerald

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Romance in Bali!—A tense, colorful tale of a girl's steadfast love and a man's sinister lie

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ON board the great Dutch tourist liner people were emerging from their cabins, smartly dressed. The second dinner gong had gone.

Bali lay to the left of them; Bali, magic island, that they were leaving. In another quarter of an hour the last siren would sound, the accommodation ladder would be up, the boats swung in. The girl in gold lamé said to the girl in silver and green, "Don't you wish you were staying?" And the silver-and-green girl said, "That couple at the captain's table nearly did; they're only just aboard."

"What, the little dump with the Woolworth jewelry? Shocking taste to go about with a lump of green glass the size of a postage stamp on your hand."

"That's what I always say; you can get away with Parisian or even Woolworth if your frocks are good enough. But she—she's worn the same dinner frock almost every night. That black crepe. Plain as a sack. But she has a figure, even if she's small. Rather like the Duchess of Gloucester. Something about her . . ."

"Whatever it is, she's caught her man with it. They were in each other's pockets all today and all yesterday. The dear doctor's nose is out of joint."

"I like the doctor. Working on the Jacob James Stoneman Commission, isn't he? Poor as Job's turkey, I suppose—but those dark eyes of his under all that silvery wavy hair!—and his lovely hands!—and I'm sure he isn't a day over thirty-five, in spite of the hair."

"He gives me the creeps, somehow. He has two kinds of smile, I mean."

"There he is. Let's hurry. Coming out of Cabin Forty-three. That's Captain Paradyne's. The dump will do well to change her name for his. Bess Taylor—did you ever! There he is, going to look for her, I suppose. I love tall men—and men with hard coppery faces—and with those blue eyes—and a chin—"

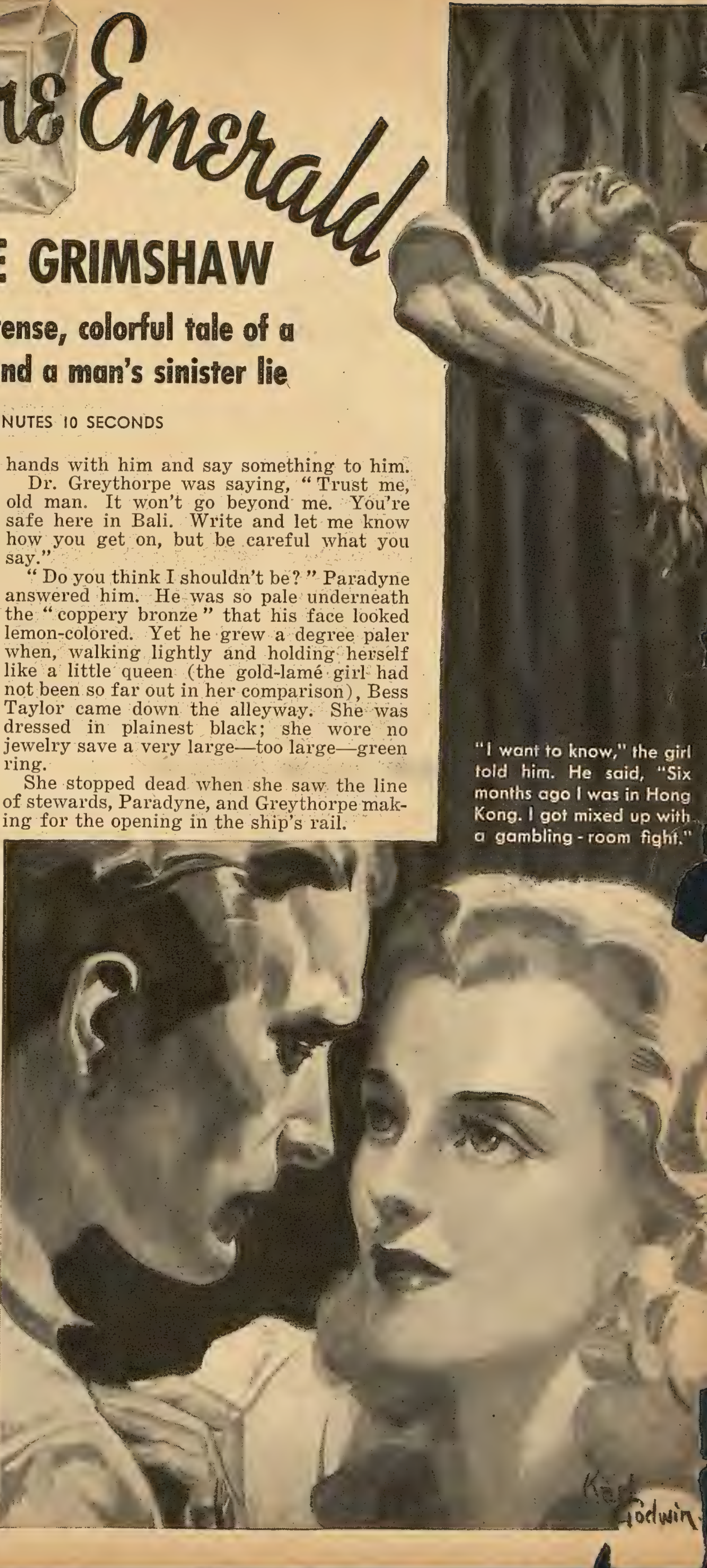
"Gosh, he isn't dressed for dinner! He's carrying an overcoat!"

They saw the bedroom steward quickly—for the siren was now blaring out above—collecting Paradyne's baggage, carrying it, with the help of another steward, down the alleyway, toward the accommodation ladder. They saw Paradyne, looking neither to right nor left, hurrying after. Then they saw the doctor catch him up, shake hands with him and say something to him.

Dr. Greythorpe was saying, "Trust me, old man. It won't go beyond me. You're safe here in Bali. Write and let me know how you get on, but be careful what you say."

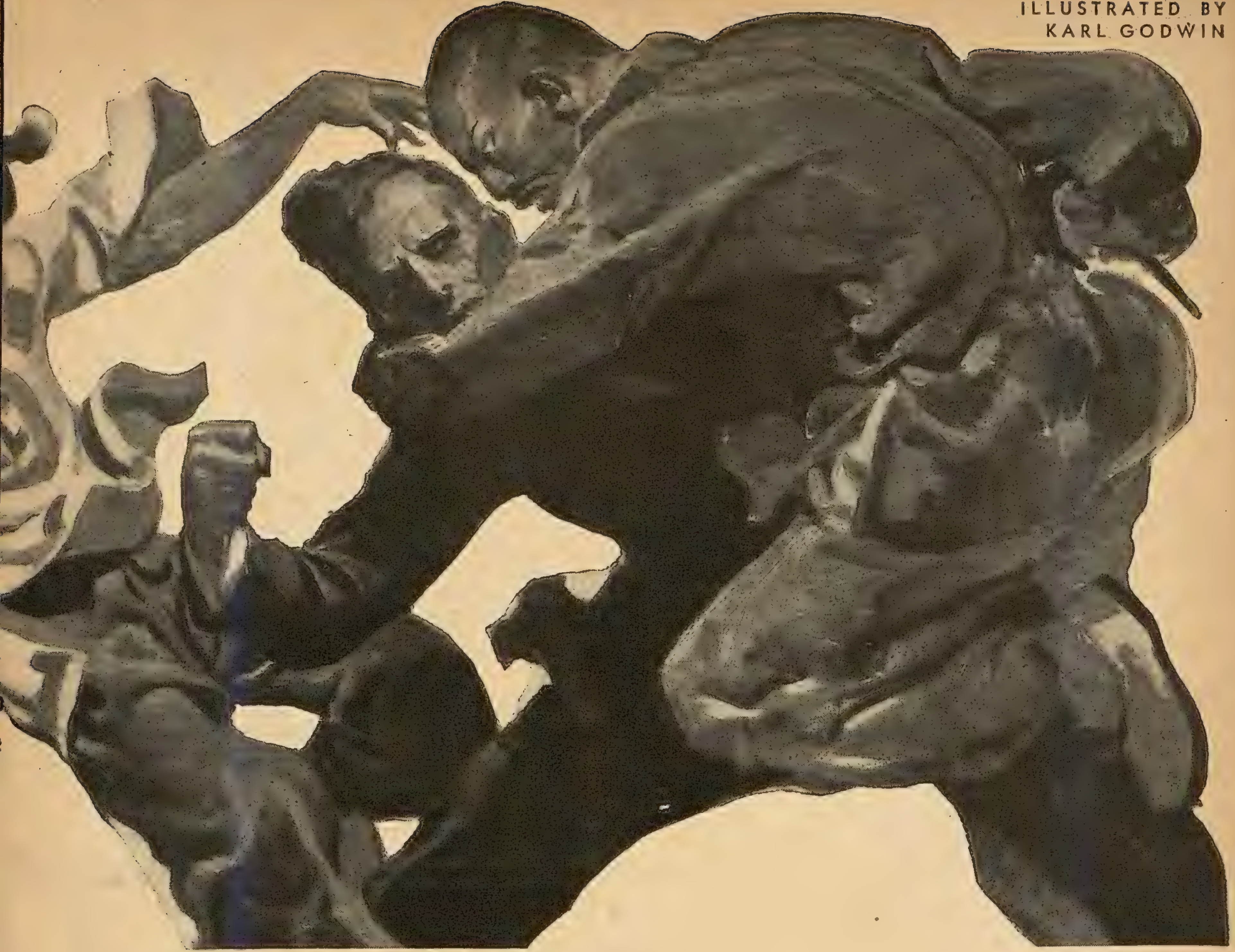
"Do you think I shouldn't be?" Paradyne answered him. He was so pale underneath the "coppery bronze" that his face looked lemon-colored. Yet he grew a degree paler when, walking lightly and holding herself like a little queen (the gold-lamé girl had not been so far out in her comparison), Bess Taylor came down the alleyway. She was dressed in plainest black; she wore no jewelry save a very large—too large—green ring.

She stopped dead when she saw the line of stewards, Paradyne, and Greythorpe making for the opening in the ship's rail.



"I want to know," the girl told him. He said, "Six months ago I was in Hong Kong. I got mixed up with a gambling-room fight."

ILLUSTRATED BY
KARL GODWIN



The green-and-silver girl said, under her breath, "She looks as sick as a dog."

Bess wore little make-up at any time, and her powder failed to hide the sudden change in her face. She went straight to the line of gently swaying rail, where it broke above the ladder, and spoke to Paradyne. The girls watched. They saw him answer her. They saw her discreetly edge behind a neighboring ventilator, an invitation that could hardly be disregarded—now that the doctor was gone and the stewards, who knew their job, were managing to look another way. They saw Nicholas Paradyne stand still as one of the dark, dreaming peaks that rose from Bali's seacoast, behind the swaying ship. As stern, as motionless as they. . . .

Then they saw Bess Taylor, proud little Bess, lift her head, turn away, and walk down the deck, the alleyway, toward her own cabin, and vanish.

The doctor went after her.

The gold girl and the green-and-silver girl hurried toward the dining saloon. It was getting late. One said to the other, "Sainted cats!" And the other said, "Exactly." And they vanished.

The deck was empty save for one or two pairs of lovers, snatching the chance of a quiet moment. From below, the sound of the ship's orchestra faintly squeaked and fluted. Across the water brooded Bali the beautiful, the mysterious. And a mile or two away, in the lounge of the tourist hotel, the native "mandoer" said to the porter, "It is well the steamer is gone; the *binatang* [herd of wild beasts] have left us for a little."

"Ye-ow," agreed the porter, yawning. The liner blared. "There they go," he added. "Tonight the gods will step into their temples again; the blessing will be once more on Bali and on us." He counted his tips. "Not what they ought to have been," he complained—"not by six guilders."

The mandoer was on the steps. "A car," he said, putting on his visitors' face. "The *tuan* who left us this afternoon!"

Out in the bay the liner wailed again and was gone. With her went Bess of the proud head and the sweet lips and the silky-brown hair. Bess with the Woolworth ring on her lovely little hand.

IN Bali, Bali the Beautiful, you can find and rent, somewhere, a reed-built cottage with a thatched roof, quite by itself, surrounded by hibiscus, frangipani, pomegranate, mango, and cherimoya. There will be a view that will make you catch your breath with wonder every time you stand at the door and see it afresh. There will be no mosquitoes, no snakes. But the snake will be in Eden all the same.

You will never be alone.

Bali is not a large island—some thirty miles by eighty or ninety, including mountain peaks. And it has over a million native people. And they are always there.

When you go for a walk along a narrow rough road, untouched by cars (because the cars that carry the tourists up and down, and north and south, run only along certain well marked ways), you will fancy yourself alone; you will let your mind run loose, and think, and wonder how much mental pain a man can bear without killing himself, or going mad. You will remember how she looked on board the ship, that dainty lady, and how near you had come to asking her to be your dainty lady, before the lightning stroke fell, shattering your life and—hers? Maybe, for a while. She would not care easily, or stop caring soon.

And while you think of all this—as you think night and day and in the sad, cursed hours of early morning, without change or rest—all in a moment the landscape comes alive where it seemed loneliest. Round the corner of the lonely winding track come three girls with rose and green silk sarongs tied about their waists and nothing else upon their beautiful bodies. They look at you as they pass, and laugh a little; and you remember what some one has told you about the women outnumbering the men by forty per cent, and you wonder, dully, if these are wives of some one lucky man. And you remember how there was a tapping at your closed door on a certain moonlight night, and a laugh, with the tapping, like the sound of one of the pigeons in the forest bubbling love to its little mate. And you turned over on your sleeping mat and let the door stay shut. Because . . .

But by and by the kindly brown folk, kindest on earth, had won something of your liking, and though you never made friends with them—only bought food, and sent them with their swift little horses on well paid errands to the nearest town for you—they did, in some degree, ease the constant pain of your heart. You gathered by and by that they thought you were a holy man, like some of their Hindu saints, because you lived so alone, and read so many books, and had nothing to do with any of the lovely Bali women, who were all beautiful and all gentle and all alike. And so the Bali men—strangely proud fellows, handsome, mustached, and walking like gods come to earth (not much to wonder at, that, when you remembered the forty per cent)—the Bali men showed, in their silent way, that they respected you; used to leave gifts of fruit and fowl at the gate which they did not pass.

CAPTAIN NICK PARADYNE was so much occupied in simply keeping on as a soldier should that he hardly noticed the passage of time. Nevertheless he was astonished when, one gold-and-emerald morning, he saw the well built figure of Greythorpe coming up the mountain road. Greythorpe in tropical white, with a helmet that hid all of his head except his face, and—in the absence of the benevolent beautiful silver waves of hair—made him look unattractive, almost sinister.

He took off the topee as he entered, and the platinum hair, with the intriguing black eyes and eyebrows below it, showed full value again. Greythorpe certainly had glamour. I wish I had his brains, thought Paradyne. And I wish I didn't dislike the fellow so, when I've no reason. Quite the contrary. He's not to blame if I was a blasted fool. . . .

Hong Kong swam before him; China, a few months ago. How had he, a man of six-and-thirty, an ex-soldier, come to be so foolishly impulsive, so boyish, as to go slumming in the purlieus of the treaty ports; mix himself up, as he had, in a gambling-hell fight? This was what had come of it: his life and freedom in the hands of Greythorpe—who had treated him decently, of course, but who was nevertheless his master.

Life in Bali—was it life? Not for him; even if he were free, and hadn't to keep hidden. Not after the life he had led, the life he had hoped for. What was that verse of Gordon's?

It sometimes seems but the dream of a dream that
  life could have been so fair,
So sweet but a short time back—while now, if one
  can call
This life, I almost doubt at times if it's worth the
  living at all.

Nothing of this showed in his face as he greeted Greythorpe, asked him how he was, and answered a few return inquiries. He heard from him that the liner was back from Australia, lying at Buleleng again. He said nothing. The doctor, lighting a cigar and half shielding his face with his hand, went on, "Miss Taylor's back. Was visiting friends in Australia. Going home now. Going to be married."

Paradyne had taken wounds in Flanders that hadn't hurt as much. He had kept quiet then. He did now.

Greythorpe jumped up. "Mustn't waste time," he said. "Just ran along to see how you were, and if the place was all right. Seems a good little hideout. Got all you want?"

That was a difficult question to answer, but Paradyne managed it. "The natives are quite decent," he said, "and I'm satisfactorily supplied. You coming back again this way?"

"No." There was something triumphant in Greythorpe's voice. "No. They starve this scientific service; I've chucked it for good. No money in it."

When he spoke of money, Paradyne saw his black eyes suddenly grow hard as pebbles of jet. Misers look like that, Paradyne thought. But he has been generous. He might have blackmailed me—poor as I am.

"I've come into money," Greythorpe said, with a certain caution.

"Much?"

"Yes." There was an actual glow of miser's lust about him; he seemed conscious of it, and drew, like a veil, a commonplace expression over his face.

"Well," he said, getting up, "so long. You can trust me, even if you never hear of me again. Wish me luck."

"Luck?" said the other, not quite understanding. "Yes—of course."

Greythorpe was off, and down the track, before Paradyne had time to ask any questions, even had he been inclined to do so. He was left with a feeling of something incomplete, not told. It troubled him. Something's up, he thought, as he lay, that night, sleepless on his sleeping mat; hearing, far off, the gamelang gongs play silverly and the mountain river talking to itself. If he had been the man he was but a short time back, he would have risen from that bed and walked all night to Buleleng and the ship; he would have torn the heart out of the puzzle, whatever it might be. But as things were, he lay on a bed that was full of thorns, and knew himself mentally and physically in the dark.

IT might have been near morning when some of the performers from the gamelang-gong concert began straggling home. Two of them paused at the meeting of cross tracks near Paradyne's cottage. They talked to each other. In the stillness of the night, the man lying wakeful could hear every word. Paradyne had drawn salary for learning difficult native languages; Malay, in these few weeks of lonely study, had proved child's play to him. He understood all they said.

At first they spoke of music. Then of the rice crops. By and by Paradyne, springing to sudden attention, realized that they were talking of Bess. Talking, in greedy tones, about her riches.

Riches!

But she was not rich. She was just a girl going out to visit friends in Australia. She hadn't a cabin de luxe, or a maid, or a succession of Paris model dinner frocks. Or pearls. She only wore a ten-cent ring which she said was her special mascot, a silly pretty thing with a stone an inch long. And only at night, when it showed up nicely. Never in the betraying daylight.

Rich! But let him listen.

One of the men, it seemed, had taken a voyage on the big Dutch liner as steward. He told his friend, in the silence of the enwrapping night, how greatly he had been tempted to steal the white girl's ring. She had left it on her dressing table once—only once—when she went to the bath in the evening, and he had seen it close at hand. "Kudu!" he exclaimed. "Kudu, my friend, I do not know what held me back; I think I was afraid. And ever since I have been sorry, for that emerald, my Kudu, was as big as this—" (Kudu made a dissenting noise.) "Oh, but it was, and it would have made me rich and all my darling little wives also. If I had but been braver!"

A woman with a fortune on her finger, they said, could not but be wealthy. Why did she pretend to be poor? Oh, the white people were fools; they had all sorts of odd ideas. But he, the speaker, wished that he had taken the emerald. There was nothing like it in all the East. He knew.

And it came to Paradyne suddenly, with a shock, that the man must know. Bali, as all tourists can tell you, is the very home of goldsmiths and silversmiths, of workers in jewels, genuine and false. You might deceive a shipful of tourists with your mascot, too big to be real. But you could not deceive a Bali gem-lover who, when he looked, knew.

There was a certain family of Taylors—he knew some of them—who counted their fortune by millions; who had, moreover, married titles often enough to set the imprint of the ruling classes plainly upon their sons and daughters. Especially their daughters. . . .

Bess was clearly one of *the* Taylors—the Brentwood-Taylors of Brent Castle. And being the sort of girl she was—who should know as well as he?—he could well understand why she had chosen to avoid the snobbery that would have surrounded her like an evil mist on board the tourist ship—if she had been known.

If he had known—well, he didn't know what he would have done; not made love to her as he had, for sure. Who, he wondered dully, had carried off the prize? And did he realize the double prize it was?

FISHERMEN'S CLUB
— SALO —

"Could I interest you in buying a lie detector?"

Probably he'd never hear. The ship was due to leave at daylight, and with her would vanish the last faint traces of that "dream of a dream," once his. Remained the beauty of Bali, the sunsets and the dawns, the sense of freedom—for a little while. Later, he'd let himself sleep and not awake. Best so. The danger of capture, imprisonment, was always there, and it would grow with time.

He looked at his watch. Now they would be leaving. Now the last siren call would sound. It was absurd to think that one could hear it, away in the mountains twenty miles from the coast, and yet—he could almost have fancied that he did hear, somewhere, a blaring noise. . . .

And he went into the house. And coming out again to the veranda, with a book in his hand, he saw, standing on the roadway, not twenty feet away from him, Bess. Somewhere below, unseen, a motorcar panted.

She came forward—and she was no vision; he'd had enough of them in the long nights to be sure of that—and said, with a simple directness (so like Bess!), "I want to know just what it is that you've done!"

He seized his helmet and walked out into the rising sunlight. "Come under these bamboos," he told her. They stood side by side, and her eyes found his and would not leave them. He could see that there were hollows in her cheeks. He was melted with pity and with the maddening sense of helplessness that swept over him.

He said, "How did you know there was anything?"

"I asked Dr. Greythorpe where you were."

"What did he say?"

"He told me—or suggested—I don't think he actually said it—that you had committed a crime and were hiding in Bali; that you would never be able to go away again."

"And you?"

"I? Oh, I was sort of half engaged to him; it seemed as if I didn't much care what happened after—after—Well. And so I just said, 'Oh. I didn't know you told lies.' And he said it wasn't a lie, and we quarreled, and I said I had done with him. And then he told me I was a little wildcat, and no man would want me anyhow if it wasn't for what I had. And I said, 'Where did you get your information about me, if I may ask?' And he laughed and said, 'Fifteen years ago, when I was a jeweler's assistant in Singapore and learned about emeralds.'"

There was a moment's silence.

Paradyne said heavily, "So you want to know what crime I committed?"

"I want to know," the girl told him, "so that I can tell you it doesn't matter, whatever it is."

Her pride lay there at his feet, and more than her pride lay there—and he durst not stoop. . . .

He said, "Six months ago I was in Hong Kong. I got mixed up with a gambling-room fight."

"You killed some one?" she asked coolly.

He said, "I fought with a Chinese. And I let him go without giving him what he deserved. Because he was a leper."

Bess looked at him and said not a word.

He went on, "I wasn't worrying about it; I knew the chances were a thousand to one. Well, I had strained a muscle in the fight; it was bothering, and I asked Greythorpe about it, rather than the ship's surgeon; you see, all those Stoneman Commission fellows know a lot; have to. And he examined me. And doing it, he found a white spot on my shoulder. And he said it was leprosy. Made a microscopic exam, and said there was no doubt about it. Said I would have to go and be shut up in a leprosarium, among figures out of hell, and maybe get treatment that might cure me; no certainty about it. And I said I'd a good deal rather shoot myself. So he fixed up about this place for me; said I'd be safe here for as long as I liked to stick it out, and no one would know. And I came. That's all. And, you see," he added hurriedly, "he did keep his word; he didn't tell you."

"No," said Bess coolly; "he only told me something that might have made me hate and despise you. But it didn't. Nicky, if you had killed six people and eaten them afterward, I shouldn't care. I'd know, somehow, you—you hadn't meant it."

Paradyne had never thought to laugh again, but now his laugh went up through the bamboo trees, and sent the parrots flying.

"There's nobody like you," he told her. "I always said that. And I've seen the world; I should know."

She told him quite calmly, "You're right there, Nicky, because there's no one in the world could ever love you as much as I do."

Again they were quiet, looking at each other like parted souls, with the bar of heaven between.

Bess spoke first: "We can take the boat to Surabaya this afternoon. The Dutch claim to have the finest hospital there and the best medical service south of the Line, and we're going to prove as quickly as possible that Greythorpe—lied."

Two days later Paradyne walked out of the hospital with Bess beside him—a free man.

She said, as they stood waiting for their car, "What will you do when you see Dr. Greythorpe again?"

His answer was not what she expected. He simply said, "It's been—done."

"How do you mean?"

"One of the doctors told me that they suspect Greythorpe himself."

"Not of—"

"Yes. They noticed—things—when he was working with them. They say he mayn't know himself, though he must have some suspicion. They say it's often so. They told me that probably it was a sublimation of his own uneasinesses to pin that on me. And also—"

"Also," she said, holding his arm a little more tightly. "I shall sell that ring," she told him presently, "and give the money to hospitals."

"Good heavens!" said Nicholas Paradyne abruptly. "I—I'd forgotten all about your money!"

Bess's hand closed again on his arm. "Just keep forgetting," she said.

THE END

THE Bishop AND THE Wolves

A heart-warming true story of drama in a death house that gave rise to a stirring adventure in human salvage

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I met the wolf pack. There were a dozen or more of them—thin, hungry, dirt-stained kids dressed in rags and hand-me-downs; boys appallingly hard for their ages and almost comic in their menace.

They were gathered about the entrance of a Chicago office building. As I entered they closed in about me.

"Want ta buy a flar?"

The boy had a green pasteboard box in his left arm. He stood in front of me, blocking my way, while his pals pressed closer around me. His eyes appraised me shrewdly.

"Sure," I said, and gave him a coin.

A small gardenia that had begun to die several days ago appeared in the boy's right hand. He grinned.

"Gee whiz!" he said. "T'anks."

Instantly the pack withdrew from about me. I was released from custody. I had paid ransom.

I hadn't been frightened. How could boys of six or seven or eight or nine frighten any one? Yet neither had I been entirely amused. I had been held up, made to "come across," forced to buy a flower I didn't want. I had been tempted to laugh, for there is comedy of a sort in being menaced by a group of unwashed midgets. But there was something more than comedy in the incident, and that disturbed me.

The bishop saw the flower in my hand, and laughed.

"So you met the gang," he said.

I had heard many things of His Excellency the Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil, D. D., V. G., Senior Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago and national director of the Catholic Youth Organization. I had heard of his power, his charities, his unceasing labors for the poor of Chicago. I had been told that "the power and the majesty and the love of God shine out of his eyes." I was glad to see he was so very human.

"They come downtown every afternoon about this time," he said, "to sell flowers and shine shoes. They work until midnight or later. The State Street merchants, the police, a number of judges, and scores of indignant citizens have complained about them.

"They're bad boys, but not so bad as they used to be. They used to knock over all the garbage cans they could find. Sometimes they'd shy their shine boxes at well dressed people. And their aim was usually accurate. They've fought the police. One of them defied a judge to stop him from selling flowers. 'It's either that or stealing,' he said. What could the judge do?

"Yes, they're bad boys, but they're little heroes too. It takes stamina to work all night as they do—for maybe ninety cents a night. But if you could see the homes they come from, if you could know the abject poverty of their people, I think you'd honor these young hoodlums. They are the breadwinners of their families, these kids of six and seven and up. They're an awful nuisance, of course—but would you put them in jail?"

"What do you do with them?" I asked.

"Well," the bishop's dark eyes glowed and his lips smiled, "I used to give them each a quarter every time they came down here. But they're all in the doghouse just now, the rowdies."

His eyes translated the word rowdies to mean something like cherubs.

"I discovered that one of them, an eight-year-old boy, had fifty dollars in the bank. That astonished me. I asked questions. Finally I called the boy in and closed the door. I seated the boy in a chair near my desk. I asked him where he got the money. He said he'd earned it.

"'Earned it?' I said. 'Now, son, you know better than that. You've turned racketeer. You made each of the other boys kick in. You made them give you a dime out of every quarter they got from me. Didn't you?'"

The bishop speaks to boys in their own language. He knows more slang, more different argots, than any man I've met.

"The boy started to cry," he continued. "'Yes,' he said. 'But I give all them kids a knockdown to you, bishop. So I had a right to a cut. I didn't do no wrong.'

"The first thing I knew he had left his seat and was sitting here on the arm of my chair. His little arms were pressed tight around my neck, and his cold wet cheek was pressed hard against mine, and he was saying, 'Oh, bishop, I done it all for you. I was saving up to buy you the swellest present I could buy.'"

"That's why they're in the doghouse," I guessed.

"No. They got pretty rough with people coming into this building. We had to tame them a little, give them a little discipline."

All the humor faded from the bishop's eyes.

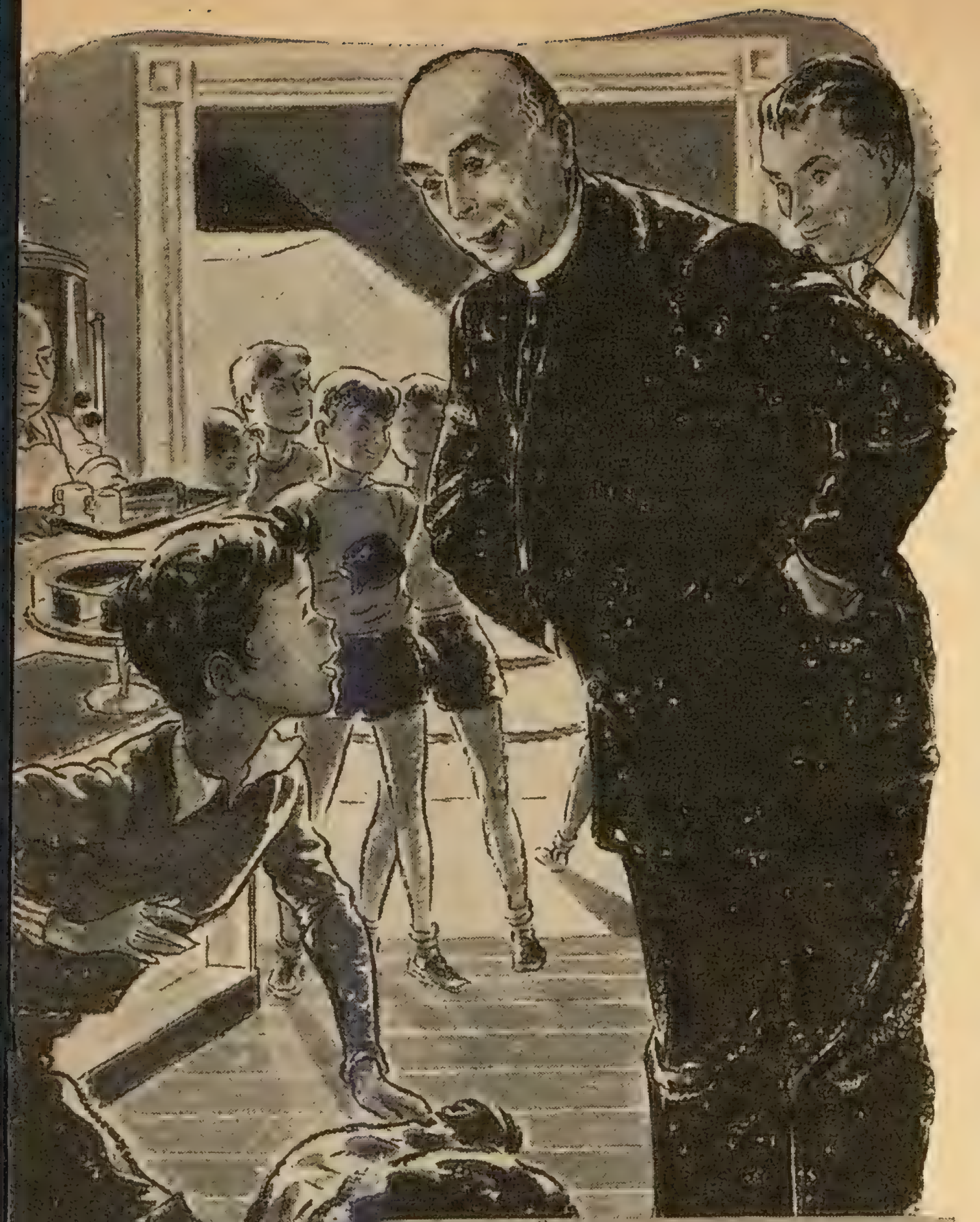
"This is one gang that isn't going to end in the death house," he said. "We're going to make fine men out of these ragamuffins. That's what we're here for. That's the chief purpose of the Catholic Youth Organization."

"These boys are Catholics?" I asked.

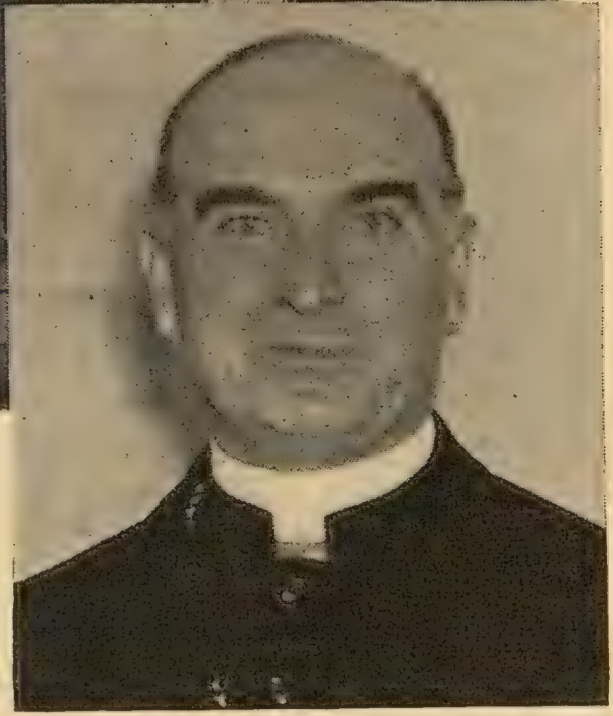
"A few of them. A few are Protestants. A few are Jews. Most of them have no religion. But that doesn't make any difference. They are all boys. They are all poor. They are all hungry. Every child, no matter who he is, has a God-given right to happiness. It is our intention to see he obtains that right. We will do everything in our power to help him.

"How can we expect to rear real men and women in this world when we let boys and girls go hungry, when we deny them the natural outlets for their growing energies, when we deny them happiness, education, and even the knowledge of God?

"We talk of heredity and environment. But take a



Their faces shone. They weren't wolves now; they had been transformed into lambs. They shut me out, telling stories about themselves and their families.



child with the worst heredity you can find, take him out of his environment, feed him and care for him. Love him. Win his confidence. Teach him. See that he has all the fun out of life that a boy can have. Give him an interest, an incentive. Foster his body, his mind, his soul. That boy can't help growing up into a fine, honest, capable man!"

"You mean you help every boy who comes to you?" I asked.

"Every boy, and every girl, to the full extent of our limited means. We've been working in this field seven years. But we've only scratched the surface. There is so much more to be done it staggers the imagination."

The C. Y. O. was born in the death house of the old county jail on Illinois Street in Chicago, when the bishop was a priest, the chaplain of the prison. He loved the boys who came under his care. He knew all about them, knew the conditions that had twisted and warped them; vowed some day to stamp out those conditions.

"How do you suppose the Cardinella gang started?" the bishop asked me. He answered the question himself. "They started exactly as these little wolves started. They were a gang of waifs, poor, unwanted, unwatched, unfed. They had no place to play. They went out on the streets, picking up the sure, quick, shrewd knowledge of the streets. They were petty thieves. They were caught and sent to reformatories and houses of correction, or even to prisons. There they were hardened. They grew up into stick-up men, into killers. And I found them in the death house, waiting for the rope."

The bishop talked for a little time of the boys in the death cells, the unfortunates who gave him the idea that resulted in the founding of the C. Y. O.

"There was one day when five of a gang of thirteen were to die. The death house was crowded with their relatives—gaunt, feeble, red-eyed old women; silent, shabby men; and frightened children.

"There was one boy who had once sung in a church choir. He was singing in a golden voice the lullabies his mother had sung to him long ago. She was standing just outside his cell, bent, thin, gray, wrinkled with hard work. Old? She wasn't much over thirty, but she looked sixty.

"There was her baby, her firstborn, singing a lullaby before his last long sleep. Behind bars. You could see that golden voice going through her, stabbing her with pain. She didn't say good-by. She suddenly put her hands to her face, turned away, and ran clumsily, blindly, down the steel corridor."

The bishop was silent for a moment.

"Why should there be such suffering?" he asked. "There wouldn't be, there couldn't be, if boys—each and every one of them—were given the proper chance to grow up naturally. But come, let's go see that little wolf pack."

The bishop rose from his chair and led me toward the gymnasium, walking with the ease and grace of the perfect athlete.

THERE were a few boys in the gym punching bags, skipping rope, shadow-boxing, resting, talking to the instructor, Paddy Kane—boys in sweat shirts and gym pants. Over in a corner, seated at a number of tables close to the gymnasium lunch counter, were the wolves. They were eating a hot dinner. The bishop's meals for these boys average thirty-five cents apiece—the price being figured on the wholesale cost of food. There isn't any too much money coming in. The bishop is always "broke."

One of the boys saw the bishop, threw down a spoon, jumped up, wiped his hands on his shirt, and sprang forward crying, "The bishop, the bishop!" He went down on one knee, and kissed the bishop's ring. You could hear that kiss echoing all over the immense room.

The other boys got up from their chairs as quickly and ran to him. Some kissed the ring. Some shook hands. The others seemed content merely to touch him.

They weren't hard any more. Their faces shone, even as the bishop's. They weren't wolves now; they had been transformed into so many lambs. They shut me out, telling stories about themselves, their families.

"T'anks for sendin' us dat doc, bishop."

"T'anks for the groceries, bishop."

"Say, bishop, what you know about Vincent here—getting a quarter for a flar? Yeah, a quarter. From a big sap!"

"Finish your dinners now," the bishop said, "then off with you. You're all in the doghouse still, remember."

He blessed them with a wide smile, and led me out of the gymnasium.

"Children of broken homes," he said. "Orphans. Half orphans. Hungry boys. Desperate little animals. There are hundreds of these little wolves in Chicago.

"We find boys like these and take care of them. Back of them are families we have to take care of. We do this gladly. We are sorry only that we aren't big enough, we aren't strong enough, we aren't financially able to do what we should for everybody."

The C. Y. O. cares for more than 250,000 boys and girls in Chicago. It operates in many ways. It has established summer schools in the little parks and playgrounds where young boys and girls are taught to play games, to make things with their hands, where milk and food are furnished daily. It has hotels for girls. It has hotels for older boys, drifters, "gondoliers"—tramps who roll out from under freight cars in the Chicago yards—and for parolees. It is allied with the National Youth Administration, and with the Boy Scouts movement. It operates several business organizations. It maintains a home for orphans. It conducts a highly geared technical school where young men are trained in repairing and building airplanes. It promotes sporting tournaments.

It requires huge sums of money to carry on the work of the C. Y. O. Very little of this money, the bishop confessed sadly, is donated. The bulk of it is raised in various ways. Some of it comes from boxing tournaments and other programs of sport. Some of it is profit from the business ventures, such as the salvage bureau and the package-delivery system.

When Bishop Sheil took his plan of organizing the Catholic youth to Cardinal Mundelein, he met with the latter's heartiest co-operation.

"I would rather save one child from the streets than build the most beautiful edifice in the world," the cardinal said. "Adopt a program of recreation so adequate, interesting, and attractive that youth will have a desire to participate in none other."

There was little for the bishop to build on. There was the Holy Name Society and its Big Brothers, who looked out for the welfare of Catholic boys who got into trouble in the courts. There was the Working Boys' Home on the West Side. There were several troops of Catholic Boy Scouts. But there was no organization, no individual, seeking to help boys such as those of the wolf pack.

Last year the C. Y. O. maintained summer schools in thirty-four centers. The attendance was in the neighborhood of 35,000. It spent over $10,000 for milk alone in the recreation schools. It served over two million meals to the city's poor. This year, it is expected, there will be more centers, more boys and girls using them.

ONE of the first things Bishop Sheil did was to organize boxing clubs in the various neighborhoods, to open a great central gymnasium where boys could learn boxing and where the best of them could train to enter in public competition.

"Boys have to have heroes," the bishop explained. "They love heroes. Their heroes are tough guys, never sissies. The tough guy is a fighter. When he learns that in order to be a good fighter he must lead a clean life, must keep in training, mustn't smoke nor drink nor hang around poolrooms, must go to bed early, he's willing. And he sets a good example to all the other boys in the neighborhood. If this boy doesn't drink or smoke, then it isn't sissy to abstain from tobacco and liquor. If this boy goes to bed early, then it isn't sissy to go to bed early. It's the thing to do."

Incidentally, of the eight boys who went abroad with the last Olympic boxing team, three were members of the C. Y. O.

In the last seven years the bishop, through the Catholic Youth Organization, has done many things. He has filled thousands of little bellies, he has taught thousands of boys, he has sheltered thousands, he has put thousands in jobs, he has clothed tens of thousands, he has saved thousands from prisons. And he has done something else—he has helped to cut crime in Chicago.

Veteran newspapermen, veteran police, veteran welfare workers of the city speak of present-day crime conditions with awe. Some will cite statistics. Crime fell off 60 per cent in this district, 49 per cent in that, 80 per cent in the other. There's scarcely any one in the city who will not admit that Bishop Sheil and the C. Y. O. had a part—and a leading part—in the reformation of the town. The one man who will not admit it is the bishop himself.

"We've done very little," he insists. "We've only begun to do something."

It isn't only the hungry boy, the orphan, the tough kid, the parolee, that the C. Y. O. cares for. It helps all who come to it.

Recently Bishop Sheil was preparing a boxing tournament to take place in Soldiers Field. The boys who wanted to enter the tournament were being examined by a doctor. The bishop was not in his office at the time. An assistant was helping with the examinations. A young man came—thrusting himself through the line of waiting applicants—into the room where the priest and the doctors worked.

"I want a job," he said.

"Sure," said the priest. "But I can't do anything for you now. If you care to wait until I'm through—"

"I can't wait. I'm starving. My mother's starving. My wife's starving. And my kid's blue with hunger."

The priest put his hand in his pocket, and found nothing there. "Come on," he said. "We'll see the bishop."

Bishop Sheil put his hand in his pocket when he heard the story. He too was broke.

"Give him five dollars now," he told the priest. "If you haven't got it, go borrow it. This boy has to have a job, and he has to have money right away."

The priest found the money somewhere. The boy went away. But he came back to the priest in a few minutes, elbowing everybody aside as he had done before.

"Here," he said, and shoved a little bottle into the priest's hand. "Take this, father. I was going to use it. But not now."

The bottle contained a deadly poison.

THE C. Y. O. has, as one of its principal objects, the furthering of the Catholic religion; yet that religion is forced on nobody. There is no discrimination of creed, race, nationality, or color. All are welcomed. All are cared for. But now and then a boy asks if he may become a Catholic.

"Humpy," a colored boy, hideously deformed, was one of these. He used to come to the C. Y. O. headquarters, at Wabash Avenue and Congress Street, every day, and sit on the top step until the bishop came by. The bishop always gave him something, always fed him. One day he wasn't there. The bishop worried. Late at night, when he found time, he went to Humpy's home—two rooms on the top floor of a South Side tenement. The floor sagged. The wood was moist. The windows were broken. There was a stove, but there was no fire in it.

Humpy, with a sheet over him, lay on a mattress on the floor. Near by, in bed, under a heap of covers, lay his father, very drunk.

"There's a doctor wants to operate on me, bishop," the hunchback said. "He'll do it for nothing—just for the 'sperience."

"Over my dead body!" cried the bishop.

Within an hour the finest surgeon in Chicago was examining Humpy.

"An operation would kill him," he said. "He has tuberculosis in an advanced stage."

The bishop put Humpy into a first-class sanatorium and visited him every day, bringing him little presents. A few days before he died Humpy asked his last favor.

"Bishop, I ain't got no religion. I'm bad. I'm powerful bad. Can't you git me some religion?"

"Of course. Any religion you want. Name it, and I'll see that somebody comes here to instruct you."

"Bishop, I want to be a Catholic, like white folks, if it ain't too much trouble."

The bishop could say nothing. He was fighting to keep control of his emotion.

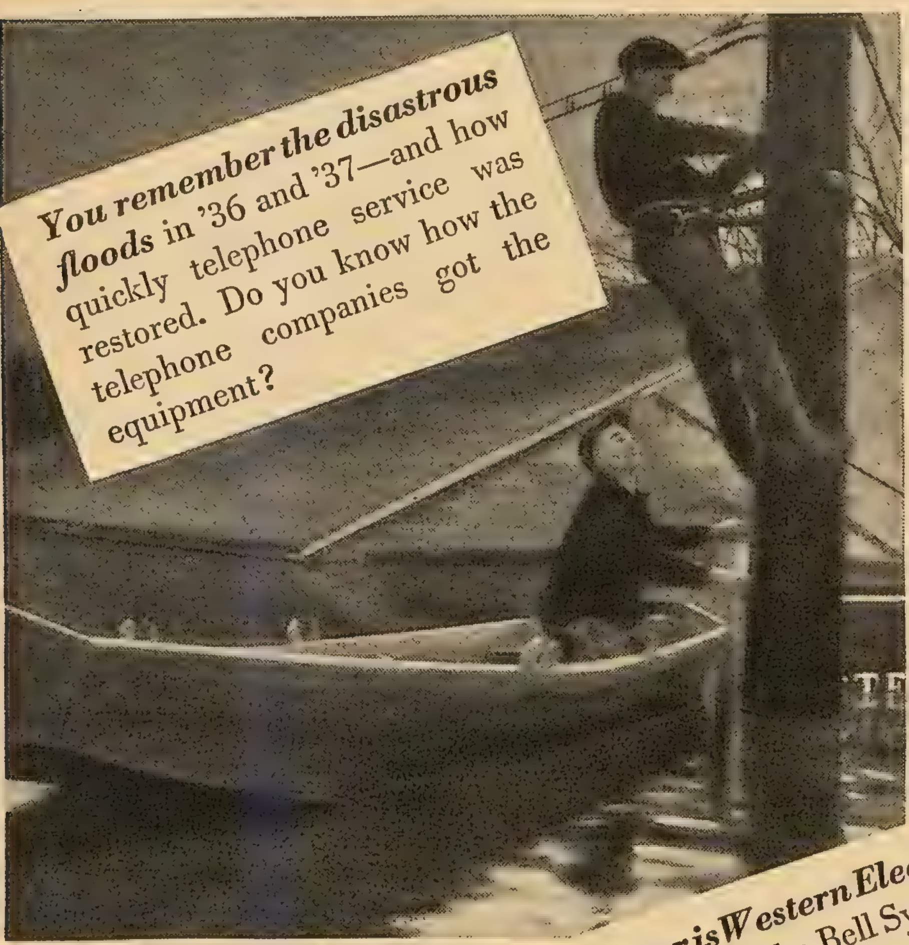
"I was skeered to ask you, bishop," the crippled boy whispered. "I been so bad."

The bishop instructed him in the Faith, heard his confession, gave him First Holy Communion, and—after he died—held a pontifical Mass in his honor, with silver trumpets calling at the Consecration. Humpy was the first of his race to be thus honored by the Catholic Church in the history of the United States.

"He deserved it," the bishop said. "His was a beautiful soul, well worth the saving." He quoted the cardinal's words—"I would rather save one child of the streets than build the most beautiful edifice in the world."

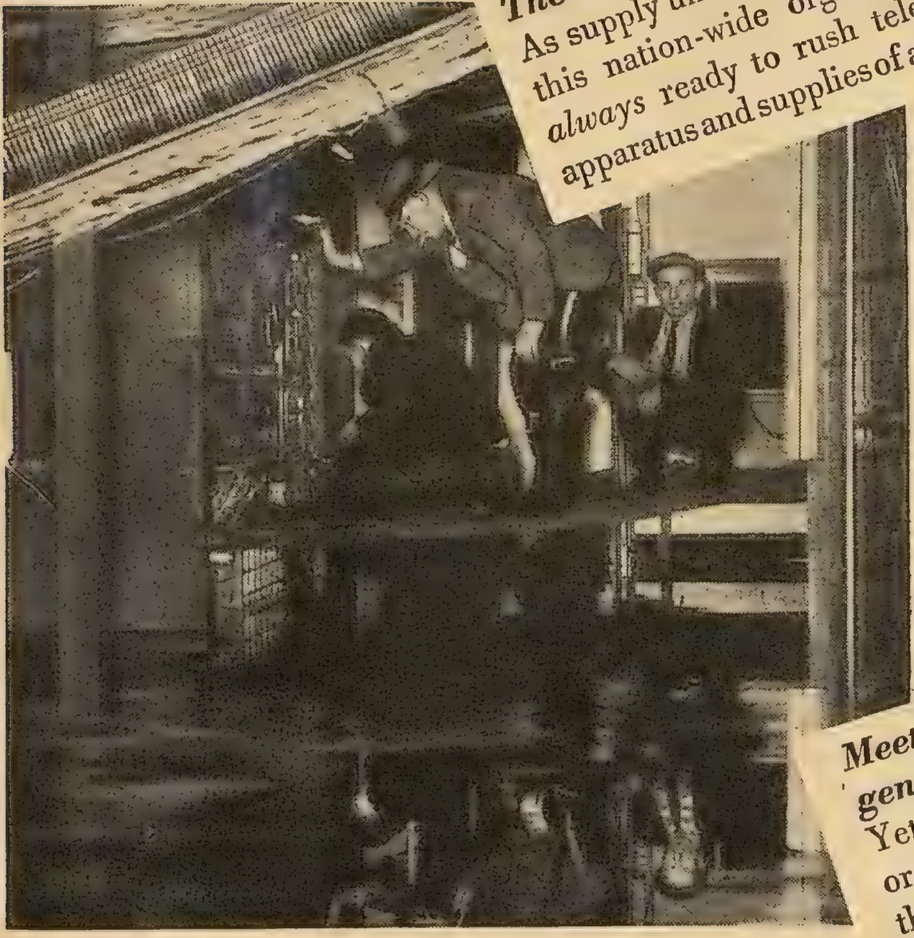
NOTE: *This is the first of a series of dramatic stories of the Catholic Youth Organization. Others will appear in Liberty from time to time.*

When Rivers Rise –
Western Electric rises to the emergency



You remember the disastrous floods in '36 and '37—and how quickly telephone service was restored. Do you know how the telephone companies got the equipment?

The answer is Western Electric As supply unit of the Bell System, this nation-wide organization is *always* ready to rush telephone apparatus and supplies of all kinds.



Western Electric
Western Electric

Meeting and beating emergencies is a pulse-tingling job. Yet it is achieved by the same organization and resourcefulness that Western Electric puts into its everyday work.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

What the Champions

A great fighter of yesterday looks at ri
future, and gives you his own prediction-

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE fight game marches on and champions come and go. Some are in danger of losing their titles this year. Who are they? Beginning with Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion, I am going to take them one by one down to the king of the flyweights, and tell you whose titles are threatened and may be lost before the end of the year.

With Max Schmeling's slashing victory over Joe Louis still fresh in the minds of fans throughout the world, the question naturally arises whether Schmeling will beat Louis this year and regain the heavyweight title.

I believe that the Max Schmeling who bounced right-hand grenades off Joe Louis' chin and buried the proud colored boy's battered face in the resin figures to do *just that.*

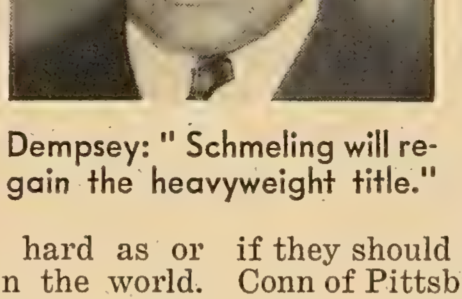
Louis has three faults: When an opponent changes his tactics or does something unusual, he becomes befuddled and is unable to do anything about it. He doesn't know how to roll his head away from a right, then counter. But the worst is that he permits a smart opponent to make him lean way in when he jabs, thus pulling him far off balance, and he is a set-up for a hard right, because his opponent first rolls low and away to make him reach, which draws his right leg far off the floor; then, after making him miss, his adversary rolls back at him and cracks a one-legged fighter with a right to the jaw. Stand up, lean way in, reaching with a jab—and you'll get my point.

The last is the secret of why Schmeling licked him. It is the way Tommy Farr, the British Empire heavyweight champion, came very close to beating him. Both of these men also broke the force of Louis' hooks and crosses by weaving and rolling with them; otherwise they would have been knocked out by Joe, as were Braddock and the others. But that third fault is why I think Schmeling will regain the heavyweight title. And that is the way Louis can be defeated.

Buddy Baer should not be overlooked, either, as a menace to Joe Louis' crown. If anything should happen to prevent a Louis-Schmeling fight, Buddy, plus a little more experience which he is bound to pick up in his next few fights, should have a good chance with Joe.

He has conquered the weakness of all giant fighters of the ring, which is standing straight up and thereby furnishing an opponent with a length of target from belt line to top of head that he hardly can miss.

Buddy now crouches, and rolls with punches; but when he is hit solid he can take it, as he proved when he met and kayoed those other two big men of the ring: Abe Simon and Eddie Hogan. Buddy hits as hard as or harder than any man in the world. You can't laugh off 243 pounds distributed over six feet six inches of crouching tough kid with a can of ether in both hands.



Dempsey: "Schmeling will regain the heavyweight title."

In the light-heavyweight division John Henry Lewis, the colored champion, is faced with two problems: ability to make the weight of 175 pounds—and the shifty Al Gainer. I think making the weight will put him under sufficient strain to put him in real danger of losing his title to Al Gainer, should they meet. Gainer, another colored battler, has enough class so that he has a hard time finding opposition in his own division.

Hard-punching Tiger Jack Fox, another colored light-heavyweight, who once suffered a knockout at the hands of John Henry Lewis, has been going exceptionally good lately. Some fair judges of boxing believe he might beat Lewis in a return engagement. I don't think so.

Jock McAvoy, the British light-heavyweight champion, is a high-class all-round fighter, but John Henry Lewis seems to have his number. His defeat of McAvoy in Madison Square Garden, when Jock was easily licking everybody pitted against him in this country, sent McAvoy back to England. In fairness, though, it is well to remember that Jock also fights as a middleweight. But even if Lewis doesn't fight Gainer, I predict the title will pass from his hands this year—relinquishing it rather than make the weight will then be the cause.

Freddie Steele of Seattle, Washington, where he has done most of his fighting, has real reason to fear the loss of his middleweight title this year.

Steele was knocked out by Fred Apostoli in an over-the-weight bout at Madison Square Garden in January. Glenn Lee, the former welterweight now fighting as a middleweight, is another dangerous threat to Steele's title.

Lee, in three fights as a middleweight, has stopped Baby Salvy Saban, Walter Woods, and Harry Balsamo, and dropped a split-hair decision to Apostoli recently.

The same Jock McAvoy mentioned above would also be a serious threat to Steele's title if they should meet. And young Billy Conn of Pittsburgh, who had compiled a great record until Solly Krieger took a decision from him last December—such a reverse always teaches a young fighter something he didn't know—should be a bother to worry Freddie Steele this year. But Glenn Lee, in my opinion, is the real threat.

Barney Ross, king of the welters and former lightweight champion, comes up for observation next. On the boxer-fighter type, Ross, through

Are Up Against in 1938

m's rulers today, ponders their
ere'll be some amazing upsets!

BY JACK DEMPSEY

thrilling victories over Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Petrolle, and Ceferino Garcia, established himself as a real champion. It took a lot of fighting machine to beat those fellows.

But Ross is reaching that point of his boxing career that Canzoneri, McLarnin, and Billy Petrolle had reached when he eliminated them. They were not through, mind you, but past their peak. And Ross does not fight often enough for a fellow who has been around as long as he has. It took all of his ring-generalship to pull a victory out of the fire with Ceferino Garcia on Mike Jacobs' Carnival of Champions show.

Outside of Garcia, he has not much opposition in the welterweight division. There is talk of a Barney Ross-Lou Ambers match, which no doubt would draw a big gate—Barney would be up against a real threat to his title here. The present lightweight champion is the fastest thing in the ring today—and right at his peak.

There is even talk of Ross defending his title against Henry Armstrong, the colored featherweight champion and sensation of the fight game in 1937. But Armstrong will have to beat Ambers first to prove whether he is a real threat to Barney's welterweight crown. Ambers with his great speed and elusiveness is the real menace to Ross' title in 1938.

Which brings me to the lightweight class and a discussion of Lou Ambers as a defending champion in his own division.

After the way Ambers showed up Pedro Montanez, the Puerto Rican, on the Carnival of Champions card, I think the only threat to Lou's title is the featherweight king Henry Armstrong. But what a menace to Ambers this kid is! A human buzz saw in the ring who keeps punching until something drops, he is right down my alley—and my personal idea of what a fighting man should be.

This is the fight the public is crying for, and I believe you will see this pair in the ring before the summer is over.

I can't join with those who say that Ambers wouldn't have the ghost of a chance with Armstrong—as much as I think of Armstrong as a fighter.

Ambers is a speed ball, master of the hit-and-get-away style, and he throws all kinds of punches, including right- and left-hand uppercuts in close that don't hurt but keep your head tilting back and spoil your effectiveness. You can't do any hard punching when your head is being constantly tilted back. That's what Pedro Montanez found out, and he couldn't understand how a fellow who threw those little digs and uppercuts could be beating him.

Ambers is very much underrated because, even though he makes the other fellow look bad, he doesn't do much damage himself. He loves to fight, is game as they come, once having had his jaw broken in the ring only to come back when it had mended.

Everybody has read about Armstrong's style. He punches and punches and punches. And hard. He is constantly rolling in to punch, or away from punches, and does not often take the full force of a blow.

He is down low, then he is straight up, his torso working like a top that is about to stop spinning, only faster, and he is always in a position to hit. He and Ambers are at the two extremes of modern-day fighting. That is why the public wants to see them fight. But, as I said before, Ambers is still the lightweight champion until Armstrong proves himself the better man.

As a defending champion in the featherweight division, Henry Armstrong has no opposition. He is in a class by himself. Unless my memory fails me, he won twenty-seven fights in 1937, and twenty-six were knockouts. Armstrong was considered the outstanding fighter of last year. There isn't much more that can be said about Henry. Except that he won't retain his featherweight title throughout 1938—weight-making will take it away from him and he will fight as a lightweight.

Bantamweight champion Sixto Escobar, who lost his title to Harry Jeffra last September, then regained it from him in Puerto Rico this February, is faced with two threats.

Provided he experiences no trouble making the weight, I believe young Jeffra can easily repeat the flashy style that won him two decisions over Sixto in over-the-weight bouts and eventually clinched the title for him on the Carnival of Champions card.

The other threat is Indian Quintana, who drew with Jeffra when Harry was champion.

Finally we come to Benny Lynch of Glasgow, Scotland, who is the king of all the flyweights. While this class seems to have been lost sight of in this country, it is still a very popular division in Europe.

While the flyweight class now draws most of its little fighting men from France, England, Ireland, Austria, and the Philippine Islands, I think a lad by the name of Jackie Jurich of California will win the title from Benny Lynch this year if they meet. I saw Jackie decisively lick Small Montana, the former champion from the Philippines, but they called it a draw. Jackie has real class and Benny Lynch will soon be hearing about that.

Of course, all of this is only *my* opinion. Everybody has one and is entitled to it. This difference of opinion is what keeps us all struggling to justify our own. And it brings plenty of oughday into the box office.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 54 SECONDS

RUSSET-HAIRED, small and dainty, young Arline Wingate is the prettiest sculptress I ever have met. Recently she has been exhibiting her work with notable success. One of her engaging creations is a portrait of a big apple—just an enormous apple, about the size of a honeydew melon, but done with such affectionate realism that everybody loves it. . . . And that big apple means something. It symbolizes Arline Wingate's revolt against politics in art.

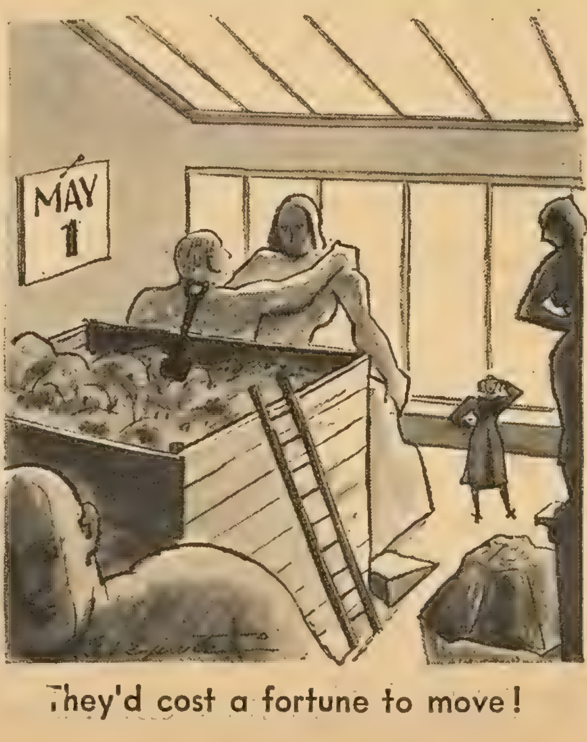
"Most of my artistic friends are radicals," she says. "I can't blame them, because they probably wouldn't be as radical as they are if well-to-do people spent a little more money supporting the contemporary arts. Yet the fact remains. My artistic friends sit around my studio talking pink talk—and while I'm listening to them they sound *right.*"

Then Arline goes home to her conservative broker husband; listens to the entirely opposite talk of his friends; and *they* sound right, too. . . . "I give up!" she says. "No politics in my work. Nice big apples are easier to understand."

Moving day means nothing in the life of a sculptress. Maybe she'd like a change of scene, yet she's obliged to stay put. Her studio contains too many tons of clay and stone and statuary. It would cost a fortune for her to move. . . . Horrible thought to us restless ladies who seek a new abode every year or two! . . . Arline Wingate's recent exhibition was backed by the famous connoisseur, Jules Bache. First time, I think, that he ever has sponsored a living artist.

☆ Now comes the season of spring-cleaning, renovating, repainting. I've just had a timely talk with Jane Stewart Davis, who works for one of the big paint companies, giving expert advice to those of us who do our own paint jobs around the house. Thank Mrs. Davis for the following tips. . . . Always consult your paint dealer as to the right paint for your purpose. . . . Everything to be painted *must* first be *thoroughly* cleaned. . . . When painting wall surfaces, start at the upper left-hand corner, then work downward, and toward the right, in strips about a foot wide. Use a 4-inch or a 4½-inch brush. Pull out all loose bristles before you begin. Use a smaller brush for window woodwork, and lay a strip of tin along the edge of the glass to keep the paint off. . . . Flat paints should be well brushed in. Enamel paints should be flowed on. . . . Go *slow* when you paint furniture. A 2-inch or 3-inch brush is best. Turn the piece upside down, and don't open your windows too wide because of the incoming dust—just enough to air the room. . . . Paint guns aren't entirely safe for amateurs. I know a redheaded lady in Baltimore who did something wrong with her paint gun, and exploded a pint of bright green paint all over her bright red hair. . . . Use a paint gun, says Mrs. Davis, only for wicker furniture.

☆ Letter from a Michigan man. . . . "I have a new tailor, and the first suit he made for me came home with trick flaps on all the pockets—flaps I had not ordered. I asked the tailor why. 'To protect you against pickpockets,' he said. He hesitated a moment, then he looked me in the eye and added, 'I was a pickpocket myself. I did a stretch for it. Now I'm so glad to be going straight that I do what I can to discourage other pickpockets. I put pick-proof pockets in all my clients' clothes.'" . . . A strange letter. Pathetic and interesting.



They'd cost a fortune to move!

☆ Shipwreck and romance. . . . Love turned astray by an unopened letter. . . . Heart homing finally to heart across far seas. . . . We read about such things in fiction but seldom meet them in real life. That's why I want to tell you the family story of a certain Britisher who visits this country now and then.

His great-great-grandpa, son of a Scottish shipping dynasty, was shipwrecked around a century ago on the coast of Russia. Fell in love with a daughter of the local landowner, who took him in. Returned to Scotland for his father's consent. Wrote to the girl, proposing marriage. Never received a reply. Believed she had spurned him, so married a lass at home.

Two years later his wife died, whereupon he sailed again for Russia, drawn by some mysteriously compelling urge. Found the landowner's daughter still unwed. "You might have said yes or no," he remonstrated gently, "when I asked you to marry me." She said, "You didn't ask me. I'd have said yes, if you had."

He spoke of the unanswered letter. She gave a cry of dismay. "Was that what was in it? I saved it to read alone that night—I loved you so—but somehow I lost it. I didn't know where to reach you. I waited and waited for you to write to me again!"

That's all—except to add that he married her and took her home with him to Scotland, where they bred a numerous clan of Celto-Muscovite descendants, including my friend, their great-great-grandson.

☆ Recommended to ladies who love detective stories. . . . Zelda Popkin's department-store murder mystery, Death Wears a White Gardenia. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

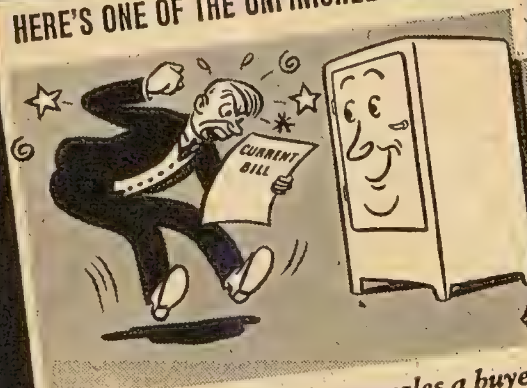
☆ *Three breadbasket delicacies.* . . . For breakfast, to dunk in soft-boiled eggs, serve inch-wide sandwiches of thinnest whole-wheat bread, buttered and lightly spread with tongue paste. . . . At lunch serve small hot turnovers filled with cooked rice and chopped hard-boiled egg moistened with a little canned mushroom soup. . . . Under a quick flame brown fingers of toast garnished with finely minced ham, a dash of horseradish, a sprinkling of grated cheese.

Serve with the tomato-juice cocktails at dinner.

$9,500 EASY MONEY IN PRIZE CONTEST!

TO SHOW YOU TODAY'S BIGGEST REFRIGERATOR BARGAIN!

HERE'S ONE OF THE UNFINISHED LIMERICKS



Here's a question that puzzles a buyer
"Will my current bills really be
higher?"
If a Leonard you choose
You simply can't lose
....

IT'S FUN . . SIMPLE . . NOTHING TO BUY

THERE ARE 88 big prizes to be won by writing last lines for five limericks like the one shown . . . $4,750 in cash prizes (first prize $1,000) and $4,750 worth of new 1938 Leonard Electric Refrigerators.

All you do is go to your local Leonard dealer. Look over the sensational new Leonard Electric. And get a book with the complete set of "missing line" limericks. Then write your last lines and send them in.

Now read what's back of this unusual and generous offer.

(Contest open to entries in United States & Canada; closes midnight June 15, 1938).

609 Women in 48 States Report Startling Findings!

BEFORE PRESENTING this newest and greatest Leonard Refrigerator, we put 609 of them into homes in 48 states. All last summer, women like yourself tested Leonards "on the job" . . . kept accurate records of temperatures . . . freezing speed . . . economy.

Their reports will thrill any woman who is going to buy a modern refrigerator. They show that the new Leonard tops any other refrigerator ever built . . . performs better . . . *saves* more!

This is no new idea with Leonard. Since 1881 sales have been made this way. Women report their experiences, tell their friends . . . Leonard is America's greatest refrigerator bargain!

Compare! You'll find that only Leonard gives you all these splendid things you want:

1. **Amazing new Glacier Sealed Unit.**
2. **Sensational Ice Popper Cube Release.**
3. **Zero-freezer—ice cubes and desserts frozen amazingly fast.**
4. **Magical Food-Fit Shelves . . . instant room for a big turkey or a watermelon.**
5. **Master Dial . . . "tunes in" just exactly the cold you need.**
6. **Len-A-Dor Pedal . . . opens the door with a touch of your toe.**
7. **Leonard Thermometer . . . tells you temperature of food compartment.**
8. **Vegetable Bin . . . holds 1¼ bushels.**
9. **Arranging Shelf on door.**
10. **Leonard Crisper—keeps green-groceries garden-fresh.**

LEONARD DIV. OF NASH-KELVINATOR
CORPORATION . . DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LEONARD *Electric*

**BIGGEST BARGAIN
IN REFRIGERATORS
TODAY!**

LABOR'S MOST *vicious* ENEMY

INCOME TAX

Is It the Monkey Wrench in the Machinery of Prosperity?

BY ROBERT NEAL LEATH

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BILL SORENSEN is a carpenter. "Income tax? Haw!" he said. "The big boys pay it. It's got nothing to do with me! I don't make enough!"

Bill works about three days a week. And income tax really has nothing to do with Bill—if you don't count the days he does *not* work, nor the food and clothing and pleasure his wife and kids might be having from the wages for two more days.

Last week we bawled the living daylights out of the income tax for soaking not the *rich*, according to popular impression, but actually and mainly the poor. For soaking, specifically, *labor*—through wholesale prevention and killing of jobs. Right now we'll show how the income tax, not content with knocking labor flat, proceeds to kick labor continually and with increasing venom in the teeth.

So hold your hats. We've got to examine how big *is* this income tax, how hard the impact of its kick.

At present the total yearly income of all the people in the United States amounts to about sixty billion dollars, and our total bill for *all* taxes to about twelve billions.

But these figures cannot be thought of as money. All the actual money in general circulation—in the hands of the United States people—adds up to only about six billions and *not* sixty. Therefore by "national income" I mean the total value of everything the people produce. This total product is the final storehouse from which all taxes must come.

Consequently a "twelve-billion-dollar tax bill" means that to pay it we hand over to the various American governments one actual bottle of milk, one bushel of grain, one short story, one new automobile and locomotive and lipstick—out of every five.

"Hey!" my wife said at this point. "I am very quick and I get it. Labor produces everything. All the taxes come out of labor's product. Therefore labor pays all the taxes."

And she was right. Labor *does* pay all taxes.

The federal income tax last year was more than two billion dollars; state income taxes brought the total to two and one half billions. Which represented one fifth of the people's total twelve-billion-dollar tax bill.

And the difference from other taxes is the peculiar mechanism of industrial destruction which the income tax has created. First, labor pays it—with the products of labor, as all taxes are paid. Second, it actively creates unemployment on a wholesale scale, as demonstrated in the case histories presented last week.

Both of these aspects of income tax might be defensible if, with it, nationally we could get anywhere.

We can't. At least we *aren't*.

Huge though the tax bill is—it's not enough. In 1936 the federal government spent nearly nine billions while the total revenue was little more than four. The result, of course, was a deficit, a loss. The government pays its losses with bonds, and a government bond is a plain I O U.

Unemployment and consequent necessity of relief for the unemployed were the reasons for the deficit. In 1936 we spent approximately four billions on relief—or approximately the amount of the deficit.

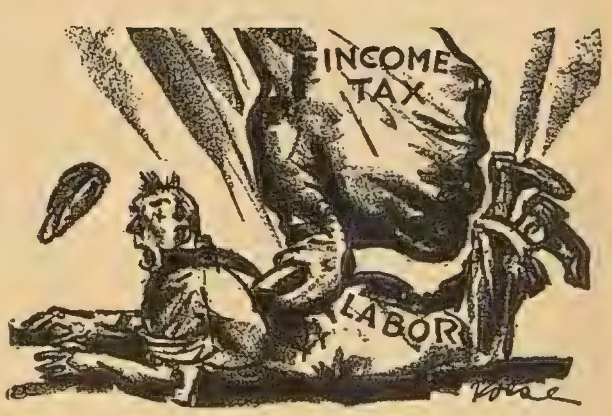
In 1937 we went into debt another two and one half billions. And the relief bill continued to match the deficit. It remained obvious that the government's revenue could take care of everything *except* relief.

The 1937 loss brought the total national debt to more than thirty-six billions. Now, the federal debt bears interest at various rates, the average of which is 2.6 per cent. On thirty-six billions nearly one billion a year interest must be paid from tax revenue.

Of the two-billion-dollar annual "take" of federal income tax, about half is derived from corporations, which are in the final analysis merely groups of workmen working together with special tools to create things which did not exist before; and half from the incomes of individuals.

It is a coincidence that these totals happen to match each other: one billion received by the government from corporations as income tax, one billion paid out by the government as interest on a debt created largely to feed the unemployed.

And so we have the final picture of labor first actually paying the income tax in the products of labor, secondly suffering from unemployment caused *by* the income tax, and thirdly compelled to watch at least half the money go directly into the pockets of the nonproducers—the holders of tax-exempt government bonds. The picture of a law that compels countless capitalists to drag their money out of the tax-shark-infested waters of private enterprise, create unemployment, put that money into government bonds made *necessary* by unemployment, sit unwillingly back—and get supported by those fortunate workmen who have not *yet* joined the unemployed.



Talk about your vicious circles!

Nobody can deny that unemployed labor must have relief. But so long as we have the income tax and its brothers—undistributed profits, capital gains, and inheritance taxes—we also shall have unemployment severe enough to necessitate relief on a large and national scale.

The main and most intensely pressing necessity is to create *more* work. This can be accomplished only by the unshackling of capital, its release into new industrial ventures, development of new ideas, creation of new *things*.

Today the nation seethes with countless industrial ideas, plans, programs. One industry alone—the task of insulating, remodeling, and rebuilding at least two thirds of all our home and office structures to take advantage of the comforts of air-conditioning—could eliminate all unemployment.

But the monkey wrench in the machinery is the income tax. Capitalists can't pluck the monkey wrench out. It can be removed only by labor. Only by demand of the people. And, since labor is 100 per cent the goat so long as the machinery remains stopped—labor should get to work and demand its removal—

So that labor can get to work!

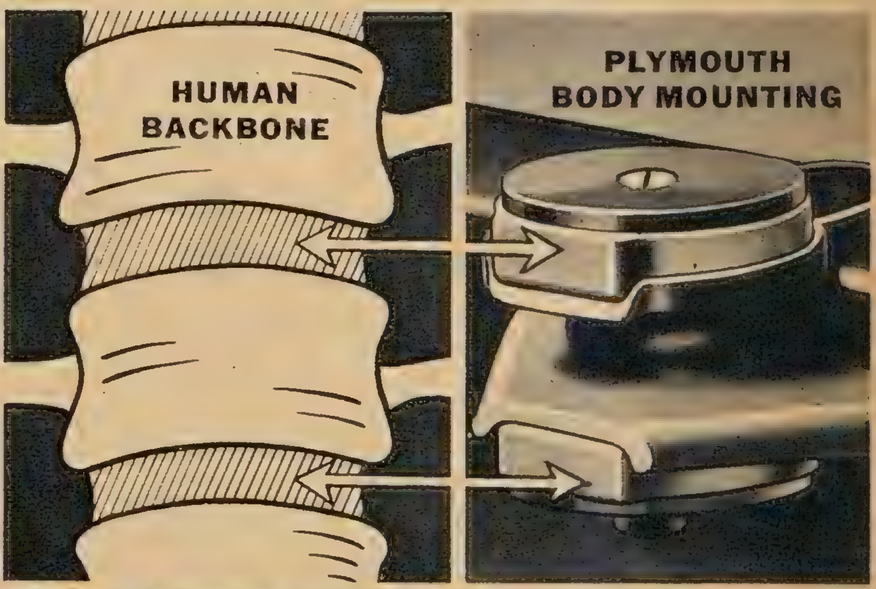
THE END

Using Milk from Trees to Make Cars Safer, Quieter

CERTAIN tropical trees are bled of a milky white sap which is the crude basis of a great product—rubber. This story will interest you if you want to know the important differences in today's cars. It shows you the value offered by Plymouth.

1 **Rubber is Used** in Plymouth for the same reason the horse has rubber shoes—to reduce shock, noise.

2 **Our Own Rubber Mill** is busy experimenting. This sheet of pure rubber will be a new type of Plymouth body mounting.



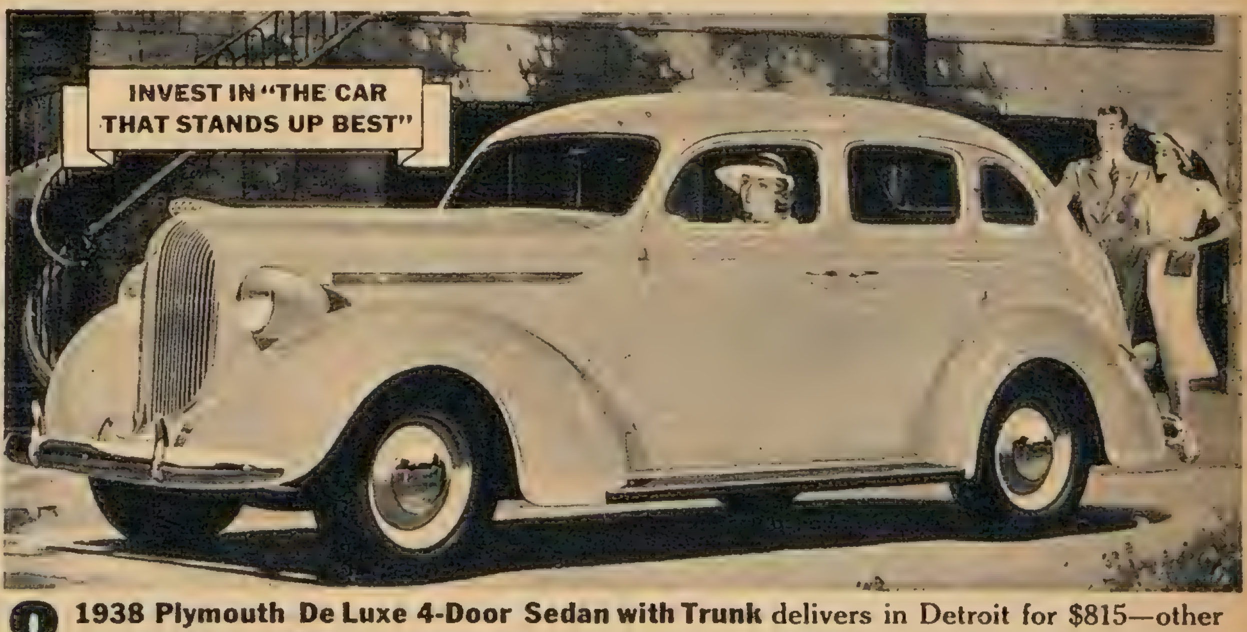
3 **Your Backbone is Cushioned** (left) by pads of "gristle" in much the same way Plymouth's body is cushioned (right) on its rubber mountings! These cushions block out noise and vibration. Floating Power engine mountings work the same way.

4 **Rubber that Won't Break** under this 200-pound weight. Plymouth's rubber steering wheel has a steel core.

5 **Dams that Hold Up Whole Lakes** resist pressures of hundreds of pounds per square inch. Plymouth's brake-hose is actually tested to stand *5,000 pounds* per square inch. This helps make Plymouth's double-action hydraulic brakes safer.

6 **Wiper Tests** — Not only the mechanism but the rubber is tested, as is done wherever rubber is used in the car.

7 **Thick, Soft Rubber Strips** around doors and windows help make Plymouth's ventilating system the most efficient in any low-priced car.



8 **1938 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with Trunk** delivers in Detroit for $815—other models as low as $645—including Federal taxes. State, local taxes not included. See a Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

GET MOST FOR LOW PRICE

Plymouth Builds Great Cars

SHE *Woke Up* SMILING

BY ELMER DAVIS

Swift tragedy strikes, and strikes again, at

READING TIME ● 34 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

TO enable her to become a great dancer under the tutelage of Dilighine, beautiful Gail Perrin fills the job of social secretary and party hostess to an unattached old New York millionaire, Jasper Hawes. On the eventful day that her teacher tells her she is ready for public appearance, Gail's delight is shadowed by three proposals of marriage: from Ed Brewster, the right-hand man of their employer; from her former sweetheart, Jimmy Yates, a newspaperman; and from Jasper Hawes himself.

Characteristically, one after another, they accept her "no" to their pleas. Brewster is unconvinced, Jimmy is young enough to be sullen and grieved, while old Jasper remains philosophical and asks her to dance at his big penthouse party that night. Also he sends her a cigarette case stuffed with thousand-dollar bills, and decides to leave her all his wealth. That afternoon Dr. Skidmore had warned him he couldn't live much longer and had better have his will drawn up by Cramer, his attorney.

While driving to the party, Gail and Marcum, the chauffeur of Mr. Hawes, get mixed up in a gangster getaway, but are unhurt. Marcum shows an expert hand with a gun. The fracas delays their arrival at the penthouse, and the festivities are in full swing.

For a short period Jasper Hawes withdraws with his lawyer to sign his will. Both Brewster and Jimmy renew their love-making. When the host returns to the scene, a hired fortune teller, Madame Zora, reading his palm, tells him brutally that he is going to die! He laughs it off. But, much affected, Gail leaves the carousing crowd of guests and goes out on the terrace for a breath of air and solitude. Here, most unexpectedly, Marcum, the chauffeur, out of uniform, joins the distressed and lovely girl.

PART FOUR—"YOU'LL NEVER BE A DANCER—"

WHAT'S the matter?" Marcum asked Gail. "I thought you could take it."

"Did you hear that witch, Marcum?" He nodded. "She—she talked as if she knew—" Gail shuddered; and then, before his cool impassivity, she was ashamed. "Oh, of course it's all nonsense, but—" She looked at him and felt that there was something different about him. The lounge suit probably; it was the first time she had ever seen him out of uniform. "What did you mean," she demanded, "about thinking I could take it? What—what is there that I can't take?" (If he meant what she thought he meant—)

"It would be tough on us all if Mr. Hawes died," he told her. "But it doesn't look so good for you to be the only one who can't take it." (Of course it didn't; everybody would think—) "Better go back in," he advised. "Let Zora take a crack at you, if she wants to. I'll drift in too; Mr. Hawes asked me to look in on this."

She turned back, at his side—ashamed of her collapse, grateful to him for pulling her out of it. On the steps he halted.

"Whatever she tells you," he said softly, "don't let it worry you. I've seen you in a tight spot. People like you tell their own fortune."

"Thank you, Marcum." She looked at him—a young man in a gray lounge suit. . . . Just a young fellow with a life of his own, like anybody else. . . . "I can't call you Marcum!" she said with an embarrassed little laugh. "What's your name?"

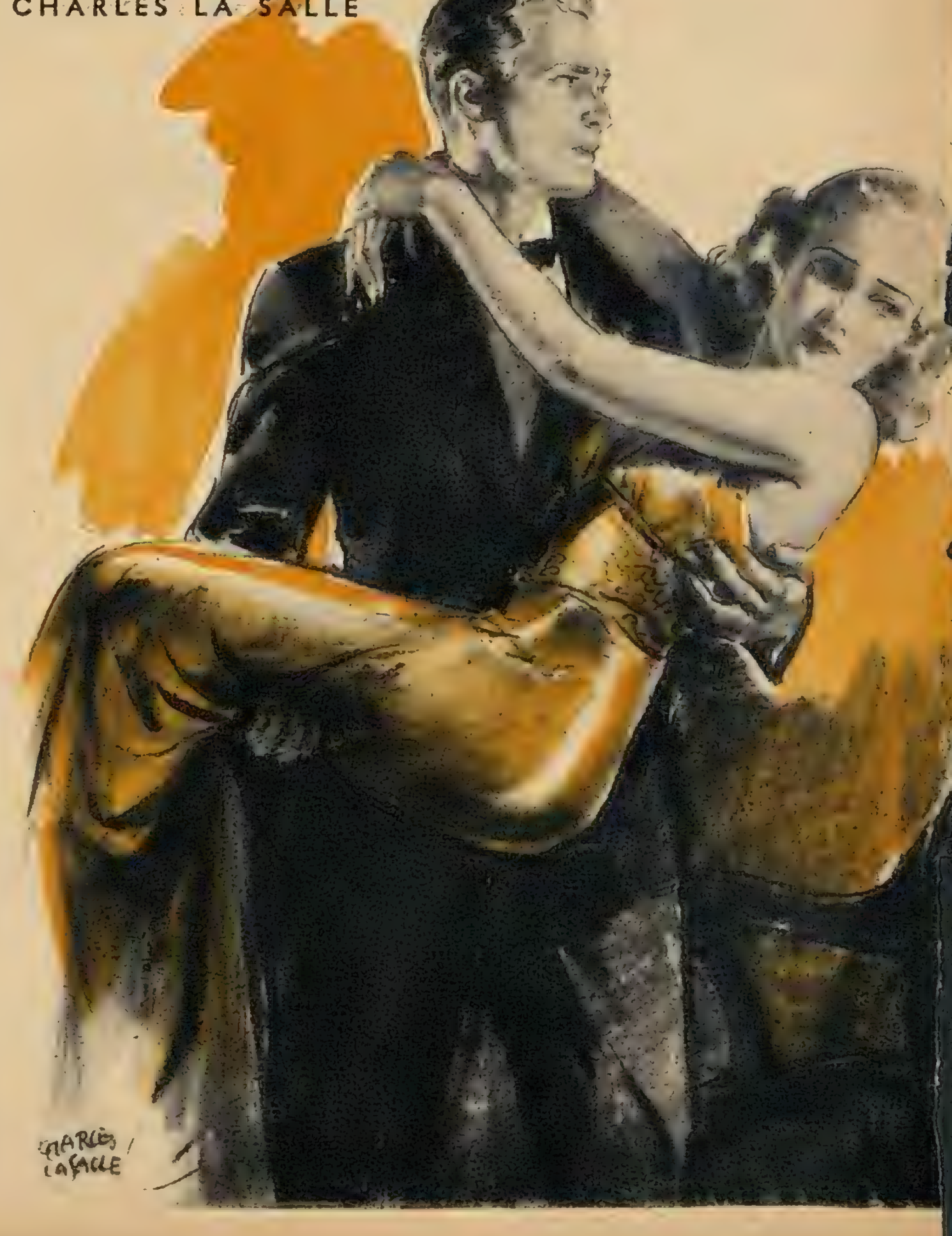
"Marcum," said Marcum. She shrugged in angry impatience. "My friends call me Joe, but—" He paused.

"But I'm not one of them? I'd hoped," she said bitterly, "that after—after what we went through tonight—"

The pale eyes were like glass. "You'd qualify," he told her. "And not just because you saved my life. But do you want me to call you Gail?" She'd never dreamed of it. Yet why shouldn't he? Everybody else did. . . . "Mr. Hawes wouldn't like that," he observed. "And since we're both on his pay roll, Miss Perrin—"

Furious, she ran up the steps. But she knew he was right—as usual; and it was reassuring to feel that he was close behind her as she rejoined the crowd around the table.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE



the heart of a glamorous girl in a brilliant, dramatic novel of love and riches

"I WON'T stand for that!" Gwen Ronald was shrieking—a little drunk, as usual. "Did you hear what she said about me, chief? I won't have it! Throw her out!"

Madame Zora sat immovable, her velvety eyes indifferent.

"I read what's in the hand," she said tensely.

"And the heck of it was," whispered a man at Gail's shoulder, "that it was all true. So far. . . . Look! She's taking Billy Reick!"

Blond, plump-faced, his eyes a little uneasy, he gave his hands to the palmist. She studied them a while—

"You started well," she said. "The left hand tells me you could have gone on, if you'd worked at it. But something threw you off the track—the depression, I suppose; it threw most of us off the track. And ever since you've been waiting for something, somebody, to put you back on. Waiting so hard you're too busy to try to climb back—"

He snatched his hands away, furious; he turned and glared at his wife.

"No," she said scornfully, "I haven't been talking to her. Just because I said the same thing to you, when we were dressing for the party—"

Gail found herself shivering again. Doris Reick was about her best friend, and she liked Billy too; she hadn't dreamed they were on bad terms. Yet now they glowered at each other with frank hatred. . . .

"It's all in the hands," said Madame Zora tonelessly. "Who's next?"

Jasper Hawes, expressionless, laid his hand on Brewster's shoulder.

"Let's see what she says about you, Ed." (She had been told plenty.) Brewster slipped out from under that heavy hand, looked up at the chief.

"I will not!" he said. "This is all hooey! She's made some lucky guesses about one or two people—but she hasn't got anything good to say about anybody. Pay her off and send her home. She isn't funny!"

There was a buzz of approval—from people whose fortunes she had already told, people who were afraid they might be next. . . . Hawes couldn't believe it—Brewster saying no!

"Maybe it ain't funny," he observed, "but a lot of it's illuminating. Give her your hands, Ed."

Brewster thrust them into his pockets.

"I won't!" he rasped; and Gail felt a quiver of admiration. Whatever he was, he had moved out of the rabbit class for all time. Hawes stood staring at him, his wrath blanketed by pure amazement; two or three times he started to speak, thought better of it. At last—

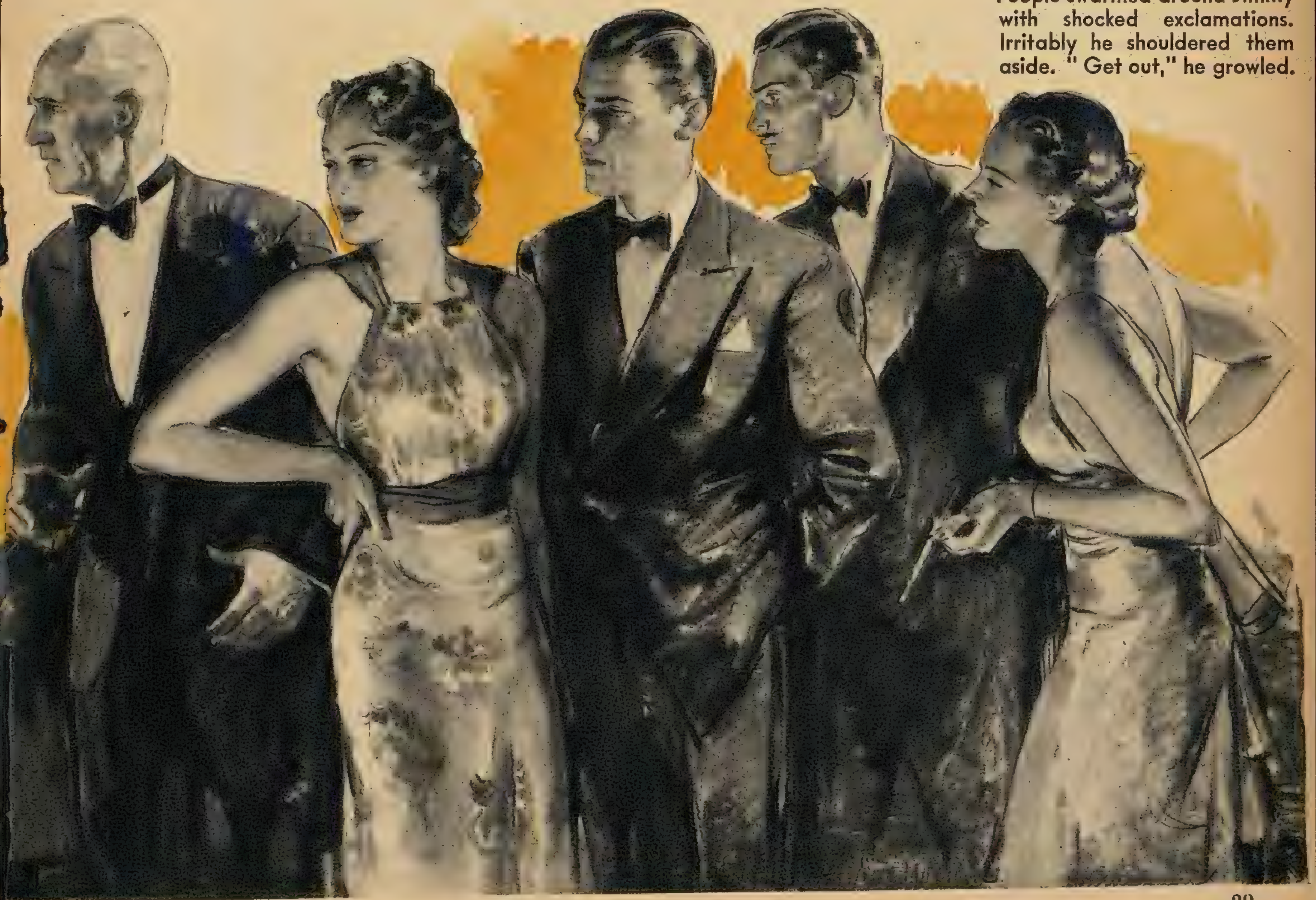
"Oh, all right," he said listlessly. "Anybody else want to volunteer?"

Silence. He wasn't looking at Gail, yet she wondered if he was thinking about her. She didn't want to volunteer; all she had heard from Madame Zora was too uncomfortably true—the worse side of people who all had a better side. No doubt she had a worse side herself, but she tried to bury it; she didn't want it uncovered before all this crowd. . . . Yet Brewster had had the courage to say no. Did she have the courage to say yes?

She looked up, met Marcum's pale eyes. They asked, Are you afraid?

"I'm next!" she called, and pushing her way through the crowd, she sat down across the table from Madame Zora, surrendered her hands.

"So you're the dancer," said Madame Zora, looking down at her palms. "No, I didn't read that in your palm. Somebody told me—that you're *studying* to be a dancer, at least. No, I certainly wouldn't read that in your hand." Gail flushed; her hands were shorter, stubbier,



People swarmed around Jimmy with shocked exclamations. Irritably he shouldered them aside. "Get out," he growled.

than the traditional artiste's hands. From somewhere in the crowd came a snicker, hastily suppressed. "The heart line's interesting," said the palmist. "Stronger than the head, though you probably don't think so. . . . Your life breaks into two parts. There's a big change coming—through a man, of course. A new man—or perhaps a new relation to a man you already know." (That will encourage Jasper, Gail reflected; and Jimmy; and maybe even Ed Brewster. Though if my heart line's stronger than my head line—) "But it won't be any bed of roses," said Madame Zora. "You'll pay your way."

"Well?" said Gail as the palmist paused. "I've always paid my way—worked my way. I'm not afraid—"

"No, I can see you're not afraid. You like to kid yourself. You're young and good-looking; you've got everything now, and you think you'll go on having everything always. But you'll find you'll have to choose. You'll never be a dancer—"

"What?" Gail snatched her hands away. "You're crazy!" she blazed.

"Crazy, am I?" There was a cracked shriek that sounded crazy enough. "You wait and see! Those hands were made to work with—washboard hands! You'll end by working with them—you'll never be a dancer—"

"Oh, won't I?" Gail sprang up. "Wait till I change. I'll show you!"

She thrust her way through the crowd, toward the powder room where she had left her overnight bag with the costumes. On the way she passed Billy Reick—

"Will you play Manhattan Rhapsody when I come back?" she demanded. He nodded; she started on, then looked back at Madame Zora sitting stony, indifferent.

"Anybody else?" she was asking. No volunteers. Her eyes swept round the circle—and paused for an instant on Marcum, who had edged forward to the front row. She looked at Jasper Hawes—

"Well," she said, rising, "I take it my act is over. If you didn't like what I told you, I'm sorry; it's all in the hands." Then, once more focusing on Marcum—"But this man!" she said. "I don't need to look at his hands. If faces mean anything, some day he'll rise above you all!"

REACHING the powder room, Gail slipped into the scanty frock of flame-colored silk that was her costume for Manhattan Rhapsody. Tonight nobody was in the mood—she least of all—for a program of varied numbers, a gradual build-up; she'd fling her best at them—those women who had doubted if she seriously wanted to be a dancer; that woman who had said she never would be—and see if it went over. And it would go over tonight, if it was ever to go over at all; for she was keyed up to the point where something would snap if she didn't release it—and, thank God, she had her dancing to release it with.

Returning, she paused on the threshold of the ballroom. The lights had been dimmed, all but the two spotlights—Hawes' night-club equipment included even that—turned on the center of the floor. The crowd had gathered about the walls, curls of smoke rising from their cigarettes; at the piano Billy Reick's fingers were softly framing desultory chords. He looked at her, she nodded; he struck into the opening of the rhapsody about which critics are still debating whether it is music or not—but which, beyond debate, more than any other work of art of any kind, is Manhattan.

Gail's dancing interpretation of it was her own, laboriously worked out with a good deal of help from Dilighine; but the modern dance was an art that some people could see and some couldn't. She had tried to put into it her own emotional history in New York—all the Big Town had meant from a distance, and while she was in it too; all that had happened to her, all she had hoped, all her victories and all her defeats. But even with the help of music, it was pretty hard to express all that with rhythmic movements of your body and a flutter of colored draperies. She wondered what this crowd—skeptical, half drunk—would see in it. . . .

The music went on—abrupt, syncopated, nervous; in the spot of light scanty draperies fluttered, white limbs moved rhythmically. When the music stopped it was with a crashing discord; the whirl of waving limbs and fluttering draperies solidified into a statuesque figure, flame color on white, with a tossed fluff of golden hair above. A moment of silence, then a roar of applause—real applause, loud, spontaneous, tumultuous. Voices shouted, shrill voices and deep; Jasper Hawes was shouting too, pounding his big hands together. She stood motionless a moment—then sank in a curtsy, came up kissing her hands—turned, and ran away. . . .

In the excited babble Jasper Hawes was conscious of a silent figure beside him, and looked into Marcum's pale-blue eyes.

"Well?" he said, a little shaken. "What'd you think of it, Marcum?"

"I don't know much about dancing," said Marcum. "Mostly it looks just like dancing to me. But this—it made me think of the Big Bend country, and the sun going down behind the mountains . . ."

There was one man there, however, who when he looked at fluttering draperies and rhythmically moving limbs, saw only somebody dancing. A fat swarthy man with a mop of black hair; he came up now to Jasper Hawes, shoving people out of his way.

"Mr. Hawes, she's great, she's swell, she's wonderful! Can I have her for my revue that goes into rehearsal next month?"

"Can you— Go and ask her," said Hawes curtly. "I got nothing to say about it."

But the swarthy man simply couldn't believe that.

I WENT over! was all Gail could think as she changed back into her evening gown. I went over! And so, at last—

She was limp with physical and nervous exhaustion; she wished she were home in bed—with Rena bringing her supper. There was food in the next room, but she couldn't go back there yet—to face the congratulations of that crowd. There would be triumph in that, but she was too tired; she needed an interval of solitude to pull herself out of this relapse before she talked to people. She slipped silently out of the back door, went down the steps that led to the darker side of the terrace; in the dusk, beside the parapet, she lit a cigarette, stood looking out over the city that she felt she had conquered at last. . . .

Footsteps behind her. She turned, resentful; she didn't feel like talking to anybody now—especially anybody who had followed her.

"Jimmy!" she said. "Why can't you leave me alone for a minute?"

"I didn't even know you were out here. I— You knocked me all to pieces, Gail. I couldn't stand it to stick around in there looking at people who don't mean anything. If I bother you I'll go away—"

Smiling, she shook her head; with this Jimmy she could get along.

"No need to," she said. "I—I'm so happy, Jimmy! I just wanted time to realize it, before I go back inside."

"You ought to be happy; you're going to get what you've always wanted—more than anything else," he added pointedly. "Gail—I apologize for doubting that you had the stuff. Last year, when you wouldn't go West with me, I must have been pretty nasty about it—"

She laughed.

"I'm glad you cared enough to be nasty about it." But these reminiscences of a time that was gone, of a boy and a girl who were gone, were dangerous in this moment when weariness and happiness had relaxed her. "I don't blame you," she said hastily. "I hadn't proved I could do anything then; I must have seemed stubborn. . . . But I did hate to see you go, my dear." (She couldn't seem to keep away from reminiscence.) "And I suppose I put all that into my dance," she mused. "The way we felt—"

"So that's my function in life," he said sourly—"to contribute to the emotional development of an artiste. Thanks, Gail."

"My dear!" She came to him swiftly, laid her hands on his shoulders. "You know I didn't mean that!" (Or had she, without realizing it?) "I was crazy about you, Jimmy. Nothing was ever like it—"

His arms were around her, he was kissing her; she clung to him, relaxed. In this limp triumphant exhaustion she needed— Something real; not just a reminiscence. With an effort of the will she drew away.

"No, Jimmy! Please! This won't do. I'm afraid."

"Afraid old Hawes will see us?"

"No!" she said furiously. "I was afraid of myself. I was—unstrung, defenseless. What I say and do now doesn't—doesn't mean much."

"I see," he said with stiff dignity. "I ought to have realized that. You're going to be somebody now—you'll go up, out of my reach."

"And you know I didn't mean that either!" she blazed. (But she was grateful to him for always saying the wrong thing, pulling her out of this mood in which she had been almost ready to let herself go.) "You wouldn't get any particular fun out of making love to a girl who was drunk, I hope. And that's what I was a moment ago—drunk with exhaustion and success. As for going up out of your reach, out of anybody's reach, I'd never—"

"You probably wouldn't mean to," he admitted, "but everybody does who goes up at all." This was his hard, too-wise mood that she didn't like. "But I might go up too," he said. "I'm still writing plays; if I can ever get one of them produced—"

"Do you think I let myself be kissed only by men in my income-tax bracket? You didn't act this way a year ago, Jimmy—or think this way either. . . . I must go now—back to my public."

SHE crossed the terrace as swiftly as the long skirt swirling about her feet would let her, and felt she was going out of his reach—not because she was going up, but because they had both changed so. . . . At the top of the steps she turned, looked down at him; he stood with his hands in his pockets, despairing—the boy she had loved so much a year ago.

"We're silly to rub each other the wrong way," she said, smiling. "I'm not drunk now, Jimmy; and I—I'd rather like to kiss you once more." (Kiss him good-by for old times' sake; but no use telling him so.)

He came up the steps; she leaned down toward him, took a step forward, tripped on the hem of that long skirt— She felt herself falling. His outthrust arm checked her, too late to hold her; her clutching hand slipped off his sleeve; she went headlong, her knee struck hard on the lowest step, she pitched forward, awkwardly, on to the terrace.

For an instant she lay breathless; her knee hurt, but keener than the pain was chagrin at her clumsiness. Stupid for a dancer to fall like that; stupid of him, not to have caught her. He was stooping over her now, trying to pick her up; but she thrust his hands away, impatient.

"Let me alone!" she snapped. "I don't need help." She half rose on one hand, one knee; she set the other

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foot down, lifted herself—and collapsed in a heap. A moment of dead stillness; then—" I guess I'll have to let you help me," she said. " I can't stand up."

JASPER HAWES said good night to the last of his guests with a gloom that he didn't try to conceal. Foreboding had struck into him from the moment the crowd waiting to congratulate Gail had seen her come back at last—carried in Jimmy Yates' arms; and across the room he had seen the gaunt face of Madame Zora, a mask of Fate.

People had swarmed around Jimmy with shocked exclamations. Irritably he shouldered them aside.

" Get out," he growled. " Give me a chance to lay her down some place. Where's Dr. Skidmore? She's hurt her knee."

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But from Gail, white-faced, not a word as she lay on a divan and Skidmore examined her. Presently he straightened up.

" Nothing to worry about, I think. But better have an orthopedic man look at it. Ohrstrom's about the best."

" Call him," said Jasper Hawes, who had come forward. " I'll pay for this, since it happened at my party. . . . Hospital case? "

" Not unless she'd like to go." Skidmore looked down at Gail; she shook her head. " There ought to be an X-ray, just as a precaution; but we can take a portable machine to your apartment, if you prefer."

" Please do," she said huskily. " And somebody call Rena. I gave her the evening off, but she'd come back if you can reach her. . . . Doctor "—her voice dried up, but she recovered it—" can I still dance? "

" Of course you can still dance! " Skidmore promised, laughing easily. " Not next week or the week after; but this won't give you any trouble."

But it seemed to Hawes that Skidmore's laugh was a little too easy. He glanced at the swarthy man who produced revues, and saw disquiet in his eyes.

And now they were gone—Skidmore and Jimmy had taken her home in a taxi, Ohrstrom had been called, Rena was coming back. Everything being done that can be done, Hawes told himself. And Skidmore swore to me she'd be all right. But that fortune-telling hag said she'd never be a dancer—

Jasper Hawes stood alone in the lounge; the servants had been busy cleaning up the debris of the party; now they were waiting to put out the lights. He nodded permission, turned to the stairs, climbed to his living quarters. Harder going than usual; he had to stop once or twice to catch his breath.

At last he clumped into his bedroom, where Marcum was waiting.

" Will you need me any more this evening, Mr. Hawes? "

Jasper Hawes sat down heavily in the nearest chair, conscious of an immense weariness. He stared dully before him, hands on his knees.

" What say, Marcum? . . . Yes, I need you—to talk to. . . . She's smart, that Madame Zora. She knew I was going to die—soon. Right now I feel as if I might pop off tomorrow."

Marcum looked at the huge powerful body, at the hopeless eyes.

" She was only guessing—" he began uneasily.

" Not by a long shot. She's studied medicine. Skidmore told me the same thing this morning. . . . Yes, boy, I'm about through. And I don't care—not any more. Everything's happened to me."

" You don't care? " Marcum—Marcum the impassive—was trembling. " You don't care—and I do. I'm sorry, sir. Sorry for you, not for myself," he added in amazement at himself. . . .

By gosh, thought Jasper Hawes, the boy likes me!

" Why should you be sorry for yourself? " he asked dryly. " Because you lose a good job? Anybody who knows you would give you another."

" The job! " Marcum laughed. " That's funny." It seemed to Hawes that he was talking to himself. Then, " Do you know why I took the job? "

" Because it paid good wages, I reckon."

" I've made better wages. I took this job "—his tanned hard face was set, stony, as he looked back—" I took this job because I figured it would give me a chance to get even with you somehow—some way that would hurt. I've lived for that ever since my mother died; and now you're going to die, and you don't care. And I do. I'm sorry for you. Either I'm crazy now or I've been crazy all my life. I'm sorry for you! "

" But what did you want to get even with me for? " Hawes asked blankly.

" For what you did to my father."

" This don't make sense," said Jasper Hawes. " I never knew your father. And I never harmed any of the Marcums, as far as I know."

" The Marcums only adopted me, after my mother was killed in a train wreck. My mother—a Mrs. Cantrill. And my father—"

Jasper Hawes stood up with a convulsive jerk.

" Cantrill. No! You're not Cantrill's son! Your father—" His voice died down to a thick inarticulate mumble; his startled eyes turned toward the bathroom; he tried to say something that sounded vaguely like " Water." Marcum turned to get it—forgetful of all he had meant to do, all he had lived for; remembering only that here was a sick old man he had learned to like. But as he touched the faucet he heard a crashing fall; he leaped back and saw Jasper Hawes lying on the floor.

AND only yesterday morning, Gail mused, I woke up smiling. . . .

She hadn't waked up smiling this morning; she woke late, out of the heavy sleep of exhaustion that still had been uneasily troubled, and was instantly conscious of just one thing—that knee, stiff, swollen, painful. No use letting herself worry about it; no need to worry about it, she told herself. Dr. Ohrstrom, last night, had been reassuring—not quite so easily confident as Skidmore, but as reassuring as you could expect of a specialist. Still, until she danced again, until she knew, she'd never be able to forget the velvety-black eyes of Madame Zora, the cracked voice shrieking at her, " You'll never be a dancer! "

But she managed a smile for Rena, bringing in her breakfast along toward noon. Rena had earned it. She hadn't pretended, last night or this morning, a cheerfulness she didn't feel, but she hadn't been long-faced and pessimistic either; she was cool, matter-of-fact, and always helpful. Gail had hated having to lean on Rena's shoulder as she hopped on one foot to her bath—hated it with the humiliation of a strong, healthy girl who had always been able to do everything for herself; but even that Rena managed to turn into the matter-of-fact triviality that it really was.

And now, smoking on the chaise longue in her living room—she had insisted on getting out of bed and getting dressed—Gail found herself dangerously near feeling that Rena was the only real friend she had. For it was well past noon, and nobody had called up to ask how she was getting on. Nobody but Jimmy Yates, who had telephoned while she was still asleep, and he really didn't count. He must feel responsible for her accident; even a casual acquaintance would have had to ask about her after that.

And nobody else, when almost all the people she called her friends knew what had happened to her. Some of them—Doris Reick for instance—slept late; but Gail would have expected her to telephone as soon as she woke up. Dr. Skidmore—perhaps professional courtesy required him to talk to Ohrstrom, not to her. But Jasper! She simply couldn't understand his not calling.

Good heavens! She was supposed to appear in court this morning with Marcum, as witnesses in that shooting. Well, they hadn't sent for her; perhaps Marcum had told them she was hurt and couldn't appear.

She lit another cigarette—she could smoke as much as she liked, now that she wouldn't be able to dance for two or three weeks—and realized that it wasn't queer at all. Yesterday she had said no to Jasper—a final, definite no. She had said no to Brewster, and to Jimmy; and why should she expect men she had sent about their business to keep hanging around her? Yet that was what she had been expecting; as Jimmy had told her last night, she wanted to eat her cake and have it too. Time to stop that. She had bet everything on her dancing, and won—or was going to win, as soon as this knee got well. Why she should be vexed because men she didn't want had taken her at her word—

Yet she kept on being vexed in spite of herself—and was almost thankful for it. For she knew that if she ever got over this unreasonable irritation, she would be afraid.

MISS BEEDING, too, was worried that day. Jasper Hawes hadn't come down from the penthouse upstairs; and she had stringent orders that on days when he didn't feel like coming into the office, he wasn't to be bothered with telephone calls. But today, when decisions had to be made— In Hawes' absence Mr. Brewster was the one to make decisions, but Mr. Brewster hadn't appeared either. It was almost half past one when his secretary called Miss Beeding and said he had come in at last; and half a minute later she stood before his desk, uneasy.

"Mr. Brewster, the market seems to be turning up. Some of the brokers have been asking if those selling orders still stand. And since Mr. Hawes hasn't come in—"

His close-set eyes regarded her inscrutably through rimless glasses.

"Mr. Hawes won't come in, Miss Beeding. Not today, and probably never. He had a stroke last night."

She gasped. "You mean he's going to die?"

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Brewster shrugged. "Who knows? I've just come from the penthouse; Skidmore and a couple of other doctors are up there. They say that if he lives through the next day or so he may live for months. On the other hand—"

"But—but what's to become of us all?" she asked feebly.

"Who knows that either? However, it would take time to settle up an estate as big as his; so I guess all of us in the organization will have jobs for the next year or two—if we want them."

"I wasn't thinking of only that," said Miss Beeding. "He always seemed so big and strong and overpowering, it didn't seem possible he could die. I almost feel as if —as if we'd all of us die with him."

The close-set eyes glinted now a little irritably.

"Well, we won't," said Brewster. "As for those selling orders— You remember that Mr. Hawes said yesterday he was going to take charge himself. If he recovers—gets well enough in a few days to know what's going on, and finds out I've countermanded them— I think we'd better wait, Miss Beeding. At least till tomorrow."

Nodding, she withdrew.

TOWARD midafternoon Gail had her first caller—Doris Reick. She came in with a pooh-poohing gaiety that got on Gail's nerves.

"Don't feel you have to cheer me up, Doris; I'm all right. Dr. Ohrstrom's just been here and he says everything's going as it should. Just a few ruptured ligaments, that's all. He's going to put the knee in a cast tomorrow, but he says I'll be walking by the end of the week."

"Well, I *am* glad," Doris sighed. "That awful woman got in everybody's hair. The minute Billy and I woke up this morning he said he didn't see who could have given her that line on him, except me. . . . If I had the price of a trip to Reno, I'd start as quick as I could pack."

"Doris! Billy didn't really believe that, did he?"

"I guess not—but I don't care what he believes. If it isn't one thing it's another. When you marry, Gail, marry money; it's the only thing that lasts." Gail's brows lifted. "I mean real money!" said Doris. "What we had wasn't enough. . . . We were all right while we had it."

"You'd be all right again if you had it again," Gail offered feebly.

"We'll never have it again."

The doorbell rang; Rena answered it, and Gail heard Jimmy's voice.

"I've got to be going along," said Doris. Gail wondered why. Once she had told Doris about her last-year's romance with Jimmy; surely Doris didn't suppose— But whatever she supposed, Doris went; and in came Jimmy, looking down at Gail with bleak apprehension. She smiled, held up her hand to him. He kissed it—the tactful Rena had disappeared—sat down beside her.

"How are you?" he asked, so hoarse and funereal that she had to laugh.

"I'm all right, my dear. Dr. Ohrstrom says—" She told him what Ohrstrom had said, and he looked a little more cheerful. But only a little.

"I hope he means it," he muttered. "Gail, if this thing hurts your dancing I'll never forgive myself. It was all my fault."

"Let's keep the record straight," she said, smiling. "It was all my fault. I asked you to kiss me."

"You did, the last time. But before that—" She reddened, a little ashamed of the way she had behaved last night. For now, as he sat beside her with her hands in his, he was only—a nice boy she'd been in love with last year. "Have you heard from Friedlander?" he asked. She looked blank. "Harry Friedlander, the producer," he said. "I heard him say last night that he wanted you in his next revue. . . . But he may not be casting it yet," he added hastily, "and he'd know you couldn't dance for a few days—"

. . . Again she could see Madame Zora's velvet-black eyes, hear that cracked voice shrieking, "You'll work with your hands!" . . .

"Gail," said Jimmy suddenly, "I talked a lot of nonsense last night—about your going up out of reach. Maybe you will, but that's for you to say. Anyway, I've always been crazy about you; I'm asking you to marry me—and if you say yes now, and Friedlander stars you—why, then you can take it back if you feel like it. But I want you—"

"My dear. Please. It might have been smarter of me," she admitted, "to marry you last year, when I felt like it. But I didn't, and— Well, I don't feel like it now. And I don't know you, you don't know me—"

"Most people have to get reacquainted after they're married; why can't we? And as to not feeling like it—" he said, grinning. "The way you acted last night—yesterday afternoon—that's why people get married."

"Last night—" Her cheeks were burning. "I told you I was unstrung. If any man I liked had kissed me then— And yesterday afternoon— Well, that was a—a sentimental memory, I guess. Anyway, I don't feel that way any more, Jimmy, not a bit."

He got up, strode jerkily about.

"I might have known it!" he said. Her eyes were puzzled. "What the psychologists call association of ideas," he explained. "You'll always think of me as the man you were kissing when you hurt your knee."

"No!" she cried. "I felt this way before that." But she hadn't acted as if she did. Just because in a moment of limp exhaustion she had needed somebody; just because, as a reminiscent gesture, she had wanted to kiss him good-by— "You told me last night," she recalled, "that I want to eat my cake and have it too. And you were right, Jimmy. That's a bad habit. I'm sorry if I've hurt you as well as myself."

"I can't see that you've hurt yourself," he said—hard and too-wise once more. "You've got plenty of cake if you want to eat it. Ohrstrom says you can dance; and if you couldn't, there'd always be Jasper Hawes."

"What do you mean? I told you—and you said you believed me—"

"That you're not his mistress. But if he pays you four times what your job is worth—it looks as if you can get anything you want out of him."

"Well—not that much, maybe; but— Again you're right, Jimmy; I'm paid for more than I give. . . . But I'm through with that!" she said fierily. "I'm quitting this job as soon—as soon as my knee gets well. So there won't be Jasper Hawes. Madame Zora or no Madame Zora, I'm going to dance!"

BUT when he had gone she found it hard to hold that pose of triumphant assurance. Dusk had fallen; she turned on the lamp beside her chaise longue, tried to read—but always, on the page, she kept seeing that woman's velvety-black eyes. It was a relief when the doorbell rang again. Rena answered it, and returned from the foyer, announcing:

"Monsieur Dilighine!"

He stalked in, a little old man with a tousled mop of gray hair; he stood glowering down at her, ignoring her outstretched hand.

"So!" he sneered. "This is the way you obey orders, and this is what happens! I tell you, no private performances; but you show off for a millionaire at a penthouse party, and get yourself a trick knee! The best pupil I have had in years! No wonder you are ashamed to tell me!"

"I—I was going to tell you," she stammered.

"And so I must hear the news from Harry Friedlander, who supposes, of course, I know all about what has happened to my most brilliant pupil! Harry Friedlander, who would have starred you in his revue!"

"Would have? But he can still, if he wants to," she insisted. "Dr. Ohrstrom says I've only ruptured a few ligaments."

"Only!" Dilighine shrieked. "Only a few ligaments!"

"Well, I've got twenty-four in each knee, it seems—or is it thirty-two? Anyway, I'll be walking in a week, dancing in two weeks more—"

"I know, I know!" Dilighine shook his fists at the ceiling. "And Harry Friedlander knows! Ohrstrom—what does he know? He is a doctor, not a dancer; and maybe he hates to break the bad news. Now listen. Yes. Next week you will be walking, next month you will be dancing—and never again in your whole life can you be sure that knee won't let you down! You might give your performance eight times a week for a month all right; and then, some evening—pff! The trick knee is out."

She was cold now. "But—but it wouldn't stay out, would it?" she asked.

"It wouldn't stay out and it wouldn't stay in! Out a while, then all right—and then, when you depend on it, out again. If you were already somebody, if you had the long reputation, it might not matter. La Perrin's trick knee is out—all right, an understudy till it is in again. But will Friedlander build the choreography of his revue around an unknown with a trick knee? I laugh," said Dilighine. "I laugh!"

He said he laughed, but he was crying. She had seen him cry before—in excitement, in anger; but not like this.

WHEN he was gone, Gail supposed that she would be able to cry too, when she realized it. Now she was still numb; she could realize it as if it had happened to some other girl who had lost all she had worked for, all the hopes she had lived on for years, through a ridiculous accident. . . . And that woman knew it was coming, somehow, she reflected. She said I'd never be a dancer. But there's always Jasper Hawes. . . .

Beyond doubt he would keep her, now, as his social secretary, if she wanted the job. But that fantastic salary— She had told herself that rich men often helped aspiring artists, and sometimes tactfully tried to disguise their gifts as salaries; but she wasn't an aspiring artist any more. And Jasper didn't help aspiring artists; he had helped her because he was in love with her.

Again she quivered with the revulsion she had felt yesterday afternoon—not against Jasper Hawes, but against an old man. She liked him, admired him, felt the force of his personality; if he had been thirty, or even forty, she might have fallen in love with him. But at his age, it simply seemed indecent. . . . Yet he had seen how she felt, and still he wanted her. Or had wanted her yesterday. But he was touchy; she might have offended him; here it was six o'clock, and he hadn't telephoned—

Just then the telephone rang. Gail leaned forward.

"Hello," said Rena. "Miss Perrin is doing very well, thank you. Dr. Ohrstrom doesn't expect trouble. Who's calling, please?" She held her hand over the transmitter, turned to Gail. "Mr. Marcum," she reported.

"Marcum?" said Gail eagerly. "Tell him to hold the wire—and roll my chaise longue over to the telephone. . . . Hello! I—I'm so glad you called."

"I'd have called long ago," he said, "but it's been a hard day. For all of us—but hardest for me, I reckon." She had never heard his voice sound like this—desperately weary, and worse than that. Defeated.

"I don't doubt it," she said. "You had to go to court this morning, didn't you? I suppose you explained for me; nobody's bothered me."

"Oh, yes, I squared that. They didn't need you. You may be wanted later for the grand jury, but don't worry about that now. . . . Well—that's all. I—I'm glad about your knee."

"Marcum!" she said. (Silly to have to call him Marcum.) "About my knee— I'm afraid—Dilighine's afraid—I won't be able to dance any more." (Why did I tell him? she wondered angrily. Looking for sympathy, am I?) "But don't tell anybody yet," she added. "Don't tell Mr. Hawes."

"What?" Marcum barked across the wire. "Tell Mr. Hawes? Hasn't anybody told you? Mr. Hawes had a stroke last night, and died an hour ago."

How does Gail react to this shattering piece of news? Further, what will she do when she learns that she is Jasper Hawes' heiress? And what effect will this produce on Jimmy, Brewster, Marcum, the world? Crisis after crisis rises in the next issue of Liberty.

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Once Upon a Time

BY TALBERT JOSSELYN

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE brown-eyed, tanned young fellow signed his name to the register of the small-town golf course—signed it Joe Smith. And, so doing, escaped; left off being J. Montgomery Smith, the Amateur Golf Champion, became unknown golfer Joe Smith, ready for a whale of a carefree morning.

He picked up his fistful of five clubs that were innocent of a golf bag and went toward the first tee.

The youthful assistant at the desk had given him a couple of sharp looks, and only the fact that the Smith face resembled the faces of any number of young fellows had saved him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the assistant come to the doorway and stand.

Golfer Smith chuckled. He'd fix him! He took stance, threw all his weight on his right leg, dropped his right shoulder, hacked the driver up and down, and smashed. The ball shot almost straight up, flew wildly off to the right . . . and from the doorway of the small clubhouse came a disgusted snort. It had worked!

He'd been on his way to Rolling Hills, in this first trip of his to the Coast. At the Hills, the Sheldon Gillespies would give him a luncheon, and then everybody would expect him to go out and take that famous course apart. Or at least put on a driving exhibition . . . do something spectacular.

All this and more had been running through his head . . . and then, approaching the town of Greenville, he'd passed its rural municipal course. And the idea had come. He looked at his watch. Plenty of time! He could play this course and then go on to Rolling Hills. He could . . .

He did.

By the end of the third hole he had a grin that went around and buttoned in back. He had topped, sliced, hooked; had kept his head up, had taken his eye off the ball . . . had done everything a golfer shouldn't do. He had tried out all known grips and swings, including the left-handed. He'd had the carefree golfing time of his life.

Then he came to the fourth tee and saw the small girl sitting on the tee bench. She was probably twelve years old, had a small canvas bag with some oddments of clubs, and had been crying. She was fiercely pounding a driver into the turf and repeating at intervals:

"Doggone 'em . . . doggone 'em! I wouldn't have listened to what they talked about. All I wanted to do was play golf with them. Doggone 'em!"

She was so engrossed that she didn't notice the approach of golfer Smith . . . giving him time to swiftly draw out score card and pencil, then to cough noisily, meanwhile busying himself with pencil and card. The small girl instantly straightened, ran knuckles over cheeks and eyes . . . so that when golfer Smith looked up and said in surprise, and pleasedly, "Why, hello! I didn't see you there," she was able to reward him with a streak-cheeked smile.

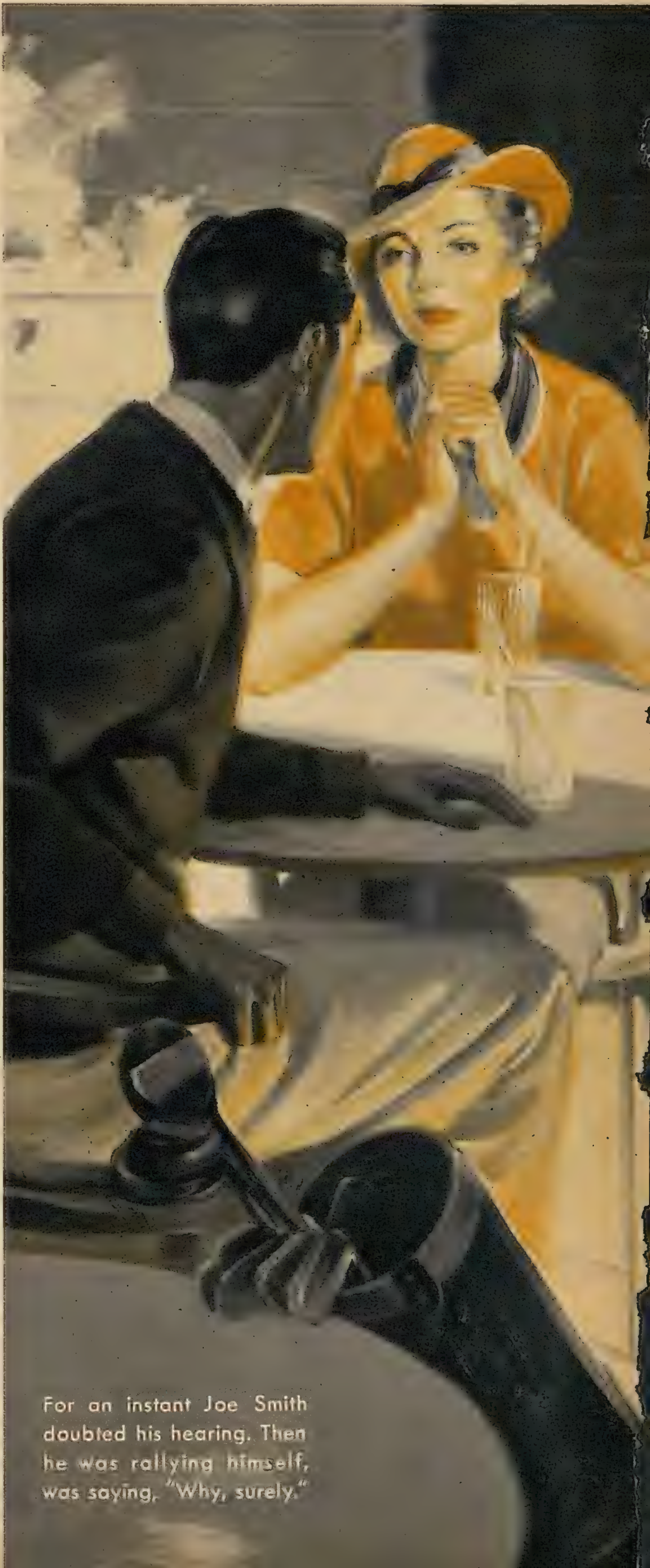
Golfer Smith nodded toward the hole he'd just finished. "That's a tough hole. Did you have trouble with it too?"

The small girl bobbed her head. "Yes. I had a bad score. But then, I had a bad score on all the holes. I don't play so good."

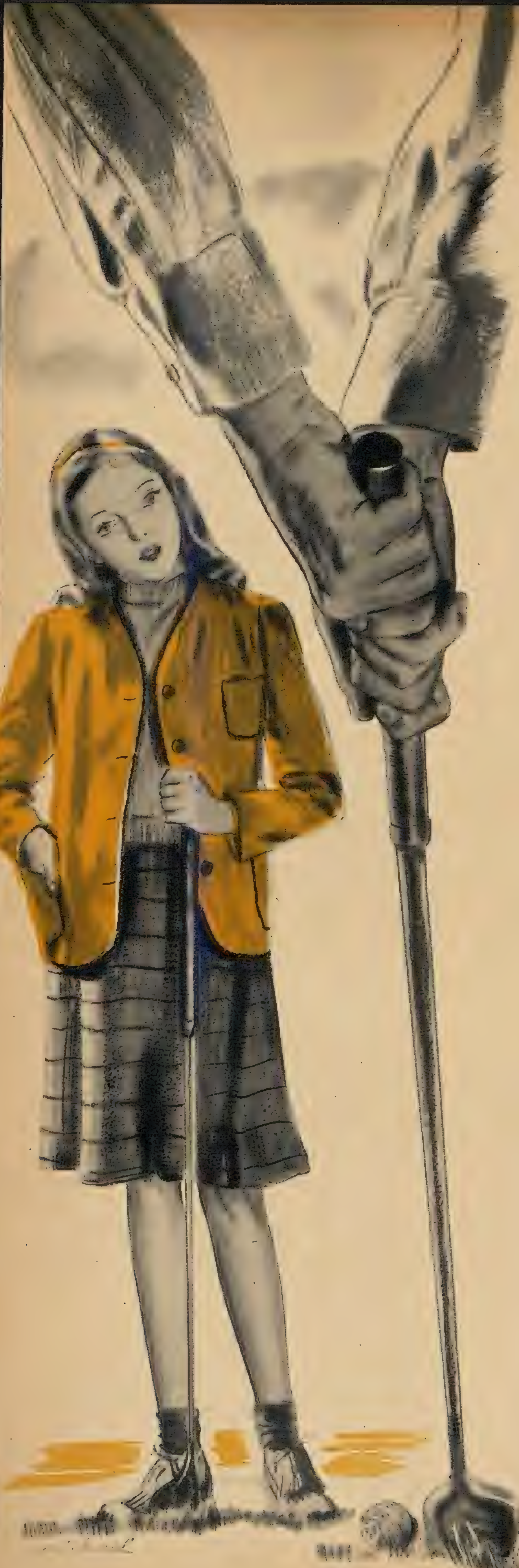
"I'm not scoring so well today myself," said golfer Joe Smith. Then glanced from her down the vacant fairway. At which the small girl said understandingly and quickly: "Oh, please go right ahead and play on through!" And added, with a tinge of bitterness: "They've all played on through."

Golfer Smith gave her an appraising look . . . and suddenly clucked his tongue and sat down on the bench.

"These doggone shoes of mine," he explained. "There's



For an instant Joe Smith doubted his hearing. Then he was rallying himself, was saying, "Why, surely."



Alive with storybook charm! Here's a young romance that caught up at last with its "happy ever after" ending

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

something about 'em that hurts my feet. You don't mind if I sit down and rest a minute?"

"Why, not at all." Her blue eyes were on him. "You take all the time you want. There's nobody coming behind us . . . and I guess I'm through golf for the day."

"Break your pet club?" said Joe.

The small girl smiled at the thought. "No!" Then stopped smiling. "It isn't clubs. It's people."

"Oh, I see," said Joe. "Because you're playing alone, they keep playing through and . . ."

"That's not it," she corrected. "I wasn't playing alone. I was playing with Rolinde."

Joe Smith's expression became interested but puzzled.

"Rolinde's a friend of mine," came explanation. "Of course, she's a good deal older. She's seventeen and she's in college. But we've known each other for a long time and . . ."

She stopped. Obviously, she was talking too freely with a stranger. But the stranger's face had exactly the sort of quality that engaged explanations and confidences . . . and the small golfer of the blue eyes, with a freckle here and there, went on:

"This morning Rolinde and I came out and were having a good game . . . and then Byron came along."

"Of course!" said the listener.

She looked quickly at him. "Do you know Byron?"

"I can't say I do, but he's Rolinde's age and . . ."

"He's a year older. He's a college man, in Stanford. He's one of their best golfers." She paused to let this sink in.

"My, my!" said Joe Smith quickly.

"Yes. And he came along the course and overtook us. He and Rolinde got to talking . . . and then they told me they had something important to discuss, and that they'd see me later . . . and they went right on ahead down the course."

"Well, doggone them!" said Joe Smith.

"I wouldn't have listened to what they said!" stated the small girl scornfully. "It would have been nothing but mush. I wanted to watch him play golf, so as to improve my game and some day become a champion." Her blue eyes took on a starry, faraway look. "It would be wonderful to become a champion!"

"I don't know about that," said Joe Smith. Then, realizing his blunder: "Sure, sure. You bet!"

"Well, I should think so! But now they've gone . . . and I'm never going to speak to Rolinde again. She's a cat!"

Golfer Smith fought down a grin. "I wouldn't let that spoil my morning. What say we finish the round together?"

She radiated delight. "That would be wonderful!"

He put out a hand. "Joe's my name."

She shook his hand. "My name's Sue."

"All right, Sue," said Joe; "tee up and knock one a mile."

Sue teed up, announced, "I don't know whether this is going to be very good or not," and became a figure of fixed, grim determination. She swung . . . and the ball went off sideways. "Oh, dear!" she said. "I knew it."

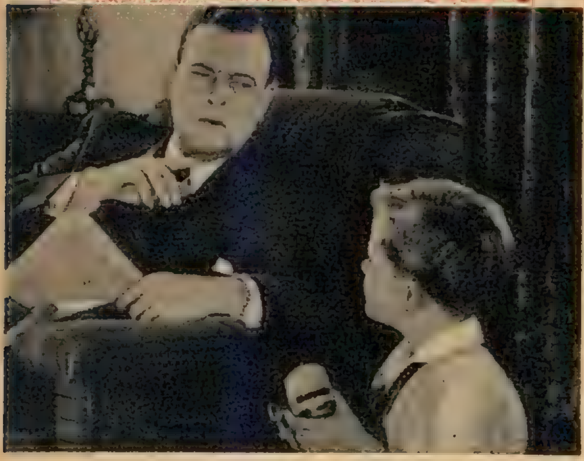
"Try it again," said Joe. "And don't try to hit so hard."

The second effort was only a little better.

"I think you're gripping the club wrong," said Joe. "Here, I'll show you." Then it came to him that if he were to make this impromptu pupil believe what he said, he'd first have to prove his fitness. "I'll drive one, and you watch me."

And so the man who was the longest driver in America

Dad, PLEASE PLAY WITH ME!



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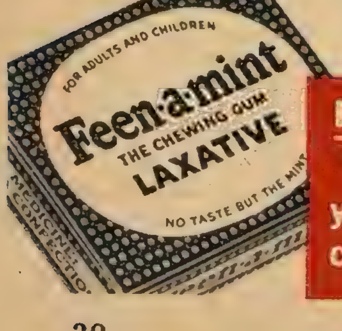

DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

teed up and drove. Put only half his power into the swing.

"O-oh!" breathed Sue, as the ball came distantly to rest.

"Kind of lucky," said Joe Smith. "And now, here's the way to go about doing it."

He showed grip and stance and swing. And small Sue swung and swung, and finally hit a ball . . . and another . . . and another. His eyes danced at the way she hit.

On that Greenville course the game of golf was taken apart and put together again—drives, irons, approaches, putts. And as they trudged the fairway she volunteered bits: she lived with her aunt; she had an allowance of fifty cents a week; and now that she'd finished paying for her bicycle, she was saving up to buy some better golf clubs. Some day she'd have all the clubs she wanted, when that barren land that they'd paid taxes on so long, over in the desolate San Joaquin, proved to have oil under it. She nodded. "Auntie says daddy always believed it would!"

"Good for her and him!" sparkled Joe. "You bet it will!" And more and more pleased in having so delightful a small companion and so apt a golf pupil, he now and then whaled into shots until the pupil, pink-cheeked and ecstatic, finally made pronouncement:

TALBERT JOSSELYN

is a New Englander by birth, a Californian by choice. He has traveled extensively and has been, at various times, a prospector, a miner, and an Arizona rancher. After the war he chose writing as his number one occupation. He is married and is the father of a daughter.

"You could become a very good golfer if you tried! I'll bet right now you could almost beat Byron! And . . . Oh, there they are now!"

A young fellow and a girl were seated on a tee bench.

"Hello!" greeted Sue.

The pair looked up quickly, revealing to Joe Smith an extremely pretty girl with an extremely red mouth, and a youth with blond bebrushed hair and regular features.

"We've been having the most wonderful game of golf!" announced Sue. "And I want you to meet my friend. This is Joe."

"Joe Smith," supplemented Joe, smiling.

"And this is Rolinde and Byron," said Sue.

"How d'you do," said Joe.

Rolinde and Byron made the briefest of acknowledgments, their eyes on the man of the plain features and plain name who carried five clubs without a bag . . . and their coolly appraising faces expressed what they thought.

And an unaware Joe Smith said: "Sue and I've been having a grand game. She's going to make a swell golfer!"

Whereat Miss Rolinde gave a sniff and Byron yawned.

"Well," said Joe Smith to Sue, "we'll sit here on the bench until they've played; or else"—and he looked at Rolinde and Byron—"if you people want us to, we'll go ahead."

At which point Sue unconsciously nudged events forward, saying in a loud-whispered aside to Joe, "I'll bet you could drive as far as he can."

If there was one thing young Byron prided himself on, it was his drive. He rose from the bench, after a moment apparently given to pondering Joe's suggestion, saying:

"I guess we've rested here long enough. We'll all drive off together . . . and then you people can go ahead."

"Fine!" said Joe. And to Sue: "We'll let Rolinde shoot first."

After much pretty waggling, Rolinde drove. An intent Sue teed up, took stance . . . and Joe said quickly:

"You're not going to try and hit it that way, are you?"

The small girl stared blankly at him.

"You're gripping that club," said Joe. "Relax."

An understanding smile flashed across the intent face. "Oh, yes, of course!" She relaxed, swung. The ball flashed down the fairway.

Lines appeared on Rolinde's fair brow. The small girl had never before outdriven her.

"Atta girl, Sue!" commended Joe Smith. Then nodded to Byron.

Byron needed no nod. He was already on the tee, and as he got ready to knock the ball into the next county, Rolinde said aside to Sue: "You don't have to get acquainted with every tramp golfer on the course! I'll speak to your aunt and . . ."

"Fore!" commanded Byron magnificently. And drove. Smashed the ball as though it were shot from a gun . . . watched its remote flight . . . and stepped back finally with a how-d'you-like-that? smile on his face.

"Gee, that was a pip!" said Joe Smith. He teed up, took one quick glance at Rolinde's and Byron's expressions, took another at Sue's . . . and that of Sue's settled it—that brimming look of hope and fear combined.

Joe swung. To all appearances slapped the ball . . . and the ball went away from there almost lazily, and yet kept going, going, mounting, holding its flight eternally, dropping . . . rolling five yards beyond Byron's.

The Byron eyelids fluttered; the Byron jaw shut down. Then he was striding ahead off the tee . . . was turning and gruffing to Rolinde, "C'mon!"

The four . . . went along the fairway together.

When Rolinde and Sue had shot, and shot again, the four came to where the Byron drive lay. Byron took one look at the distant green, then leaned into an iron—and how he leaned!—and the ball came plummeting down on to the green, not two strides from the hole. And the look on Byron's face said: "Well, wise guy, try *that* on your piano!"

Joe Smith tried, and failed. Topped his shot, and "O-oh!" moaned small Sue.

"Guess I didn't keep my eye on the ball," said Joe. "Maybe I will this time." And did. Cut the feet out from under it—landed it, pancakelike, a yard from the hole.

Byron's face lost all its good looks. He hastened up to the green. Hastened so fast . . . that he missed his putt. "Well, anyhow," he rasped, "we halved it!"

"Why, that's right," said Joe; "so we did."

Byron turned to Rolinde. "We've got to be getting back, so we might as well play along with them." He looked at Joe. "How about playing for a buck from here in?"

Joe blinked. "Why, I'd rather not."

"Huh! How about a buck that I outdrive you?"

Joe Smith fought down rising humor. "No, I don't think I'd care to. I don't like to bet."

"Huh!" repeated Byron scornfully.

Some one tugged Joe's arm. It was Sue, her face alight.

"Go ahead and bet him! And . . . if you haven't the money, I've got a dollar that I've been saving for clubs, and you can have it."

Joe chuckled. "Bless you! Sorry, but I can't do it. But I'll tell you what I will do." He regarded Byron and Rolinde. "Sue and I'll play you, match play, aggregate scores, for the ice creams."

Byron snorted . . . Rolinde went in for another sniff . . . and Sue, eyes widening with apprehension, said swiftly: "Oh, that wouldn't be fair! I wouldn't be any help to you and you'd lose and . . ."

"You'd be plenty help to me!" said Joe. "What do you people say?"

"First piker bet I ever made," grudged Byron. "But since it's the only bet there is, O. K.!" And said in an aside to Rolinde: "Watch me take this guy!" . . .

At the seventeenth the match was all square. Byron had repeatedly outdriven golfer Smith, but the latter always somehow managed to scramble home . . . and Sue, scarcely breathing from excitement, had held Rolinde even.

At the eighteenth tee Sue missed her drive . . . and contrition instantly engulfed her.

"Oh, dear, now I've done it! I've . . ."

Joe grinned. "Think nothing of it! This is a game and we're out for a good time." He saw the covert, pleased look on Rolinde's face, so contrasting to the one on Sue's . . . and his eyes glinted, lighted. "O. K.," and it was as though he spoke to himself. "If it's got to be, it's got to be."

He took stance, drove. He and his driver became a blur of motion . . . and the ball went . . . went . . . went.

When, in time, he came up to it, he took a brassie, and on that 550-yard finishing hole he winged the ball all the way to the green, ten feet from the pin . . . and, in time, putted it down for an eagle. And turned to a more than goggle-eyed Sue and said offhandedly, "O. K., sink that three-foot putt of yours and the ice creams are ours."

A goggle-eyed Sue somehow sank it, and Joe shook hands with her . . . then turned to meet the arrival of a man hastening up from the practice fairway that paralleled the eighteenth. Joe had been watching him out of the corner of his eye. The man—the Greenville club pro—made loud greeting:

"When I saw that drive, I said, 'If that isn't Montgomery Smith, I'm cockeyed.' Montgomery Smith, Amateur Champion, how are you? Welcome to our golf course!"

When things had sorted themselves out, it was Byron who seemed the most affected.

"Of all the lousy tricks!" he stormed. "Of all the dirty low-down lousy tricks! Said his name was Joe Smith . . . got me into that game and . . ."

"I'm sorry," said Joe Smith. "It's my fault and I apologize. And all the ice creams are on me."

But Byron's feelings had been so terrifically bent that there was no straightening them. "I'm leaving! C'mon, Rolinde!"

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It was clear that Rolinde would have adored to stay—here *was* somebody to sit beside and make eyes at—but Byron's further words were so moving that she followed him, and they went out the door . . . into history.

Said Joe Smith to Sue, over ice creams:

“If they'd only have let you play with them, they wouldn't have bumped into it.”

The beatified small girl paused with spoon halfway to her mouth. “But then . . . then I wouldn't have met you!”

Joe grinned. “That's right! And so, I'm glad they acted the way they did.”

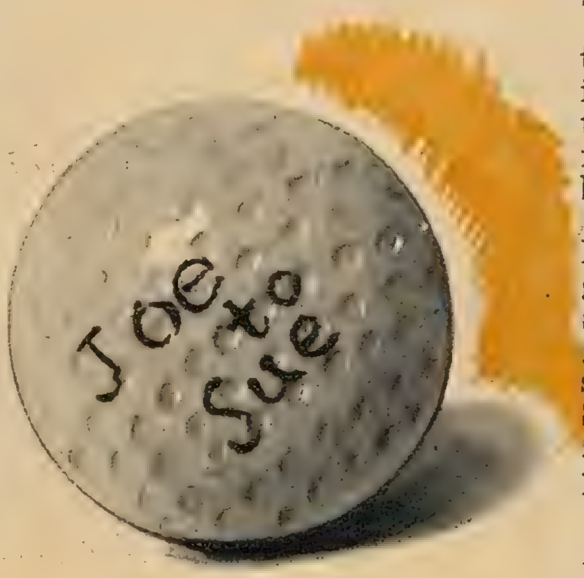
She had almost finished her ice cream before she spoke again, and it was clear that she had been evolving words commensurate with the occasion.

“It . . . it was just like one of those stories, meeting you. You know, those wonderful stories that always begin, ‘Once upon a time.’”

“I remember those sort of stories,” said Joe, “when I was a small boy.”

“Yes. And today, when you came up to where I was, it was just like the noble prince in disguise . . .”

To his credit, Joe Smith's expression didn't change.



“. . . coming up to the maiden all forlorn, who'd been compelled to tend the sheep and the geese. And in the end . . .” The storyteller stopped, coloring in confusion.

“They lived happily ever after,” concluded Joe, eyes twinkling.

“But that means they got married,” said the small girl.

“Why, that's so!” agreed Joe, nodding. “Which shows that it wasn't a real once-upon-a-time story, doesn't it? Shows that real once-upon-a-time stories only happen in books. But it was a fine story!” He glanced at his watch, shoved back his chair. “Darn! I've got to go now. Rolling Hills.” Rolling Hills . . . the Sheldon Gillespies . . . goldfish in a golfing goldfish bowl . . .

And the small girl spoke again: “I'd like to ask, if it wasn't too much bother, if you'd . . . autograph a golf ball. I'll get one from my bag and . . .”

Joe chuckled. This was fun to the very end! “Wait! I'll autograph the one I played with.”

“O-oh!”

On that ball he carefully printed: JOE TO SUE. And added the date. He handed her the ball, and rose. Then shook hands.

“It was the happiest round of golf I've ever had! Good-by!”

“Good-by!” said small Sue.

He went out the door, got into his car, went down the highway . . .

And the mists of time closed about him.

THE mists of time . . . the wheeling, whirling, driving years. The years . . . so many of them, so much happening, that the past seemed to Joe Smith only a thing that might have been, a thing more dreamed than real. In a now remote, impossible corner of dusty memory, he'd once been a young man of means, free to come and go and do as he pleased. Then, in an autumn, all those means had vanished. Well, he had never been afraid of work. He worked. Then there was no work . . . followed by work now and then, anywhere, in the far corners of the world . . . the shipping game in South America, mining in Luzon, the oil fields of the Dutch East Indies . . . he and time and the world groping on.

And now, on a day—was it ten years since he'd first seen the West Coast?—he was seeing the Coast again, was back in the States.

A week, a whole blessed week in the joyously cool breezes and fogs of San Francisco, soaking them up, and then, after sharp bargaining, the purchase of a small secondhand car, the stowing into it of his few belongings, which included, incongruous link with the past, a set of rusty golf clubs encased in a grandiloquent bag . . . and a heading southward toward Mexico and the mining job that he'd gotten through a friend in the Orient.

The car sped the miles . . . and then Joe saw a sign—the sign of Hotel Del Grande, the famous resort—and remembering came to him. He'd stayed at that hostelry, had played its golf course, on that first trip West years ago. And an idea began nudging him; it whispered and said: “Go ahead and stay at Del Grande overnight, and play the course tomorrow. You haven't played golf in a long time, and you won't see a golf course again in a long time. Go ahead!”

It would flatten his pocketbook beyond reason, but . . . he swung into the driveway that wound among the immemorial oaks and pines.

HE dined; sat later in the Tap Room, new since his first visit—it had been prohibition and bottles under the table then; so long ago!—and watched the colorful carefree young people as they came and went. He commented to the waiter on the throng.

“Yes, sir,” said the waiter. “Lots of people, and there'll be more in a couple days—the annual Invitational Golf Championship for Women. Early arrivals are beginning to come now.”

Which caused Joe to tell himself that the course would be crowded, and that if he intended to play a practice round to get the feel of long-disused clubs before playing a real round, he'd have to be out early on the morrow.

And was. Arrived at the caddie house soon after eight, and a big ruddy gray-haired man standing in the pro's shop doorway gave him a look . . . gave him another . . . and then was saying unbelievingly: “Montgomery Smith! Montgomery, how are you?” And was grasping Joe's hand with huge paw, was radiating his delight.

And Joe was radiating equal delight.

“John McAllister!” said Joe. John McAllister, the old-time pro, the friend of every golfer, the man who had taught Joe the game.

“Lad, but I'm glad to see you!” said the big ruddy man, now ruddier than ever.

“I'm glad to see you!” said Joe, and a tightness was in his throat.

The big man volleyed questions: “What brings you here? How long are you going to stay? Where have you been all these years?”

“Been everywhere,” said Joe. “I'm staying only today—got to get to Mexico.”

“Leaving so soon? That's no way to do!”

“Can't help it. But about yourself. How long have you been here at Del Grande?”

“Five years. I . . .”

Footsteps sounded on the gravel walk.

“Well,” said the big man, “the gravel seems to be sprouting champions this morning. Good morning, Miss Conant!”

Joe Smith turned, to see a young woman in a felt hat, lightweight sweater and tweed skirt, and plain spiked golf shoes. A tanned, blue-eyed young woman in her early twenties, who carried a driver . . . and who suddenly dropped that club . . . and bent quickly to retrieve it, even as big John McAllister reached and picked it up. He handed it to her.

“Thank you!” she said in a breathless, hurried voice, and her face was pink beneath the tan. “It was so clumsy of me!”

“Well, I've never seen you clumsy on the fairways or the greens,” chuckled the big man. He put a hand on Joe Smith's shoulder. “And here are two people who ought to get acquainted. Miss Conant, I want to present Mr. Montgomery Smith.”

“How d'you do,” said Montgomery Smith . . . Joe Smith.

“How d'you do,” said the blue-eyed girl.

“Miss Conant's our State Woman's Champion,” said John McAllister. “And Montgomery was once the National Amateur Champion.”

"A long time ago," said Joe Smith, smiling.

"You talk as though you were Methuselah!" humorously protested the big man. "I remember. You aren't . . . you aren't but in your early thirties."

"Thirty-two," admitted Joe. "Do you remember everything?"

"Just about. I remember back when . . ." The big gray-haired man smiled at the girl. "It's a pity, young lady, that you didn't know golf when this lad was burning the courses! Have you still got that drive?" he demanded of Joe Smith.

"Has Jack Dempsey still got his punch?" countered Joe.

"You're right," said the big man. "But to me you'll always be the drivingest driver of 'em all." He was silent a moment; then his face lighted and a smile tugged at his mouth. He looked from one to the other of the young people. Said to Joe:

"I suppose you came out early to get a game?"

"Why, no," said Joe; "just to play a practice round. I'm rusty! Later, perhaps . . . ."

The big man turned to the girl. "And you came out to . . ."

"To drive on the practice fairway for a while." Her words came in odd swift huskiness.

The big man's eyes twinkled. "I'm an old busybody, but . . . why should you two waste the morning? You could play the round together." He nodded at Joe. "You'd see some mighty fine golf from Miss Conant." He nodded at the girl. "And you'd see somebody who once led 'em all. More'n that, you're golfers . . . and you'd have a wonderful time."

Joe Smith's gaze met that of the tanned, blue-eyed girl, under whose tan the color was once more mounting. And a strange happy feeling went through him. If he had planned to golf with a girl, he couldn't have picked one who would have suited him more than this girl of the blue eyes, of the fine straight nose, of the well molded mouth . . . a girl whose clothes, whose whole manner, so bespoke quality. And then Joe was saying, half to John McAllister and half to her:

"I couldn't think of anything pleasanter. But I know that Miss Conant has other plans and . . ."

She shook her head, smiling. "I'd much rather play a round than practice." Her voice again had that odd swift huskiness. Her eyes met Joe's. "But you have other plans and . . ."

THEY went down the fairway, and the beauty of the morning was upon Joe Smith, with the scent of fresh-cut grass sweet in his nostrils, the turf springy beneath his feet . . . and he swinging a club at a ball and watching the sparkling play of this golf companion of his.

This Conant girl could play golf! She had an easy, rhythmic, full swing; she didn't haggle around over shots, but stepped up, set herself, and the club head came sweeping through.

Along about the third hole Joe Smith said:

"Say, I like the way you play golf! It's easy to see that John McAllister taught you. You had the finest teacher . . . and he had a darned fine pupil!"

The Conant girl colored delightfully; looked at him out of her lively blue eyes.

"Yes, John McAllister taught me. But I had a teacher before him. And he was the best teacher ever!"

Her eyes held Joe Smith's, and a sharp indefinable feeling went through him. It passed, and Joe was saying, "Well, he must have learned his game from John."

Again she looked at Joe. "He never said . . . but I think he must have."

JOE had it in mind to ask who he was, but somehow, without quite realizing how it happened, found himself being asked questions instead; questions about himself and the distant places he had been in and the things he'd done. When he related about the oil fields of the East Indies she showed such keen interest that Joe made comment:

"You must know something about oil."

"Why, yes," she said slowly. "That is, I . . . our people had oil land in the San Joaquin. It turned out to be Kettleman Hills."

"Kettleman!" said Joe, eyes alight. "Where the crude oil came out almost as pure gasoline."

"That's what they said," agreed the girl. "By the luck that sometimes comes, our land was in the middle of the hills. We leased, and I was so interested that I was over there a good deal of the time."

"Fine!" said Joe again, and although he had no reason to, he thrilled at the thought. A lease in Kettleman! And this girl—this girl of wealth—by every act and word had shown that she could take it in stride; the sort of girl who, if the Kettleman land had proved barren, would have whacked together a meal over a crude camp stove and kept her menfolks' heads up . . . would have kept them going. Joe had seen that kind—the salt of the earth.

They came up to the next tee, and Joe Smith, with the happiness of the day upon him—with his game slowly beginning to slide into the old appointed grooves—whaled into a drive. As the ball soared away . . . on, on . . . he chanced to glance at the Conant girl, and the look on her face and in her widening eyes was the look that people used to give when he drove . . . years ago.

Somewhere, sometime, somebody with blue eyes—a girl—looking at his drive as this girl was now looking. He strove to remember . . . but it slipped away.

"My, that was a wonderful drive!" said the Conant girl.

"It was pretty good!" he grinned. He warmed to her praise . . . a thing to take with him to the mining

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job in Mexico. She was the sort one would have liked to know better. The sort . . .

He looked up and found her eyes upon him.

"I guess I was daydreaming," he said, flushing. "And that's not very complimentary to one's company!"

She smiled. "I don't know. A game of golf often gets a person to daydreaming about a world of different things."

He warmed again. Doggone, she was a good scout!

The round drew toward its close . . . and Joe Smith found himself walking slower, so that the end wouldn't come so soon.

They came to the eighteenth tee, drove, and went down the fairway. And Joe Smith said:

"It's funny about things in golf. Only a few of the big thrilling matches stand out in my remembrance. It's the unexpected, the unlooked-for happenings—different courses, different players—that are now clearest." He glanced at her quickly. "As today's game will be . . . wholly unexpected, thumpingly pleasant." A musing look came on his face. "Somehow, all through today's round I've been thinking of another round of years ago. It's been coming back, a bit here and a bit there. I was champion, visiting California for the first time. And on the spur of the moment I stopped at a golf course in a country town . . ."

And Joe Smith told of the small golfer known as Sue. Told to the end . . . and looked at his listener.

"I only knew her as Sue," said Joe. "It's strange to think, wherever she is now, she's all grown up. Ten years! She was a darned good little scout—she and her once-upon-a-time story, she and her hopes about that land her people owned over in the San Joaquin. Just like your people. I only wish her land also turned out to be in the middle of Kettleman Hills! But it probably didn't."

Joe Smith tapped down his final putt and said:

"Let's go have something cold to drink, if you've got the time."

"I've got the time," said his golfing companion, and her eyes were luminous. "Just let me put these tees into my bag. No," she said to the volunteering caddie, "I'll put them away in the pocket myself." She busied herself with the bag pocket for a moment, then went with Joe Smith across the grass to the porch of the rustic white-and-green clubhouse.

They had their drinks. And finally Joe Smith shoved aside his empty glass . . . looked across the table at the girl of the blue eyes.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's time for me to go."

She continued to hold her eyes upon his. "I wonder . . . would you autograph a golf ball for me?"

For an instant Joe Smith doubted his hearing. Had he heard her say that she wanted him to autograph a golf ball? But . . . Why should any one want his signature now? Then he was rallying himself, was saying: "Why, surely. Of course I will! I'll . . ."

He flapped his hands against his pockets, hunting for a golf ball . . . and the girl across the table said:

"I have one here."

And handed one across to him.

Even as Joe took it he saw it was an old ball, its paint yellow with age. He brought it closer, scrutinized it, turned it in his fingers. And, as he turned it, lettering came into view. Words, done in faded ink. And he read: JOE TO SUE. With a date.

Joe Smith stared . . . stared at that lettering . . . and the world seemed to be tipping up, to be sliding away . . . so that he had to grasp the table edge to keep from sliding with it, and he was drawing his breath with great intake, was staring across the table at a girl . . . at a young woman . . . who was looking at him out of luminous blue eyes.

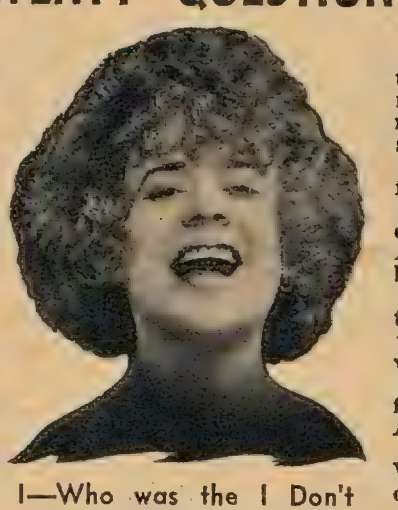
"You're . . . you're Sue!"

She continued to look at him out of those blue eyes. And all that a man would ever wish to see—all the hope, all the future that ever a man would care to have—was in those eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I'm Sue!"

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—Who was the I Don't Care girl?

2—Which five world's heavyweight champions preceded Joe Louis?

3—Who said "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable"?

4—Can a person live after experiencing a body temperature of 111.2° F.?

5—Which North American race was misnamed?

6—What part of the United States has the densest population?

7—Which Chief Executives of the United States are recalled by the following locations: Black Hills, Oyster Bay, Campobello?

8—The marriage of second cousins is prohibited in which state?

9—What are the correct names of Sir Isaac "Shorthand," Sir Isaac "Gravity," and Izaak "Angler"?

10—A crab does its growing between what?

11—What are the leaves of pine trees called?

12—Does charcoal neutralize icebox odors?

13—What is one good characteristic of chicken pox, German measles, infantile paralysis, measles, mumps, scarlet fever, smallpox, and whooping cough?

14—How do spiders' webs differ from cobwebs?

15—Could a youth of twenty-one, otherwise eligible, enter Annapolis or West Point, or both?

16—The Principles and Practice of Medicine was written by what Canadian physician who was made a baronet?

17—Does Kicking Horse River flow toward the Pacific or the Atlantic Ocean?

18—Was Mona Lisa painted by Whistler, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, or Bonheur?

19—What saying is hidden in the following: xextxvxrsxhxmblx, thxrx'snxplxcxlxkxhxmx?

20—Which one of the well known radio stars recently played a string duet with Robert Taylor?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

Doctors DON'T Tell

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

McCall grabbed her just in time to prevent her from falling to the floor. She had fainted dead away.

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART FIVE—THREE WHO WOULD HAVE DIED

I HATED to do it, really, because another year's separation from my family seemed just too much, but I happened to know that there was an interneship coming vacant at one of the hospitals in the same city with King's Medical, so I put in my application. The place paid seventy-five dollars a month, and I could use the money. Therefore, when I got the job, I was duly grateful.

This hospital was a 346-bed affair: one new building for surgical cases, an old building for medical cases, an eight-bed ward for children, and a separate building, an old residence, for obstetrics.

There were two other physicians at this hospital—a young man, Russell Page, and a young woman, Adella Jones, both first-year graduates like myself.

Dr. Page was about twenty-eight years old, ran to the stocky type, and was a bit bald. Dr. Jones not only had a harelip but was so conscious of her affliction that she had developed an overbearing cocksure manner. She had been

When life hung by a thread—A record of thrilling moments in one man's past

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN he got out of engineering to study medicine, Dr. "Raymond" took it for granted that all doctors, or nearly all, were as fine and conscientious as Dr. Mann, known to him as Uncle Billy. Even within his first days as a medical student, he began to see that too many were not. Throughout his story doctors of the right kind are represented; Liberty is as well aware as he that these are not exceptions, and is as warm in its appreciation of them. But it agrees with him that the other kinds need showing up, in disregard of "medical ethics." The facts he states are true; all names and places are so changed that identifications would be impossible.

Last week he explained how "rotten city politics" permeated much of the Duggan Medical School. Attributable to it were three students' deaths, one a suicide. For his senior year he was able to go to King's, a better school. There he saw one ghastly blunder, that of a surgeon who removed a kidney, overlooking the duly recorded fact that a previous operation had left the patient with only one.

---

working with Page for about two months. They were the veterans. I was the intruder.

The superintendent of nurses had evidently informed Page and Jones of my surgical experience with Dr. Mann, for Page said:

"I suppose you are going to request surgical service, Dr. Raymond?"

I could see that my fate with these two hung on my reply.

"As a matter of fact, I was going to suggest that you and Dr. Jones take surgery service," I said. "I'll take medicine and obstetrics. I feel I don't know a thing, and that's the place to learn. If it gets too heavy this winter, you two can give me a hand, and if you need me, you know where I live."

"Oh, we won't need help, with two on surgery," Dr. Jones answered quickly. "Dr. Page and I are a good team!"

"Mustn't mind Della," said Page, after she had gone. "Poor kid, with that map of hers, she's had a tough time. Gets sour at times, and darned cocksure, too. But don't you mind. Kid her along like you did just now!"

"Sure; you can depend on me. What do you say to showing me around the place?"

"Let's go!" he said.

I was pleased with what I saw in the line of equipment, and with the personalities of most of the nurses in charge of the various wards and divisions.

The patients' rooms were airy, neatly decorated, and efficient, yet had a touch of home—a picture here and there. The wards were also much above the average, with sunrooms at each end of the building.

Through a connecting corridor was the old hospital, devoted to medical cases. The building was very old and the floors, though covered with heavy linoleum, creaked horribly. But the rooms were nicely furnished, and even more homey than the surgical building. I was delighted with this added effort to keep the patients comfortable and happy.

We then crossed the court to the old residence which is the obstetrics or maternity section. On the third floor was a dandy confinement room, well equipped, pleasant, and handy to the elevator. On the second floor were private rooms and wards where thirty patients could be handled. The nursery upstairs was ample. This division was in charge of a sharp-faced little nurse who kept things strictly in order.

Returning to the main section, we met the superintendent of nurses who, I judged, was better than seventy-five years of age but who had an air of executive ability. She escorted me to my room and office, and introduced me to the housekeeper and requested her to see that my room received special attention.

As it happened, I had the luck to establish myself fairly firmly with the whole outfit before I had been there a week. It was Sunday. Page was off, Jones busy in obstetrics. I was alone in the main hospital with a couple of students, who were serving as reserve internes, when we got an emergency call not far from the hospital.

One of the boys—Murphy was his name—and I piled into the ambulance, and arrived at the scene of the accident in less than three minutes. There, lying in the street, bleeding from a throat cut almost from ear to ear, was a little girl about eight who had been thrown through the windshield of an automobile. There, right in the middle of the street, I did an emergency operation.

With Murphy's expert help, I clamped all the arteries and veins which were cut, and tied several small ones. While we worked, I instructed a cop to phone the hospital and the Fire Department for a type-4 blood donor. In this city firemen voluntarily acted in this capacity whenever transfusions were necessary. They were carefully typed and tested for syphilis and their blood type grouped periodically. The plan worked wonderfully.

It took us about five minutes to get the bleeding points stopped. Then we carefully lifted the apparently lifeless child into the ambulance. I stayed with her. Murphy took the wheel. "Step on it!" I pleaded.

Well, the way that boy dodged in and out of the Sunday traffic, down the Parkway, and over crosstown was a caution. As we turned into the hospital street, we could hear and see the fire truck coming from the other end.

Engine 16 got there first and dumped out three husky firemen, who turned toward the ambulance, which Murphy, with brakes screaming, pulled down to a stop at the receiving room. They assisted us with the stretcher.

" Who's a type four? " I asked.

" We all are," replied one fireman.

" Who's the huskiest? " I asked.

" We're all husky," they growled in unison.

" Well, one of you get up to the operating room and get your arm ready."

They all started eagerly.

" Wait! " I called, stopping their eager rush to be good Samaritans. " We'll take you, the big fellow."

" Take me! " yelled one of the smaller firemen. " I'm just as good as Tim. Betcha my blood's better, too."

" That's O. K. We'll take you all, but the big lad first. Let's get upstairs! "

WE worked fast, got scrubbed and into Operating Room B, where the nurses meanwhile had removed some of the child's clothing, and washed her face and neck as best they could with the dozen or more hemostats clamped on the various vessels in the neck wound.

They also had the big fireman ready. We took about two pints of blood, and let it run into a sterile flask containing the citrate solution.

Meanwhile, due to the child's poor pulse, I had to make an incision in her arm at the inner side of the elbow to get at the vein, which was flat, due to lack of blood. This done, I put in a transfusion needle, and Murphy slowly ran in the two pints of blood from our husky fireman. Immediately her heart and color began to pick up.

" Give the big fellow a good shot of whisky and put him to bed," I said to the nurse.

" Aw, doc, I ain't no sissy," pleaded the big fireman. " I don't wanna go to bed."

He started to rise up from the table, but his head swam so he flopped back. A nurse gave him some whisky.

" You just lie down until we get the kiddo around," said Murphy very tactfully. " You don't want to go back to the firehouse without seeing whether the little girl makes it, do you? "

" Sure, I'll stay! I wanna see that poor kid before I go back to work."

Whereupon he fell sound asleep. Murphy had slipped him a narcotic in the whisky.

We then took one pint of blood from each of the other two firemen; and while Murphy was doing the transfusing, I got busy on the wound. By carefully using very fine needles and fascia, I got the cut in the carotid artery closed and the bleeding stopped; then repaired the thyroid gland, which was cut, put in a rubber drain, and sewed and clipped up the

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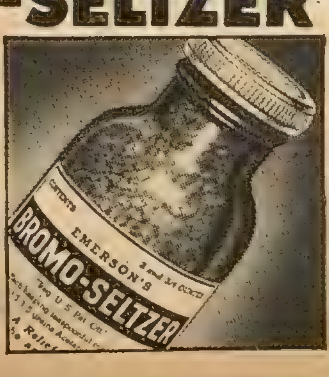

external wound and skin. The end result was that she looked much as if she had been through a thyroid operation. But by the time the firemen came to—they slept about six hours—we knew that, barring complications, she would live.

I got a big kick out of the firemen. We took them to see the little girl before they went home. All were family men. When they looked at the child, who now had pink cheeks and seemed so peaceful in her sleep, and were assured she'd probably live, the big guys broke down and cried like babies.

I hadn't done anything that any competent surgeon couldn't and wouldn't have done. But it made the hospital feel good to know that its interne — thanks to Uncle Billy's coaching—could give them that kind of work. Page was enthusiastic; and even the Jones girl treated me with more respect. Dr. Wurms, one of the hospital's big-shot surgeons, was also most complimentary.

THE strictly medical experience was also doing me much needed good. About the first of January I had a young man on my service who had the worst session with pneumonia I ever expect to see. His father, being an old soldier, asked Dr. MacCall, the regimental physician of the 169th, to take care of him; and MacCall, being more military than medical, turned the actual work over to me—which was a good thing, for I learned a lot before we were through with this patient, George Ball.

The young man, who was twenty-four years old, started with a right lower lobar pneumonia filling up quickly. Then suddenly the infection jumped to the middle and upper lobes and involved the entire right side.

I gave the lad the best I knew—digitalis, fluids, antipyretics, oxygen, and expectorants—and sat tight; also had two "specials" on day and night; but he kept getting worse. Going into the ninth day, I had been hoping for a crisis, but instead, my patient went bad, very bad. Temperature 104; pulse 120; respiration going up—39—45. About 3 A. M. he began getting weaker. His night special nurse became worried, and got me out of bed to see what could be done.

I looked his chest over. The right side was still solid, and, to my surprise, his *left* lower lobe was now showing signs of consolidation. I gave him some intravenous glucose; adjusted the oxygen, increased the digitalis from a four-hour interval to three hours; and went to bed feeling blue enough.

About two in the afternoon he took another turn for the worse. We sent for his wife and parents and, of course, MacCall. The lower left lobe was entirely involved, and his upper left lobe was starting to consolidate. Still he was hanging on to life like a bulldog.

When MacCall arrived, he made a thorough study of the patient's chest. Then, putting down his stethoscope, he looked at me seriously and said:

"Doctor, if you or I had a chest like that, we would have passed out two or three days ago. This boy's going out, of course, but my, what resistance!"

We went out into the hall. There on a bench sat George's father, mother, and wife.

"Oh, doctor," wailed the wife, grasping Dr. MacCall by the hand, "is he going to die?"

Doctors never really get steeled against this sort of thing, no matter what people say.

"Now, Mrs. Ball, er—er—" stammered Dr. MacCall; then turned to me. "You explain to them, doctor!"

"Mrs. Ball," I said slowly, "George is very sick. We don't want to shock you, but you are entitled to know. George may not get better. Pneumonia is treacherous. We have done everything we can."

MacCall grabbed her just in time to prevent her from falling to the floor. She had fainted dead away.

"Tell me just how long he will live," the boy's father said quietly.

"Probably not longer than ten o'clock," grunted MacCall gruffly, to hide his own emotion.

"Can we be with him?"

"If you wish."

At eight o'clock the night special called me.

"Dr. Raymond, the patient is suffering something terrible, and the family insist that you come up and do something for him. They've phoned MacCall. He's coming over."

I went upstairs to see what could be done. George's respiration—oxygen notwithstanding—had reached a peak of 58 per minute. I put my stethoscope to his chest. I couldn't find one spot in either of his lungs not infected. And his heart galloped along, just like a runaway locomotive. How he lived was a mystery.

MACCALL came in, went over the entire chest, listened to the heart. Then he motioned me to go out in the hall with him. The family followed. Mrs. Ball, the mother, pleaded:

"Don't let George carry on that way. If he must die, at least let him die in peace—not lie there and pant like a dog. Please, gentlemen!"

Then the wife took MacCall and me by the hands. "Please, please, do as mother asks! Don't, please—don't let him die that way!" She slid, still holding our hands, to her knees.

With eyes visibly moist, MacCall growled, "Dr. Raymond and I will look at him again. You people stay here."

We went back to George. "Well," MacCall blurted, eying him, "I suppose we ought to help this boy out. How would a one fourth of M. S. strike you as a good way to ease his going over the top?"

"Suits me," I replied; "can't hurt him, and it's a humane treatment for pain."

I gave the necessary orders: one fourth now and one fourth in two hours *if* . . . At the door I whispered to the nurse, " I'll wait up—until he checks out."

" I'll call you," she replied. " It won't be long."

It was about nine by the time I got down to my den. I wrote up some reports, and lay down on my bed to read until I was called to check out George. I had become absorbed in an article on tularemia when I noted that it was after midnight. Had the nurse forgotten to call me? I went upstairs.

" Oh, Dr. Raymond," she fairly shrieked, " he's making it! He's resolving! He's better! "

And he was. The panting was gone. The heart was more regular, cyanosis less marked. He was perspiring freely. The pneumonia on the right side was breaking up. He would get well.

Next morning at ten I looked in at George Ball's room. He was conscious, though weak.

" How are you, doc? " He even managed a smile.

I had to leave the room to hide my tears of joy. And from that day on, whenever any old mossback got " het up " about permitting physicians to give lethal doses to help patients from their misery, I thought about George Ball, smiled, and went about my business. Incidentally, I had also learned that plenty of morphine is a good remedy in certain cases of severe pneumonia.

One day Dr. Breeze, who had one of the largest practices in town, sent in a young boy of eighteen for observation, with a tentative diagnosis, according to the admission card, of gallstones.

I remember thinking at the time that there was, of course, some mistake in this record. An eighteen-year-old male, blond, with gallstones! That is the same as saying " I found a polar bear swimming in the Amazon River."

That night a nurse brought in an order for a complete blood count, blood test for sugar and urea, plus a urinalysis. Automatically I O. K.'d these laboratory requirements. Then, as an afterthought, I turned to the nurse.

" Why all this rush tonight? " I asked.

" Oh, the boy's going to surgery in the morning."

" He's going to surgery? " I gasped. " What for? "

" Cholelithiasis [gallstones]."

" Gallstones? Is this patient that blond boy, about eighteen, in Ward Four—Dr. Breeze's patient? "

" Yes, sir, that's the case. Dr. Breeze was in a few minutes ago, and the case is booked for surgery, Room A, at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

" O. K. I'll take a look at the patient, just as a matter of form." I tried to make the whole thing casual. " You might have the blood-chemistry tray handy. I'll be upstairs in about fifteen minutes."

I got the youngster's blood samples, sent them down to the laboratory, and then sat down with the patient and got his history.

He had never been sick a day in his life until three months ago, when he had had an attack of tonsillitis, which had passed off. He had had another slight case of tonsillitis a week ago and hadn't felt so good since—fever up to 103.6, pulse going better than 100, respiration 28. His face was markedly flushed at the cheekbones.

The only thing conceivably pointing to gallstones was pain in the region of the liver; but if we were going to diagnose on pains, how about the pain in the region of the appendix? It didn't make sense. So I decided to give him a thorough combing over.

The boy had a dandy pair of red, inflamed tonsils and a nice strawberry tongue. Accidentally I poked his left tonsil a little, and it oozed a tiny drop of pus. Then I poked around over his liver, which seemed definitely enlarged. That gave me an idea. Uncle Billy always said that an enlarged liver in a young person usually meant heart. So I took a listen.

It was a good thing I did! That lad's heart was a regular textbook case of enlargement. Obviously the pain in the liver was due to back pressure of blood because of the inability of the heart to keep the blood flowing in a steady stream. The pain in the lower abdomen was due to the same cause.

Gallstones—the idea! But if I told the truth about this silly, impossible diagnosis, I'd probably be run out

WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?
POOR TUFFIE! YOU MISS JOHN, TOO, DON'T YOU? LISTEN! THERE'S THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S JOHN NOW!
NO TUFFIE--JUST THE DENTIST'S OFFICE CALLING ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT. SAY! THAT REMINDS ME OF THOSE BAD BREATH ADS! I WONDER...
YES, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THERE SHE GOES WITH THAT JOHN MAN AGAIN!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

"GRAND FLAVOR, YES?"

"YES, AND GOOD FOR YOUR TEETH, TOO."

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FREEZONE

of town, perhaps out of the profession, for a violation of medical ethics. If I didn't tell the truth, and they operated on that boy with that heart, *he would die.*

Well, I sat on the youngster's bed for a long time, looking at him, yet never seeing him. What I did see continually was the form of that girl who had died " on the table " years before. You remember the girl whose doctor failed to diagnose her sore throat as diphtheria, which it was, and ordered a tonsil operation which, in her condition, was certain death.

In that moment I resolved never to let a mistake of *any* one take a life, if I could help it.

I deliberately killed all Dr. Breeze's medication orders, and substituted my own. Then I called the night supervisor, and gave her strict orders to call me whenever Dr. Breeze came in during the night or in the morning. Then I went to bed. It was 2 A. M.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke the day superintendent and Dr. Breeze were standing at my bedside. They had been shaking me to arouse me.

" What did you want to see me about, doctor? " asked Dr. Breeze, the moment the superintendent left us.

My moment had come. " Oh, I think I found something on your boy in Ward Four," I said as naturally as I could, " that will be of interest to you, and you alone. I thought you should know about it before he went to surgery."

" Fine! " replied Breeze, and sat down to chat while I dressed.

I DID not say a word as we approached the boy's bedside, but taking my stethoscope and opening the boy's gown, I found the site where the heart lesion could be heard.

" Take a listen here, Dr. Breeze."

Dr. Breeze had normally a rather florid face, but he had scarcely listened a second when his face paled as if a curtain of white had been drawn under the skin.

" Oh! " he gasped, ever so faintly, and then, trembling slightly, slowly removed the stethoscope from his ears.

" He was your patient, Dr. Breeze," I said, " and, of course, I have spoken only to you."

I still didn't know how he would take it. To my relief, he looked straight at me, grasped my hand and shook it long and hard.

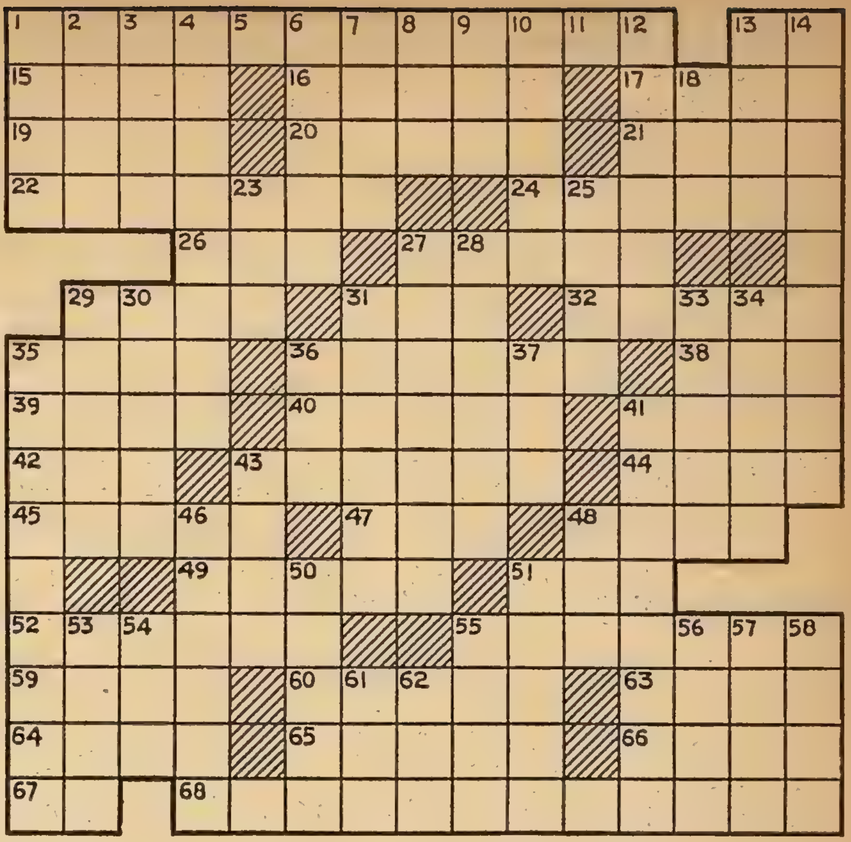
" Thank you a thousand times, Raymond. I'll never forget this favor."

So, you see, this man Breeze wasn't a bad fellow really—just a careless doctor and a rotten diagnostician!

As we all know, a severe flu epidemic is serious. A good many who have the disease are very ill; not a few die. How many of the deaths, in the average community, might be prevented by the right medical care? Next week Dr. " Raymond " will uncover the " ethically " hidden facts about some of the fatal cases he has seen.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Event to be featured at the Tokyo Olympic Games, 1940 (two words)
13 He's got a big tie-up with the Mrs.
15 Non-phony
16 Never mixes with Green; is supposed to be a deep shade of Red
17 Nom de plum
19 She sounds like the Gal of the Year
20 He came between Abraham and Jacob
21 Powder base
22 A weapon with which to defeat Japan
24 Baltimore's best known singer
26 You'll find a lot of French bums hanging around this
27 Stokowski's shillelagh
29 What the Turners do to wake up things
31 Clyde Beatty, B. C. (nickname)
32 Looks and wants
35 Single member of the Unitarians
36 Cleaned house Russian style
38 Two eyes, with the tip of the nose between
39 Laziest gal in literature
40 Fumbled the moral ball
41 Open things up
42 Brotherhood of Kockeyed Earcleaners (abbr.)
43 They contain more tongues than a shoe factory
44 Something a razor never is
45 Well known golf cup
47 Independent Lily Sniffers (abbr.)
48 The taxpayers put this together; the city sinks it
49 Little business men's hangouts
51 How California gets its start
52 What bums and colds do
55 Pinches and inserts in the jug
59 Bottle-scarred vet of the Liquor Wars
60 Wise to
63 This sounds like Mussolini money or a Greek uke
64 It's the top
65 Kind of music snorers make
66 You might drink Canada dry but this'll stay wet
67 Clam the kisser!
68 This is nine points of automobile law—ask any finance company

VERTICAL

1 A Man in White; anti-Semitic Semite
2 Where to change partners on the marry-go-round
3 A colossal handful
4 What gals chase eligible bachelors with
5 1 G (Roman)
6 Very small type
7 A home on high, filled with cheep things
8 Trains Will Arrive (but will this?) (abbr.)
9 It runs red in Spain today; is breathed backward
10 Male necking, English style
11 You'll find this on every cat
12 Face feeding; without it there'd be no living
13 A gunman's girl
14 A Jr. Depression
18 Tse's better half
23 Usenses
25 By adding nothing, this becomes a long rod
27 What the well dressed taxpayer will wear (they're air-cooled)
28 What Franco turns little babies into
29 Kind of hips with wiggles on
30 Run down; has that rubbery feeling
31 Hollywood's young songbird
33 Dirty product of the gossip tree
34 It took a long time but Gone with the Wind finally did it
35 What farmers raise in wet weather
36 As soon as it leaves its birthplace it's canned
37 Experienced
Dumbbell Shushers (abbr.)
41 It takes a lot of pluck to play them around the modern gal
43 Well known fromage
46 First lady pogrom averter
48 Where garlic eaters should stay
50 Rich bankers do this easily to things
51 Minos used to say: "It's a —— life!"
53 Sound caused by the rear end meeting a tack
54 High-brow football
55 Looks as if this god will conquer the world
56 How an iris looks backward
57 This has six legs and sings
58 Usually used for a saw in Brooklyn
61 What every wise old owl wants to know
62 Roman dough

```
MALES MERIT SINUS
ALIKE ORATE INANE
RAKER LA■SECTS■TI
ATE■FIATS■MOT■SIN
TENT■TROTS■GENTLE
  EAT■■■ALB■REE
MESSAGE■ROAR■TALL
EASTERN■SOLAR■LIE
AT■ELITE■PLIES■SA
LET■SPAIN■ASSISTS
SNIP■SIDE■DEAREST
  GAD■LEG■■■TUP
SCENES■RUNES■PASS
TAR■MAW■SEWED■RAP
AM■MITER■WE IRATE
REMIT RIPER MATIN
TOILS EMIRS EMEND
```

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Taste Tells

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KENTUCKY
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Bottoms Up
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A BROWN-FORMAN QUALITY PRODUCT

Rebellion is as old as the world, this eminent novelist revealingly reminds you—We're facing nothing new today!

Why Our Girls

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

MALEKIND has ruled the world for thousands—some say millions—of years, yet it is only one century since women were allowed to enjoy higher education.

On October 8, 1833, four bold little girls became the first coeds ever to enter a college. They were admitted to Oberlin in Ohio. Eleven years before, Boston had tried out a girls' high school but given it up.

Some years before that Miss Willard opened the Troy Female School, a finishing school where, by the way, girls were told, when going upstairs, not to touch the banisters, as it enlarged the hands. Two visiting mothers were utterly scandalized to find their daughters being taught that they had stomachs inside them. The bold teacher went no further, but one mother fainted and the other snatched her daughter out of that atmosphere.

Only a hundred years ago such infamous idiocy was possible and respectable. Isn't it better today that girls are studying anatomy and discussing birth control and everything else as freely as doctors?

The first school giving collegiate education to women was not opened till 1855. In 1853 the first woman professor was engaged, at Antioch. From then on, the minds of women were gradually emancipated, but always despite protest from the self-styled best people.

Today huge armies of girls and women—women of every age—flock to education with eager strides, and the world is infinitely the better for them. I know a former chorus girl who is now engaged in scientific research of the most profound nature, and she is winning deep respect of most learned scientists. But then, actresses were always pioneers. Today they are among the best known and most influential people in the world, and they are doing infinite good in spreading human sympathy and understanding.

At all times in history there have been occasional women who have been men so far as courage went, and genius. But they were doing the unexpected, the almost unheard-of things that are today the expected, the normal. The refusal of a woman to do her part is conspicuous now, and is regarded with scorn.

It is the legions of women who are achieving great things that we should boast of. The women who are committing the ancient and deadly seven sins are holdovers. They cannot be repressed, it seems, by any laws or moral pressure. At least they never were. Never in this country, rarely in any country, has there been a more complete control over human behavior than in early New England. Not only was it forbidden to wear expensive clothing or embroidery, but people were fined for smoking, drinking, swearing, loafing, playing cards, dice, bowling, scolding, criticizing magistrates, preachers, neighbors.

Even Maine, which was comparatively loose, was so strict that in 1654 a woman was fined for saying she wished the earth might open and swallow her if she had certain goods which she had.

The bad girl is as old as the world. In 1604 we find the word "molls" used by the playwright Middleton just as we use it; and the word "gang" was common then.

The poet laureate of thieves, Villon, describes his pet molls of crime. The tough young women of Shakespeare's time were called "roaring girls." Our bad girls would be hard pressed to outdo them.

There was Mary Frith, known as "Moll Cutpurse," whose people tried to ship her to New England. She jumped overboard. She was a hard drinker, picked pockets and cut purses, was arrested and branded on the hand four times. She became a highwaywoman, shot a general who resisted her, opened a tavern, became a fence, was famous as one of the first women smokers in England. She dressed as a man always, and was arrested for indecency, compelled to do penance in a white sheet. But she went back to men's clothes and died in sin at seventy-four.

In November and December, 1703, Moll Raby and Moll Hawkins were hanged at Tyburn for gun-moll crimes. A little later Jenny Diver died there. She was the head of a gang of thieves. She had false hands and arms hung from her shoulders and used her real ones for robbing. She was transported to Virginia, taking stolen goods on the ship. She fascinated a young man who paid her fare back to England, and she robbed him, too.

One could find such gangsters' molls in the history of any country at any age. Of the women who won fame as pirates, I like best sweet Maria, the boon companion and later the wife of the pirate Cobham. He improved on plank-walking, and put his captives in sacks, then threw them overboard. Maria stabbed to death the captive captain of a Liverpool brig. She had a captain and his two mates fastened to the windlass and used them for

Won't Behave BY RUPERT HUGHES

target practice till they were peppered to death. Her farewell to piracy was a graceful gesture. She poisoned an entire crew. Then her buddy bought a great estate on the French coast and lived fashionably. Once while she and her pal were out on their yacht they found a West India brig becalmed, and Maria helped in the slaughter of the whole crew. Cobham, like so many other pirates, retired in wealth and honor. Maria, for some unknown reason, later took poison and stepped off into eternity.

One could go on citing such stories forever, but these are enough to prove that the gangsters' moll is nothing new.

Some are shocked by the fewness of the clothes our modern women waste on their forms. But girls were ever impatient of clothes. They swam naked even in the Potomac near Mount Vernon. When they danced at parties there, they took off their corsets.

As for the hard drinking so commonplace today, that too is immortally old. Puritan girls were taught to brew, and nobody dreamed of drinking water. But let us come closer to our own times. Read this little diatribe that sounds like yesterday's complaint:

" The New York fashionable girls! If they haven't beaux and are not well versed in the art of coquetry at ten years of age, they are stupid; that is all. The way in which children of both sexes are dressed is a shame and a disgrace, as well as being fearfully detrimental to health. Bare arms, bare waists, bare legs, every whit as bad as the naked drama. Girls lose their modesty before they are conscious of having it. It is sad to see girls of fourteen and sixteen forming all sorts of alliances with boys and young men. The whole watering-place system of today is but a monstrous fabric of idleness, profligacy, and immorality. Women drink as well as the men."

That was published in 1869.

A friend writes me that, " the old standards of character and fair play, being on the level, self-respect, are worse today than ever they were in the squalid 20's."

I challenge that statement. In the first place, it is almost a novelty to ask for fair play from women. Literature and conversation have always denied that they ever even knew what it was. I don't know how true the charge was in ancient times, but I doubt the right of masters to demand fair play of slaves.

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

As for our times, I feel the women have recently acquired a sense of fair play they never had before. They get it from their activity in sports and in business competition. The woman of our day expects to earn her own living; she looks forward to it from her girlhood; she cannot endure to live a parasite on her parents, or to throw herself as a clinging vine on some sturdy oak.

Going out into the world and battling with men and women and conditions, she is wakened to interests that leave her little time or interest for the dull matters that used to thrill the sewing circle. She is still interested in her appearance, but no more than men are, and ought to be.

As for being " on the level," I think women are just arriving there. Being on the level is what gives them so much of that free speech that frightens the prudes. I think it is better than the old-fashioned nasty-niceness that made the very word " leg " obscene.

It is self-respect, carried at times to excess, that makes so many women prefer alliances with men they love to marriages with men they don't. They feel it decenter to give themselves than to sell themselves. Rather than sneak to their sins they go brazenly to them.

Sin is sin and I'm not defending it, but I do maintain that sin plus hypocrisy is two sins for one.

There's no denying that our women are not what they ought to be, but let us not forget that they never were as good as all that—or so near to it as they are today. Our standards in many fields have been raised so much higher than the standards of even the best people of the past that our criticisms and disappointments are much keener.

Modern inventions give criminals new wings. So we find the evil woman bringing evil up to date. But she is no worse than she was; she is simply working on a different stage with different equipment.

Against the gun molls let us place the women who use their freedom otherwise. We have women with wings who have dared the clouds. Some of them have perished in the seas, with majestic courage.

The sky of opportunity is open to women as well as to men. That fellow human being whom some slight chemical or electric accident has made female instead of male is no longer crushed under the immemorial savagery of a shut sky, a veil, and a barred window.

THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

Hail and Farewell

BY ROYDEN STEWART

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

"NO," he said to the butler, "Mrs. Clyne isn't expecting me. If you'll tell her it's Gregory Howell—"

She was standing near a window, half in profile, and the sunlight reflected from her hair the same leaping gold he remembered. Her left foot slightly forward, knee bent, the long curve of her thigh cleanly silhouetted. *She's superb,* he thought. *Superb!*

She turned. "Greg!" she said. "Of all the world!"

"Hello, Lisa." He tried to smile. "I didn't rot completely. They parole sooner on second-degree murder."

"Poor Greg." She was near him now, her hand extended.

He took it. Dropped it quickly, defensively. That shock of her touch, the swift hot tide it poured through him—it was one of the phantasms he had come here to exorcise, part of the romantic image his reason knew was false.

She said, "Greg, your hair! It's white!"

"The first six months. They call it the screaming willies. You scream, on and on. The other prisoners complain — like a hotel — and you're slapped into solitary. Young murderers get it—I was only twenty-four, you know—men who weren't born to kill. The trouble is—"

"Don't, Greg! Every one else is cruel to Lisa, but you never were. I can't *bear* it today!"

He sat down, made himself relax. She remained standing, tense, her greenish eyes oddly narrowed. He saw now tiny lines that creams couldn't conquer; a weariness, a hunted look. . . . But her mouth was still ripe, her throat creamy; the high arch of her breasts even more voluptuous. It was not easy to keep his voice sardonic.

"The trouble is, you keep seeing a face. Jerry Todd's, when you shot him. You know, he didn't deserve to die; he was just young and susceptible. But of course"—he managed the shrug very well—"you have to kill when your wife demands it, when she tells you the man is haunting her, threatening her. Being young yourself and full of what you think is honor, love—"

"If you've come here to torment me—"

"No. Sting your conscience? You've never had one, my dear—which must be wonderful." He leaned down to brush his fingers through the carpet's deep pile.

"You're doing rather well. Mrs. J. Parker Clyne! Number four, isn't he? Thorner put up with you six years—say, five affairs. Then Bankston; nice alimony there. And the others, the—auxiliaries—how many? Interesting, virile men. Oh, virile by all—"

He stopped abruptly, conscious that his words were not reaching her.

He stood up. "Well, Lisa, this is just hail and farewell. And I'm boring you."

"Oh—I'm sorry, Greg. It's—I'm terribly upset. I hope you'll be happy."

"Thanks. I have some small plans."

She was pulling a handkerchief through her hands. It struck him, shockingly, that the look in her eyes was something he had seen in the death house, when he had worked there as a trusty. The look of waiting for certain doom.

"Your husband, Lisa; he's—good to you?"

The handkerchief ripped. She cried hoarsely: "He's a devil! He's old and he doesn't understand! He's old and mean and suspicious." She began to weep stormily.

"Who is it this time?"

"I was only helping him with his lessons. He's just a nice kid, and he was studying engineering by correspondence. He didn't want to be a chauffeur always."

"So it's a servant now." Without willing it, he moved nearer her, wanting to touch her. *I loved her so. . . . No! That's over, twenty years over. It's my life now, and I'm going to live it.*

"And your husband was — unsympathetic?"

She stiffened. "The old fool! He had us watched. He made a trap!"

"But, after all, Lisa, another divorce, generous alimony—"

She crumpled suddenly, dropped limply into a chair. "There won't be any. He's got the evidence. He's putting me into the street. He says I—belong there."

And you're afraid even chauffeurs won't look at you then. He said, "You'll manage. You're only forty."

"I might as well be sixty. Or dead!" She reached quickly beneath the chair cushion. "I've been thinking about that." The automatic was black, deadly in her small hand. "I'll get up the courage. I'll kill myself!"

"No, Lisa!" He was on his knees beside her, gripping her arms. "Come with me—to the mountains! I understand you. We'll build a new life. Together, Lisa!"

Her laugh was harsh. "In a tourist camp? I'd rather die quickly!" She went rigid. "I hear his car now. He told me to be gone before he came back. What shall I *do?* Tomorrow he'll change his will, start divorce proceedings."

"Tomorrow? You're still his wife, his—heiress?"

"Yes, tonight, but—" The green eyes went wide, her breath came fast. "Greg! You mean—oh, I can't let you!" She did not resist when he took the gun.

Gregory Howell stood up slowly. *This, then, is my life sentence, and from it there is no parole: to be thrall to this woman. Now I know how the condemned feel.*

"It's the one solution," he said.

She rose then, her eyes the eyes of a basilisk. "Greg," she breathed, "I've always loved you. We'll say he attacked—"

The door opened, and a thin, stooped man came in. To him Gregory Howell spoke: "My sympathy, Clyne. You're the last of a distinguished line—Lisa's men. The very last." And steadying his arm against his body, he fired point-blank at the woman.

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

Do Classics Make the Best Pictures?

Here's an item of evidence—Hollywood adds to its score of successes out of the past with a famous saga of boyhood heroics and heartbreak

By RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

THE PLAYERS: Tommy Kelly, Jackie Moran, Ann Gillis, May Robson, Walter Brennan, Victor Jory, David Holt, Victor Kilian, Nana Bryant, Olin Howland, Donald Meek, Charles Richman, Margaret Hamilton, Marcia Mae Jones, Mickey Rentschler, Cora Sue Collins, Phillip Hurlic. Screen play by John V. A. Weaver from the novel by Mark Twain. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Selznick-International. Running time, 90 minutes.

PRODUCER DAVID O. SELZNICK must possess a private enchantment, for by some magic all films coming out of his studio, though made frankly to entertain, have in the final analysis a universal quality and a true significance.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer has been filmed several times before, but in this newest version, rainbowed by technicolor and carried to the heights by the newly discovered Tommy Kelly, it becomes the portrait of all the small normal American boys who have ever lived.

The story, though episodic, is gloriously faithful to the Mark Twain original. You see Tom, fondly cuffed around at home by Aunt Polly; suffering the first blast of puppy love; winning, by strategy, the prize Bible; being noble for his young love's sake; becoming a one-night pirate; finally getting lost and being very brave in the cave. It will recapture for you all the comic heroics and bewildering heartbreak of your childhood.

Tommy Kelly is a delight as Tom Sawyer. Ann Gillis nicely complements him as Becky Thatcher, while Walter Brennan is a poignantly accurate Muff, every town's typical drunk.

VITAL STATISTICS: Search for a brand-new, perfect Tom Sawyer took 9 months. About 25,000 boys in every walk of life all over the country were interviewed by the talent scouts; 200 got screen tests. Choice finally fell on one Tommy Kelly, son of an out-of-work church sexton. Tommy's 12, he's one of 7, was in 6-B grade, St. Raymond's Parochial School in the Bronx, when tapped for the Gold-and-Tinsel, his mind mostly on becoming a big-league ballplayer—with the Gi'nts of course He's 4 feet 10, weighs all of 95, is a natural athlete, has never had any previous acting experience. . . . Huck Finn's played by Jackie Moran, Chicago church choir singer, son of Margaret Yutz, ex-concert singer, and Will Moran, Chicago politician. Jackie has posed for ads, played in stock company, and came to California under Mary Pickford urging. He's 13, 5 feet 3, weighs 100, was the Chicago Cubs' mascot in 1935. . . . Phillip (Dingy) Hurlic, who plays Little Jim, is 9, has been an Our Gangster 5 years. . . . Mickey Rentschler, 14, is Joe Harper, crashed pix via radio birdcalls. . . . Red-haired, green-eyed Ann Gillis wants to star before she's 16 and for 50 years thereafter, as does Cora Sue Collins. . . . Charming old St. Petersburg, the Hannibal, Missouri, of Mark Twain's youth, was put up on the back lot of the Culver City studio. The lazy old Father of Waters flows through a leveeless studio tank.

★ ★ ★ THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Annabella, Helen Westley, Henry Stephenson, Joseph Schildkraut, Nigel Bruce, J. Edward Bromberg, Lynn Bari, Maurice Cass, Ivan Simpson, Alphonse Ethier, Claire DuBrey, Wilfred Lucas, Sidney Bracy, Frank Baker, Eleanor Wesselhoeft, George Davis, Margaret Irving. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti, and Kathryn Scola, based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete. Directed by Walter Lang. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 80 minutes.

IN old Budapest William Powell is the last of a long line of butlers in the distinguished Sandor family, for generations the Prime Ministers of Hungary. Debonair William, though bound by tradition, develops a yen for equality and an urge toward politics, gets himself elected representative from his district in opposition to the Count Sandor, his master. The Count, being a political war horse as well as a delightful human being, understands, but not so the Baroness, his daughter, with whom our butler is secretly and most honorably in love.

You know how it is when love starts happening. It climbs right over class barriers and, in this case, even over the Baroness' unscrupulous husband, like so much ivy, with the plot all tangled up in it.

William Powell's charm helps to counterbalance the chilling debut of Annabella, unwisely imported to play the Baroness, and brings the film into the very pleasant, most unimportant class.

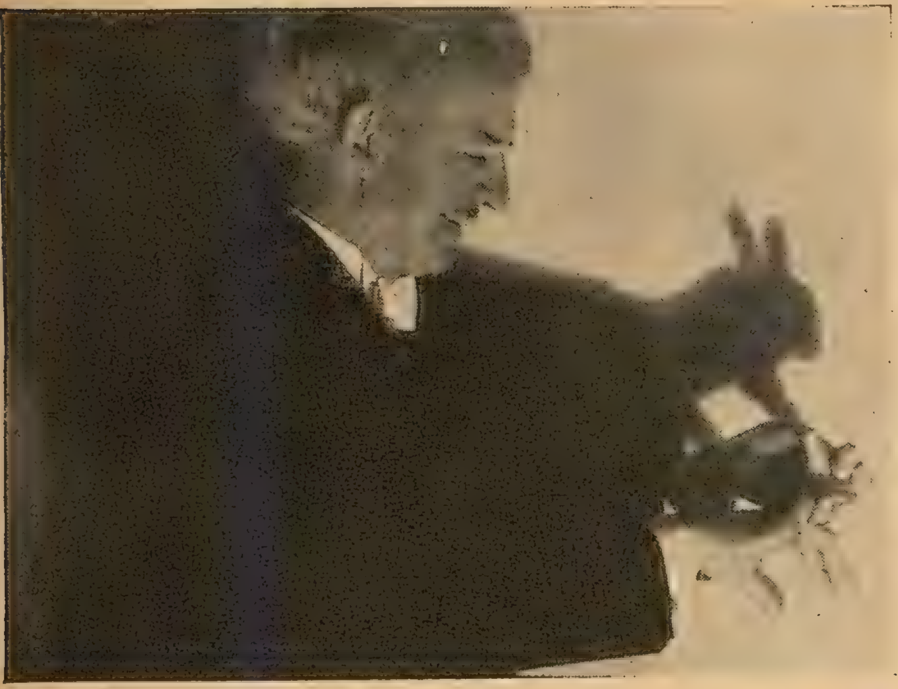
VITAL STATISTICS: Boyishly beautiful, not breath-takingly so, Annabella (Anne Charpentier) is Hollywood's latest French importation. Arrived at same studio which has Simone Simon, without fuss, feathers, or finagling, Anne went right to work on a waiting script, finished it without typical French outbursts or ooh-la-laing. Paris-born, Annabella came to Hollywood a few years ago to make a French version of Cavalcade. Picked up enough English to set her up in England making English pix, and maybe you saw her in Under the Red Robe and Wings of the Morning. . . . Characteristically William Powell donned false whiskers, talked French double talk, acted a very polite butler when Annabella first came on set. She fell for the rib until Powell kissed her hand. Powell claims he once traveled 10,000 miles to learn how buttling is really done on the Continent, was disillusioned to find it much better done in Hollywood. . . . Nigel Bruce, scion of an old, old English fambly, was born in San Diego, Cal., while Sir Wm. and Lady Bruce were touring.

★ ★ ★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK

THE PLAYERS: Gladys Swarthout, John Boles, John Barrymore, Claire Dodd, Eddie Con-

A pact, pain cure from Aunt Polly, and puppy love—some memorable moments from the technicolored version of the much-loved Mark Twain story, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

HOW A SIMPLE TRICK MAKES SHAVING EASY



● "Making whiskers disappear like magic is one of the easiest tricks on earth," says Blackstone, master magician who amazes crowds nightly with his feats of wizardry. "Just slip a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor and—presto—you've got the closest, longest-lasting shave money can buy. Nobody can fool me on blades or shaving methods. I've tried them all. That's why I say, the cheek is quicker than the eye. Shave the Gillette way and your face *feels* the difference. What's more, it *shows* the difference—looks cleaner and smoother—for hours to come!"

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REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

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● Prepare your beard for perfect shaves with Gillette's revolutionary new Brushless Shaving Cream. Made with peanut oil it softens tough whiskers, speeds shaving, soothes the skin. You'll like it! Big tube 25¢.

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MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

rad, Curt Bois, Fritz Feld, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Janet Elsie Clark, Lois Verner, Torben Meyer, Alexander Schoemberg, Beth Hartman, Sheila Darcy, Elizabeth Hocker, Ann Morgan, Fortunio Bona-Nava. Screen play by Frank Partos and Anne Morrison Chapin from a play by Hermann Bahr. Directed by H. C. Potter. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 75 minutes.

THAT story's here again, the one about the man who pushes his too persistent girl friend into his best friend's arms in order to get rid of her and then finds out, when it is almost too late but not quite, that she is the only girl he has ever really loved.

This little number is done so delightfully and acted so deftly this time that we believe you will enjoy its return.

It starts with Gladys Swarthout singing at her school graduation exercises, with John Boles, an opera star, and John Barrymore, his predatory manager, happening to drop in to hand out the prizes. When Boles pins a medal on the Swarthout breast, she is sure she is his big moment. He prefers Claire Dodd and tosses Gladys to Barrymore. Piqued, Gladys becomes a very great opera star herself, and everything finally works out as satisfyingly as cooled champagne on a hot throat.

VITAL STATISTICS: Young, slim, modish, streamlined, and beautiful, Gladys Swarthout is of Deepwater, Mo. Likes the movies better'n the opera, because they're more democratic. She is building a new $60,000 Hollywood house, with three records of her voice embedded in a strongbox in the cornerstone. . . . John (Caliban) Barrymore's bought a new twin-Diesel 65-ft., 13-crewed, all-paid-for yot; will cruise Elaine to the Galapagos next summer. Sold the Infanta II a few months ago for a pittance of a song. . . . John Boles used to be something of a pitcher, gets the urge each spring to try out for the big leagues. He's married to Marcelite Dobbs, a nonpro; they have two dotters.

★ ★ A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, Willard Parker, Edward Brophy, Eric Stanley, Bobby Jordan, Margaret Hamilton, Jean Benedict, Betty Compson, George Lloyd, Duke York, Pat Daly, Jane Bryan, Ruth Donnelly, John Litel, Harold Huber, Paul Harvey, Joe Downing, George E. Stone, Bert Hanlon, Harry Seymour, Joe Gaites, John Harmon, Harry Tenbrook. Screen play by Earl Baldwin and Joseph Schrank. From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay. Music and lyrics by M. K. Jerome and Jack Scholl. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 85 minutes.

IF you think murder is fun, you will split your sides at this. For there are four dead gangsters discovered in his Saratoga residence by an ex-beer baron one evening. He has his boys deposit them on near-by lawns as his good-neighbor deed for the night. The boys bring them all back in again when they discover there's a ten-thousand-dollar reward for each stiff. Then comes the necessity of concealing them from the tony party the boss is throwing in the parlor. Mixed up in this is a young-love plot, as pallid as chalk, and about as exciting.

Edward G. Robinson renders his standard performance, Allen Jenkins is funny as one of Robinson's henchmen and individual lines are guffaw-provocating. But to us murder and crime are not our goal in farce.

VITAL STATISTICS: Eddie Robinson would like to play Shakespeare, O'Neill, Shaw, O'Casey, Strindberg, and Toller on the screen, but audiences don't like him unless he's being a gangster big shot. . . . Allen Jenkins is a New York East Side product; used to cruise the East River in leaky old tubs. It gave him a longing for the sea which he satisfied as a shipbuilder during the war.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 42

1—Eva Tanguay.
2—Jim Braddock, Max Baer, Primo Carnera, Jack Sharkey, and Max Schmeling.
3—Daniel Webster.
4—Yes—in sunstroke the chances of recovery are good provided the temperature does not exceed 111.2° F.
5—The red Indians—which are not red and never lived in India.
6—The District of Columbia, with 7,852.7 persons to the square mile.
7—Calvin Coolidge, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
8—In Oklahoma.
9—Pitman, Newton, and Walton.
10—Between shells; a crab does not grow when "hard-shelled," but increases in size after shedding its shell, growing rapidly before covering itself with a new shell. When crabs are popularly called "soft-shelled," they are actually without shells.
11—Needles.
12—No, but fresh, activated charcoal will *absorb* odorous gases that may be present in refrigerators.
13—One attack generally protects the patient from a second attack.
14—They don't; the old English word "cob" means spider.
15—A youth of twenty-one could enter West Point but not Annapolis. Entrance ages at West Point are eighteen to twenty-two; at Annapolis, sixteen to twenty.
16—Sir William Osler.
17—Kicking Horse River, in the Canadian Rockies, eventually empties its waters into both oceans.
18—By Leonardo da Vinci.
19—Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
20—

Jack Berry

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME-THE CASE — THE CHALLENGE

ALAN HUGHES

"John" was kind enough to respond to every request made by Condon.

The puzzle of Jafsie and "John"—Was Hauptmann the answer to all of it?

by Former Governor HAROLD G. HOFFMAN of New Jersey

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MR. HOFFMAN last week brought out some still mystifying features of the composite story of the discovery of the kidnaping, as told by the Lindberghs and their servants to the first officers to reach the scene, and by these officers in their reports. He posed this question: Why should a kidnaper have chosen the hour between eight and nine, with the house full of lights and moving people, when by waiting a little while he would have had the whole dark silent night? As the former Governor pointed out, the ladder was supposed to have been put up directly in the light from a window of the library, occupied at the time by Colonel Lindbergh.

As to Jafsie Condon's entrance into the case, Mr. Hoffman quoted a statement given to Lieutenant Keaton by Robert H. Thayer. It was Mr. Thayer, never a witness, with whom Jafsie talked when he made his first phone call to the Lindbergh home.

PART NINE—THE STATE'S STAR WITNESS

"WHO IS 'JOHN'?"

There was tenseness in the crowded little courtroom as Attorney General Wilentz asked this question. Fully aware of the fact that the eyes and the ears of the world were trained upon him, Doctor John F. Condon, heavy tragedian of the piece, made his sonorous reply.

"JOHN," he said, "IS BRUNO RICHARD HAUPTMANN!"

Much had happened since the night of March 10, when the elderly Jafsie

LOSE BAD BREATH -
keep your friends

In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

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TRUTH OR PROPAGANDA ABOUT OUR COUNTRY?

A country writer has won the praise of famous men throughout the nation with his common sense book about good times and bad. Read it to find out where you and this country stand today despite propaganda from big business cliques, politicians and radicals. This clear and simply written book *is not* a cure-all but is a balanced analysis of the good and bad in matters like Roosevelt's New Deal, The Townsend Plan, Social Security, Socialism, Government Debt, Taxation, Banks, Tariffs, Redistribution of Wealth, Inheritance Tax and the dogmas of Major Douglas, Father Coughlin and Huey Long. See what you can do to help prevent depressions for they *have* and *will* become *more severe and more frequent!* See how abundance for all will eliminate bad times and relieve worry about the future as found in England, and how England's rapid recovery from depression was brought about. Read it to understand where each piece of our jig-saw economic life fits together. Everyone who pays bills should read, "Natural Law in the Economic World," by William Wilcox Green. Postpaid, $1.50; special price of $1.00 when order is accompanied by this advertisement.

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had gone to the Lindbergh home with the fourth letter in the series claimed to have been sent by the kidnapers (pardon—now *kidnaper*).

The Lindbergh case had become the Hauptmann case. It-couldn't-have-been-done-by-one-man theories had changed suddenly, but not imperceptibly, to an it-could-only-have-been-done-by-one-man theory. Doctor Condon was the state's trump card, played with fear and trembling by a vulnerable prosecution, but he took the trick. Inwardly suspected and doubted by police officials, as I will subsequently show, he had been laboriously built up, apologized for, surmounted with a halo of patriotism and zeal for the public welfare, and then timidly trotted out to take his place as the number one man of the prosecution. It took a lot of coaching and patient leading, it is true; but the Hunterdon County Jury, overawed, as Richard Knight says, "by the implacable presence of the world's great hero on vengeance bent," believed—as it believed the testimony of Hochmuth, Hildegarde Alexander, and Cecile Barr—the testimony of Doctor John F. Jafsie Condon.

IT becomes necessary to record briefly the important happenings between the Bronx of March, 1932, and the Flemington of 1935.

In so doing I am obliged to draw heavily upon the recordings of Mr. Sidney Whipple, who seems to have been accepted as the official chronicler of the prosecution. Fairness demands that I record the doings of the aged Doctor Condon as they were presented by the state; justice demands that I also give the *facts* as they are set down upon official records that have heretofore been kept from the public.

"At the moment when the kidnaper was thus stealthily approaching the Lindberghs to bring his plot to the desired conclusion," writes Mr. Whipple, "events were occurring in the Bronx which were eventually to provide the case with one of its most *fantastic* [italics mine] and sensational phases. A certain John F. Condon, holder of an honorary doctor's degree, educator, lecturer, and patriot, entered the case."

Doctor Condon had made an offer of $1,000, which he said represented "all of his life's savings," for the return of the Lindbergh baby. He had made the statement through the medium of the Bronx Home News, adding that "no testimony of mine, or information coming from me, will be used" against the kidnapers. "I will," he said, "never utter their names to any one." The search for the child was world-wide; it had been narrowed down to no locality; yet the hook and bait of Doctor Condon dropped right into the mouth of the waiting fish.

On the night of March 9 (Thayer said it was March 10) Doctor Condon, tremendously agitated, entered Max Rosenhain's restaurant on Grand Concourse, called the proprietor aside, and thrust into his hands a letter written "in the same misshapen characters of the original nursery ransom note." It requested the Doctor to act as go-between and to "handel inclosed letter personally to Mr. Lindbergh." Hopewell was called. (Doctor Condon said that at first he talked to some one other than Colonel Lindbergh, and then to the Colonel himself. The Colonel, on the stand, said he did not talk to the Doctor, and indicated that he did not know who took the message. I have shown from the official records that it was Robert H. Thayer.) Whipple says, "The Colonel, after a moment's hesitation, directed that the sealed letter be opened." The letter was read, and the intersecting circles in red and blue, with the three marginal holes, were described.

Condon was asked to get a car and drive to Hopewell. He did so, with Max Rosenhain and Milton Gaglio. Thayer states that Doctor Condon, after remaining upstairs with Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge about an hour, "came downstairs and sent the two men home and he spent the night in the nursery."

The next day the good Doctor returned to his home. Regarding the letter he said: "I felt rather pleased to think that I was honored." That night he received a telephone call from a man who called himself "John," telling him that he would receive another message at his home on March 12. At eight thirty on the evening of that date, as Condon waited, surrounded by Colonel Breckinridge, Al Reich, Max Rosenhain, and Milton Gaglio, a taxicab driver—Joseph Perrone—rang the doorbell and delivered a written communication directing him to go to a deserted "frankfurther stand" near the end of the Jerome Avenue subway line. With his friend Al Reich, the Doctor drove to the stand, where he found another note beneath a rock, containing instructions to meet the negotiator near the gates of Woodlawn Cemetery.

THERE, after "John" had jumped a nine-foot fence and tried to run away (but had been overtaken, of course, by seventy-two-year-old Jafsie), the Doctor and the kidnaper had their now historic talk of over an hour. Condon displayed two safety pins that he had taken from the crib occupied by the Lindbergh child on the night of the kidnaping. The kidnaper quickly identified these pins, and in the course of the talk asked the Doctor the question, "Would I burn if the child is dead?"

In line with the promise made by "John," three nights later a package arrived at Jafsie's home containing a child's sleeping suit. It was quickly identified. Mr. Whipple says, "The indisputable proof lay in the fact that nurse Betty Gow had sewn to its sleeves the little metal guards designed to prevent him from sucking his thumbs. *The threads were still hanging.*" (There were no such things as hanging threads. The thumb guards were tied on with tape, according to Betty Gow's own testimony. The examination of the sleeping garment by the Squibb Laboratory disclosed no threads hanging from the sleeves.)

There were further negotiations conducted through newspaper advertisements, and on April 2 the ransom was paid. In line with instructions, a box had been made, and the $50,000, with the serial numbers taken, had been packed inside. This was the amount originally demanded by the kidnapers, who had later raised the figure to $70,000; but Doctor Condon was so sure that he could get them to come down to the original amount that the extra $20,000, which would not fit in the box, was taken in a separate package.

Underneath a table at the Bergen greenhouses on Tremont Avenue the Doctor found his note of instructions, and, leaving Colonel Lindbergh in the car, he went to St. Raymond's Cemetery as directed, met "John," succeeded in getting him to reduce the amount to $50,000, returned to the car, got the money from Colonel Lindbergh, passed it over the hedge to "John," took a note in return, and went back to Colonel Lindbergh.

The note, as is so well known, contained the information that the baby was on the "boad Nelly" between Horseneck Beach and Gay Head near Elizabeth Island. There was a pathetic, futile search of two days before it dawned upon the Colonel and the Doctor that they had been tricked—that the "boad Nelly" was fiction.

In the days that followed John Hughes Curtis came into the picture; there was another futile search, and finally the "confession" that this was a hoax.

ON May 12 the news went to a horrified world that the decomposed remains of a baby, identified as the Lindbergh child, had been found by chance only about four and one half miles from the Hopewell home.

Now the search was on for the kidnapers and murderers. Clues were followed into all sections of the country; thousands of "tips" were received and checked. On June 10 Violet Sharpe, who had been trapped in several false stories concerning her movements on the night of the kidnaping, took poison and killed herself as she was about to be questioned again by the police at the Englewood home of the Morrows.

Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, on the same day, issued a bulletin stating that Violet Sharpe had been under "constant suspicion," that she had given "conflicting statements," that she had been "in a highly nervous condition," and, finally, that "the suicide of Violet Sharpe strongly tends to confirm the suspicion of the investigating authorities concerning her guilty knowledge of the crime against Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr."

The search continued, but the fervor of the investigators seemed to wane. Colonel Lindbergh offered a reward of two dollars for the detection of any ransom bill. The New York Police Department offered five. Now and then a bill made its appearance, but attempts to check back to the kidnapers appeared futile.

Then the world was electrified to learn that on September 19, 1934—two and a half years after the Lindbergh crime—a German carpenter, Bruno Richard Hauptmann of the Bronx, having passed one of the ransom bills, had been arrested by the police with another bill in his possession. His home had been searched and $14,600 more of the Lindbergh ransom currency had been found hidden in his garage.

Under circumstances familiar to every reader, Hauptmann was indicted for extortion in the Bronx. After Millard Whited, the Hunterdon County woodsman, identified him as a suspicious stranger he had seen twice in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home prior to the crime, Hauptmann was taken to New Jersey and placed on trial for murder in the little Flemington Courthouse.

It was there that the great Jafsie came into his own. It was there that he supplied the testimony that sent Hauptmann to the chair.

The story of Condon's participation in the Lindbergh case, as he told it in Liberty in Jafsie Tells All, and as he told it on the witness stand in Hunterdon County, forms one of the most amazing, one of the most puzzling chapters in the history of American criminal prosecution.

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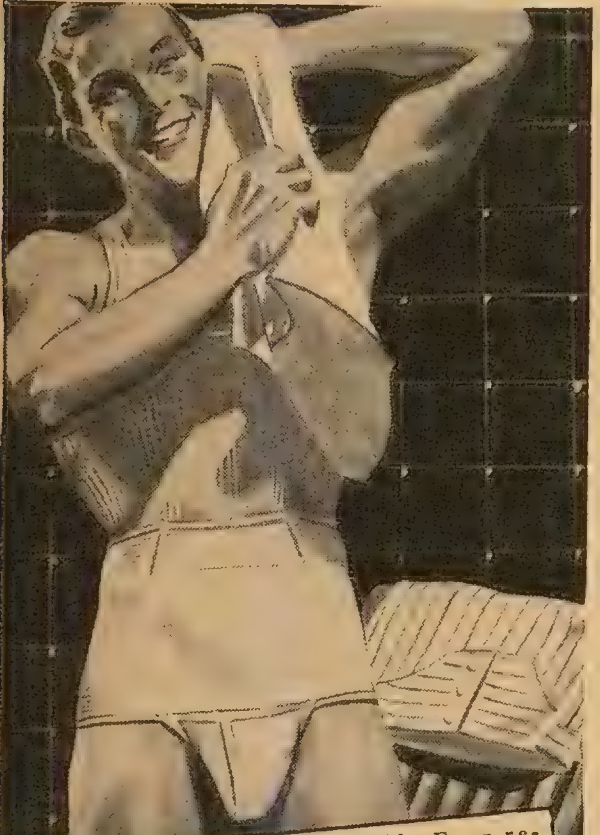

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I am enclosing check or money order for ______
Please send me ______ Bracers
My waist measurement is ______
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My dealer's name
and address is ______

"Jafsie Tells All." A sequel to that tale might be called "Did He?" I am not drawing upon my imagination, but upon statements made by Doctor Condon himself to the police authorities, and upon the official records in the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case. I ask my readers to remember, too, that there are records in this case that were never made available to me by some of the police agencies. There are records that never will be made available to the public. But from the meager records available I desire to present a picture, as I see it, of the confusing, confused "ace" witness of the State of New Jersey against Hauptmann.

THE first question that may be asked is, *Why did Doctor Condon enter the Lindbergh case?* We shall let him answer it. To District Attorney Breslin of the Bronx, on May 14, 1932, he gave the reasons: "I heard many people, most of whom had decided foreign accents, stating that such an outrage could not occur in any other country of the world . . . my American spirit was aroused . . . the distress of the Lindbergh family." To the Bronx Grand Jury on May 20 he gave practically the same reason: "talk in various restaurants." In Jafsie Tells All the reason was derogatory talk on the night of the crime in Bickford's Restaurant, where he threatened to fight some men who were "reviling" the United States and the Department of Justice. On the witness stand in Flemington, Doctor Condon said that he inserted the ad in the Bronx Home News because the other papers "all led toward one poor miserable fellow that I thought was innocent. His name was Arthur Johnson."

In his Liberty articles Doctor Condon said that he selected the Bronx Home News for his advertisement because the Bronx was an easy exit from Hopewell; to Inspector Harry Walsh of the Jersey City Police he said that he "didn't think to use large dailies."

The Doctor was asked the question, after he had already admitted that he did not even know "Red" Johnson, "Did you learn that he [Red] phoned Betty Gow at half past eight the night of the kidnaping?" "I knew that," snapped back the witness, "*on the night of the kidnaping.*" Later, Jafsie tried to correct this blunder; blamed his misunderstanding of the question on Reilly's "English."

The matter of opening the sealed letter addressed to Colonel Lindbergh has brought forth many contradictory statements. Thayer, as I have pointed out, said that Doctor Condon told him that his letter bore the "sign of the Mafia" *before* the Doctor was asked to open the sealed letter. In his Liberty articles Condon says he first saw the symbol when Lindbergh told him to open the sealed letter. In his testimony (page 714) he says he told Lindbergh he had a letter with the symbol upon it. He later testified that he showed the symbol (page 725) to Gaglio and Max Rosenhain *before* he made the telephone call to Hopewell.

Under oath, questioned by Reilly, he said (page 721) that he did not phone to Colonel Lindbergh until he saw the symbol. Then he testified (page 724) that the letter addressed to the Colonel was still sealed when he delivered it at Hopewell. The following day, at Flemington, under patient redirect questioning by Wilentz, Condon retracted both of these latter statements, making it clear to the jury then that the letter received by him bore no symbol and that he did not see the symbol until, at Rosenhain's, he had been directed by the voice at Hopewell to open the letter addressed to Lindbergh; and that, therefore, the letter had been opened when he handed it to the Colonel.

To Inspector Walsh and Lieutenant Keaton, on May 13, 1932, Condon gave a signed statement that he had received at his home "two telephone calls [from the kidnapers] . . . and in both places there were a number of people talking; they were directing John in the same room." He told the same thing to Detective Leon, to Lieutenant James J. Finn (as reported in Finn's Liberty articles), to Department of Justice investigators, to the Bronx Grand Jury. In most of these statements he recalled that he distinctly heard one voice say, "*Statti citto!*" the equivalent of "Shut up!"

Special Agent J. E. Seykora, on March 8, 1934, reports that Condon said that at about 3 P. M., March 12, 1932, he received a telephone call from an unknown man who stated that he was calling from Westchester Square. The report says: "Doctor Condon stated that this man spoke with an Italian accent and stated that Doctor Condon was selected as a go-between and instructed him to remain home that evening."

HAUPTMANN, you will recall, was being tried as a "lone wolf" at Flemington. Nothing is mentioned by Condon, anywhere in his testimony, about hearing other voices—about "*Statti citto!*" To those who may feel that the defense should have brought out this fact it must be pointed out that these statements of Condon were not given to the jury and the public until long after the trial, and the defense could have had no knowledge of them.

Nor was it brought out that Doctor Condon, on July 25, 1934, had furnished the Department of Justice with a pencil sketch of the "kidnaper's left hand," *showing a fleshy development at the base of the thumb.* On this sketch, as reported by Special Agent Sisk, "Doctor Condon had placed an arrow pointing at the fingertips and had made the following notation . . . apparently concerning the fingertips . . . 'just as disease, such as pulmonary inroad, would cause.'" Hauptmann had a normal mechanic's hand.

Nor was anything said about the suspected "lookout" observed by Doctor Condon and Al Reich walking south on Jerome Avenue the night of

Condon's Woodlawn Cemetery conference with "John." "Doctor Condon describes this man," says Agent Seykora, "as apparently being a Calabrese Italian, short and swarthy, wearing a cap."

In Liberty, in the official records of District Attorney Breslin, Lieutenant Keaton, and Detective Leon, and in the trial testimony, Condon said he inserted the "Money is ready" ad in the New York American. To Inspector Harry Walsh, on June 2, 1932, he denied it.

On the stand Doctor Condon testified that he saw "John" inside the Woodlawn Cemetery gates, waving a handkerchief. He approached him within about three feet, and John asked, "Did you got it the money?" In about a "minute or so" there was a rustle in the leaves, according to Condon, and "John," saying, "There is a cop," climbed up the vertical bars of a nine-foot fence and ran away. To the Bronx Grand Jury, on May 20, 1932, Condon said, "We had been talking there for *maybe twenty-five minutes* when an officer appeared in back of him, the officer being a cemetery guard in uniform. . . ." In Liberty the good Doctor writes that he talked with "John" three minutes before the guard came.

IN Jafsie Tells All, Condon reports "John" as saying the people "down South" had nothing to do with the kidnaping. *On May 14, 1932,* Condon told Assistant District Attorney Breslin that "John" "said, 'I will go back and tell them what you say.' He told me that the baby *is not in Norfolk,* Virginia, nor in the North." Detective Sam Leon of the New Jersey State Police reports Condon as saying, "'John' told me to tell Colonel Lindbergh not to pay any attention to the other gang, meaning Curtis, as they were not the right parties." Remember, please, as you read this amazing information, that Condon's alleged conference with "John" was held on *March 12, 1932,* and it was *not until March 19* that Curtis first made his appearance in the case, or that the Norfolk angle was mentioned.

On May 18, 1932, a conference was held by Colonel Schwarzkopf, Major Schoeffel, and Lieutenant Keaton of the State Police with Mr. Nathan and other representatives of the Department of Justice and the Treasury Department, Assistant Attorney General Lanigan, the prosecutors of Mercer and Hunterdon Counties, and Inspector Walsh of Jersey City. This is from the record:

"Mr. Nathan: Are you convinced that Condon is on the level?

"Inspector Walsh: No."

Walsh went on to inform the government officials that discrepancies in statements given by the Doctor were being investigated.

One of the statements made by Colonel Schwarzkopf at that conference is very interesting. He said that at St. Raymond's Cemetery, after Condon passed over the box containing

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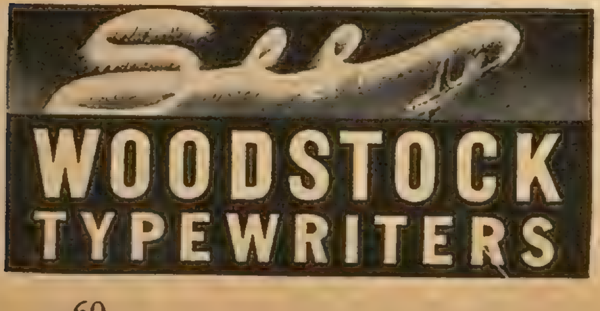

the money, "John" shook hands with the Doctor and said, "Your work has been *perfet* in this arrangements." The Doctor then said that John must tell him where they could get the baby. At that time, according to Schwarzkopf, "John said, 'I will have to talk to my partners,' and *he went off to two men standing in the background* some distance off. . . ."

Department of Justice officials conferred at Englewood with Colonel Lindbergh over a year after the crime, and in his report of this conference, United States Agent Hugh Larimer says: "Colonel Lindbergh made the remark that were Doctor Condon a younger man he would be immediately suspicious of him, but that in spite of Condon's age there were several little things which raised doubt as to Condon's sincerity." Among the "several little things" cited were the prompt reply to Condon's advertisement in the Bronx Home News, Condon's recital of the way he—a 72-year-old man—overtook "John" at Woodlawn Cemetery when he jumped the fence and ran, and the fantastic story about Condon and "John" covering each other with revolvers during the conference on the bench. The report continues: "The Colonel was suspicious of Al Reich, who claimed that he had observed John jump the fence and run. . . . Lindbergh was not impressed with the arrangement whereby Condon and Al Reich were to make the contact and deliver the money."

INSPECTOR HARRY WALSH, now Police Chief of Jersey City, wrote in the Jersey Journal, November 22, 1932, that "ordinary police methods were not followed in the Lindbergh case. Neither Violet Sharpe, nor Jafsie, nor any one else connected with the case—except Curtis and Henry Johnson—was arrested and held pending investigation." Walsh in his article says that Doctor Condon should have been booked as a material witness, and that the arrest of the kidnapers should have been accomplished at St. Raymond's Cemetery when Jafsie paid the ransom.

On September 21, 1934, the day after he had been assigned to watch Doctor Condon and "not permit him to talk to strangers," L. C. Turrou, special agent of the Department of Justice, wrote, in a report:

"Dr. Condon impressed the Agent that he has no desire, for some reason, to identify Hauptmann. . . . Several times he asked me that he be permitted to talk to Hauptmann privately for half an hour, following which he would render a definite opinion as to whether Hauptmann is the man known to him as John. . . . He remarked on one occasion that *Hauptmann is not the man* because he appears to be *much heavier*, has *different eyes, different hair, etc.* . . .

"Shortly before he was taken to the District Attorney of Bronx County he intimated to the writer that he was not going to identify Hauptmann and *would tell the true story later on.*"

There is before me a copy of a report by Special Agent J. J. Manning, dated September 29, 1933, entitled "Dr. John F. Condon, 2974 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York, *apparently untruthful* in his statements concerning identity of persons alleged by him to have made box in which was contained the ransom. . . ."

Condon, according to the report, said that the box had been made by an old friend whose name he could not recall. Later he pointed out a vacant store to Agent Manning and said, "The man who made the box used to have his business in there." He then recalled the name of the man as "old man Peretty." Subsequent investigation showed that the store had been formerly occupied by a cabinetmaker named Frank Peremi, Jr. Peremi denied that either he or his father, who had died in 1931, made the box. He did state, however, that Doctor Condon and Al Reich, approximately ten days prior to the payment of the ransom money, had brought in the plans and inquired as to the price for making such a box. Informed that it would be three dollars and fifty cents, Condon remarked that it was too much money for such a job.

Later, Department of Justice investigation revealed that a cabinetmaker named A. Samuelsohn had made the box. Doctor Condon was taken by Agents O'Leary and Seery to Samuelsohn's shop at 3037 Webster Avenue. Samuelsohn immediately recognized Jafsie and said, "I remember you. I did a little job for you a couple of years ago." He then produced records showing that on March 25, 1932, he had made the box for Condon. Samuelson charged $3.

At Flemington, on the stand, Doctor Condon, when asked who made the box, answered, "I couldn't tell you."

Now let's take up the matter of identification. It would take pages to give all of the descriptions of "John" given by the good Doctor to various police officials. As to *some* characteristics there is at least a degree of consistency. The age of the man estimated by Jafsie ranges from thirty to thirty-five, and he invariably mentions that "John" had a "pointed chin," although he also claimed, continually, that the mysterious man kept his coat collar turned up over his face. Whenever a police official or juror was smart enough to ask the Doctor how he could see the chin and other facial characteristics so well, Jafsie would say that he asked "John" "not to be afraid" to turn the coat down, "which he did."

Good-natured criminal, this "John." Sitting there with Doctor Condon at a time when he knew the baby was dead and that he could be arrested any moment for kidnap and murder, he was kind enough to respond to every request made by Condon that would enable the latter to help bring about his arrest and conviction. He obligingly turned down his collar; he let the Doctor feel his muscles so he could judge his weight. He let Condon shake his hand upon several occasions so that the go-between (had Condon, Lindbergh, or the police officials been smart enough—and they apparently weren't) might have gotten his fingerprints.

And " John," the baby kidnaper and murderer, was a kindhearted person, too! When, at St. Raymond's Cemetery, Doctor Condon told " John " that " these are times of depression . . . Colonel Lindbergh is not so rich . . . why don't you be decent to him . . . he can't raise the extra money," the murderer immediately replied (as quoted by Condon in Jafsie Tells All), " Since it is so hard it will be all right, I guess. I suppose if we can't get seventy, we take fifty."

NO MORE MACHINE GUNS

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

One of the ways to lessen crime in the United States is to take the machine guns out of the hands of criminals. Various laws have been passed, but none of them is rigid enough.

The late Louis McHenry Howe, confidant of President Roosevelt and executive director of the National Crime Commission, once said to me: " There is not a police chief in the country who has not urged that the manufacture and sale of machine guns be entirely prohibited by law. . . . A man who buys a machine gun buys it for the purpose of murder and nothing else. . . . The country would save many millions of dollars if the government would close all such factories and pay whatever just damages were determined by the courts. At one time the Crime Commission was in negotiation with the army with the idea of securing by co-operation national legislation restricting manufacture and possession of machine guns to the army and providing heavy penalties of ten to twenty years for the private possession of this terrible weapon. The army could loan, under strict inspection and constant regulation, machine guns to banks and armored-car companies. But the same fatal indifference which has overtaken every other serious effort blighted this promising start toward getting action."

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Kindhearted—oh, yes—a very sentimental fellow, this " John " who had brutally murdered a baby and thrown its little body in the woods. Before the Bronx Grand Jury, on May 20, 1932, Doctor Condon testified as follows: " I said, . . . 'What is your name?' He said, 'Call me John.' 'Well, John, did you ever think of your own mother?' 'Yes,' and a *tear came into his eye*, which I saw on that night on the northerly side of the large gate of the cemetery." " John's " heart must have been almost breaking. And what vision the venerable Doctor had on that dark night when he even spied that telltale tear!

He was rather consistent about the weight of the man. His estimates ran from 150 pounds to 165 pounds. Hauptmann's weight in 1932 was 175 pounds, as shown upon his application for an automobile driver's license, issued before the crime. His weight in 1934 was 180 pounds. Hauptmann lost thirty pounds between his arrest and the time he went on the witness stand—which fitted in very nicely with the estimate given by Doctor Condon at that time.

Then too, although the Doctor continually said that " John " wore a hat which he kept pulled down over his face, he referred always to the forehead as being " high " or " prominent." Probably John also took off his hat to accommodate the Doctor, for he was able to describe the hair very nicely. It was " dirty blond " or " medium light."

The eyes (to Walsh and Avon) were " blue-gray "; (to Keaton and Moffat) they were " almond-shaped and quite a distance from the nose . . . never opened wide . . . rather *semi-closed* . . . not big eyes"; (to Breslin) they were " wide, almond eyes "; (to the Bronx Grand Jury) they were " separated a little from the nose such as Chinese or Japanese "; in Liberty they were " deep-set."

DOCTOR CONDON appears to have remembered more as time went by. In July of 1934, to Agent Sandberg of the Department of Justice, he mentions for the first time that " John's " ears are " unusually large; protruding somewhat."

As reported by Condon, " John's " complexion, at times, was " medium," " rather light," and " sallow." His height, according to various statements by Condon, ranged from five feet eight to five feet ten. Lieutenant Finn reports Condon as saying at one time that " John " wore gloves; at another, that he didn't. His eyebrows, as reported to Sandberg, were " medium heavy and in a straight line across forehead, almost joining each other."

Once in a while " John " was " Scandinavian or German." On June 2, 1932, asked, " What makes you think John is a Scandinavian? " Condon replied, " He told me—and his accent." Again he said, " I figure he is not a German."

Now " John's " cough deserves special mention. In the statement just referred to, given to Inspector Walsh, Jafsie says, " The skin was smooth and it gave me the impression that *disease had started its inroads into his body*. He had a *hacking cough*." To Detective Avon, Condon said that " *John coughed continually*." At numerous other times Jafsie said that John " coughed continuously."

At Flemington, under oath, Doctor Condon, the state's number one witness, said " John " *only coughed once*.

To Inspector Walsh, Condon said that " John " told him he was not married. To Lieutenant Finn, Condon reported that " John " had told him he was married.

On May 14, 1932, Condon told Assistant District Attorney Breslin that " John " had a " hatchet face." (Incidentally, in this same statement, taken stenographically, he said that " Colonel Lindbergh did not want any interference from the police; he laid down the law; he said that if he was interfered with in this case, being that it meant so much to him, they would hear from him personally." On this same day, significantly, Condon told Breslin, " I would not like to be indicted in New Jersey by the Grand Jury, *for they would choke you for a cherry in New Jersey*.")

So it appears Jafsie had no use for the police authorities, and the police, in return, were suspicious of him.

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But he was permitted to go merrily on his way. It was Condon, alone, who conceived the idea of putting the ad in the Bronx Home News; Condon, alone, who received the notes delivered by the taxi drivers; Condon, alone, who went to St. Raymond's Cemetery and, out of sight of Colonel Lindbergh, delivered the $50,000 to the mysterious "John."

There is much more to be said about Jafsie, who advertised that he would offer all he could "scrape together"—$1,000 which he had saved from his salary, "all of my life's savings"—for the safe return of the Lindbergh child. There is much more to be said of this same Jafsie, who, in his story in Liberty March 14, 1936, said that "since I entered the case I have spent more than twelve thousand dollars of my own money on trips and investigations."

There are glaring discrepancies in the stories told by Condon to the police and, under oath, to the Bronx Grand Jury *before* and *after* the arrest of Hauptmann. Why didn't he identify Hauptmann in the Greenwich Street police line-up—a man whose face, he said, he could remember "as intimately as a well remembered poem"? Why did he change his story so many times even upon the witness stand? Why, long after his supposed identification of Hauptmann, was he still looking for the "John" to whom he paid the Lindbergh ransom money? What part did his testimony play in sending Hauptmann to the electric chair? What part of his story would have been believed by the jury if the police had not withheld from them the records now being made available to the public?

If Doctor Condon did not do, or did not say, the things I have mentioned and will mention, then the reports of the Flemington trial and the Bronx Grand Jury, the statements of Colonel Lindbergh, the records of the Department of Justice, the New Jersey State Police, and the New York City Police are in error. I am quoting from these records, and I challenge any one to disprove my statements.

Jafsie was given pretty much of a free hand in a case that involved human life and the interests of society. He played, it has always seemed to me, a puzzling game with himself—a sort of psychopathic solitaire in which he was permitted to make all the cards and deal them as he pleased.

Is it true, as has been repeatedly asserted, that the police did not know that Lindbergh ransom money was to be paid, and therefore could make no attempt to capture "John" and any fellow criminals at St. Raymond's Cemetery? Former Governor Hoffman will present his answer, with his evidence, in Liberty next week. He will also present additional information, never before given to the public, bearing upon Jafsie and his testimony.

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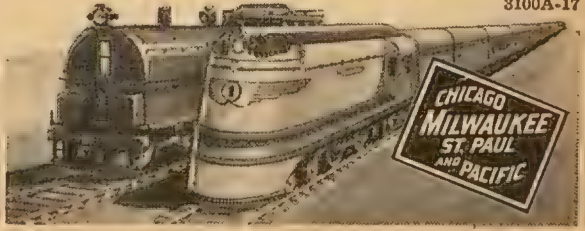
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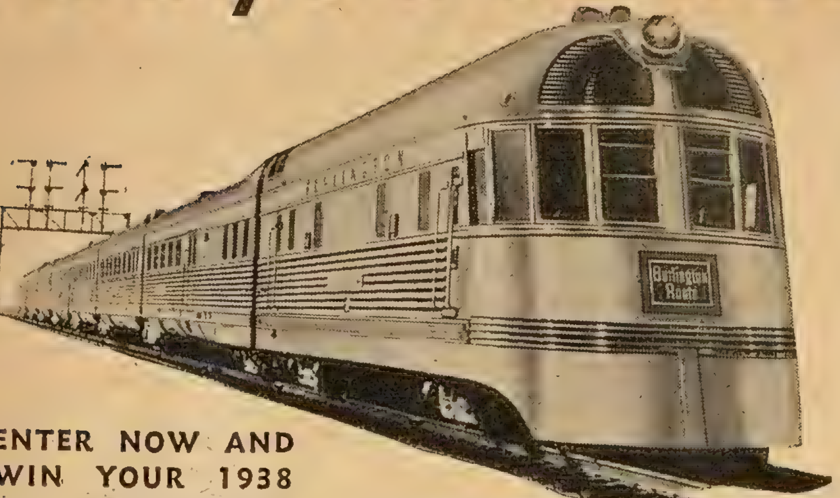


Burlington Route's Twin Zephyr

ENTER NOW AND WIN YOUR 1938 TRIP! YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

For Winners in Liberty's Jumbled Resort Contest

WHERE is your ideal vacation spot? What sort of trip have you always pictured in the back of your mind as the one you would take "when your ship comes in"? Perhaps such a trip is nearer realization than you dream! If you can find the time to travel, Liberty provides the means. In one of the greatest contests it has ever offered its readers, 100,000 miles of travel will be awarded as prizes in Liberty's Jumbled Vacation Resort Contest starting on this page. Why not enter and win your share of this trophy mileage? Your prize may well be enough for a round trip to the resort you have dreamed of visiting. You can't win unless you enter—and if you enter your chance to win is excellent.

The brief, simple rules explain exactly what to do in order to win. Read them carefully. To help you get started, the first jumble in the contest, YONLOWTESEL can be rearranged into YELLOWSTONE. Now you solve the next one. Easy, isn't it? When you have solved all of the jumbles on Coupon 1, file it away until your set of ten completed coupons is filled at the end of the contest. Coupon 2 will be published next week.

Sight-seeing bus, Glacier National Park photo

Montauk Point Light, Long Island State Park photo

Natural Bridge, Virginia Con. Comm.

New Mexico pueblo, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry. photo

Palm Springs, Calif., Rock Island Lines photo

THESE SIMPLE RULES EXPLAIN EXACTLY HOW YOU CAN WIN!

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining, "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

No. 1 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. YONLOWTESEL	....
2. NOTADAY	....
3. ARAGAIN	....
4. GRAYNEL	....
5. AIDROCKSAND	....
6. TONELRAM	....
7. CENKTUTNA	....
8. ATAILCAN	....
9. KUTNAOM	....
10. PINHALMAC	....

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"What Chance Have I, an Honest Hard Worker?"

NEWARK, N. J.—I pick up my newspaper. I listen to my radio. I see newsreels. I am greeted by my neighbor, my news dealer, my train conductor, the cop on my beat. All talk of but one thing. Less work. Strike. Down with capitalism! Stop this persecution! Halt this exploitation of workers by the idle rich!

My memory refuses the endless task of storing away the millions of vituperatives and thousands of slick phrases coined by shrewd organizers to stir the lazy minds of American workers. They have outthought and outsmarted America's biggest big-business men. What chance, then, have I, a mere worker who wants to work, of coping with their cleverly phrased philosophies, their quixotic excuses for strikes?

I know only that I am an American. That I want to work, to be happy. That I see in today's rolling snowball of labor madness tomorrow's avalanche of revolution. This is all wrong; but when I try to say so, I am engulfed in a tidal wave of professional laborism that drowns my words.

I work for a living. I've worked hard since I left school at thirteen. When I was twenty my father died, and I worked harder to support my mother. I married at twenty-three. I have two children. I'm working harder today than ever before, because I want my children to have the things I couldn't have. I want my wife and my children to be happy.

Many, many times my life has been unpleasant, my work a drudge. No organization ever got me anything. I got my own jobs. I earned my own pay raises. I always was well paid. Because I worked. No one thinks of working today. They are Labor with a capital L. But I didn't escape the depression. I lost my job . . . and I, who had never before done any work more strenuous than polishing the seat of an office chair with the seat of my breeches, went into the junk business. Going down into dirty cellars. Buying old newspapers. Carrying a hundred pounds on my shoulder up steep slippery stairs. Going home filthy. Exhausted. But working. Paying my way through life. Keeping my self-respect by staying off relief.

Then I went to work again. And worked still harder. With my brain more than with my hands. Today I am sneered at as a capitalist. Because I am happy. Because I buy, with the money I have worked hard to earn, things labor agitators call the pleasures of the rich. Because I can give my children decent clothes. Education. Because I own a business. A small one, but my own. Because I own a farm out in the country. Where my children have their horses. Their dogs. Thousands of apple trees in blossom to remind us even trees work. Because I am giving my family the things my enemies covet and are too lazy to work for, I am despised. I'm working. Working hard. I'm only trying to live and be happy.

All this I am doing on the money I earned a[illegible] wages. More wages, perhaps, than most of my colleagues received. Because they would not or could not do the things I could do. Because they didn't work. Rendered a grudging lip-and-hand service to their employers. Pretended to work.

My co-workers weren't kidding their boss. They were kidding themselves. Because they refused to give their job any loyalty, they got none. I worked. I prospered. I am still working. Still prospering. I am still trying to work. And live. And be happy.

When the revolution comes, there will be a hundred commissars who will put my name first on their execution lists.—*H. Stuart Morrison.*

CLEOPATRA WAS IN NO WAY AN EGYPTIAN

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Referring to the question on Cleopatra's nationality, asked by M. A. in February 12 Vox Pop:

Although Cleopatra was born in Egypt, the Ptolemies (the line from which she descended) were in no way Egyptians. They were Macedonians, in whose veins flowed not one drop of Egyptian blood. Their capital city of Alexandria, on the Egyptian coast, had no connection with the Delta and the Nile Valley other than purely commercial. The city was Greek in character, constructed in Greek manner, and their spoken language, their dress, and their living conditions were done according to Greek habits.

Even Cleopatra (she was Cleopatra VII), contrary to popular belief, wore the Greek and not the Egyptian type of garments.

The above information can be found in the book The Life and Times of Cleopatra, by Arthur Weigall.—*Mark R. Curilovic.*

[And we wish to thank many other kind and learned Vox Poppers for sending us similar information. Evidently Cleopatra has as many fans as Garbo or Joan Crawford.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HIS SENTIMENTS EXACTLY IN ANOTHER SIX MONTHS

HENDERSON, COLO.—Every day, in every way, Bernarr Macfadden's editorials are getting better and better. If they improve at the same rate in the next six months as they have in the past six months, he will be expressing my sentiments exactly.—*Ernest O. Eason.*

AFFIRMS UNDERTOW

BATON ROUGE, LA.—In February 12 Vox Pop H. Miller of Kansas City starts a controversy as to the existence or nonexistence of an undertow. Upon what authority was your answer based (in Twenty Questions of December 11) that denied the existence of such a phenomenon? If the answer was correct, how do you account for the following application of the disputed term?

When waves run up on the beach the water must return to the sea. This outward movement, which begins when the wave has been spent on the shore and is interrupted when the next wave comes, continues under the immediate surface of the water in the form of a current along the bottom.

Science gives to this current the name "undertow." Isn't it logical that such an outward movement of the water could at least pull one beyond one's depth?—*C. C. Aldrich.*

A CHANCE FOR WOMEN TO PROVIDE CASH CROP

SALINA, KAN.—Being a man of ordinary mental reactions, I am not expected to take much interest in the page of Alexandra Kropotkin, but I do. I read it first, generally, and find it very interesting and instructive.

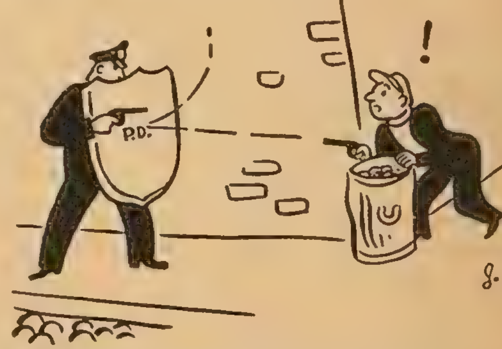
Incidentally, I wish she would ask about the almost if not entirely total absence of dried corn in the diet of our people. I was raised in Kentucky and we ate it. Now I can't get it. Is it not marketed any place? Is it not possible to buy it in the United States? I am unable to get it in this state.

Why don't more farmers dry corn and eat it—or sell it? There seems to me to be a chance for farm women to provide a cash crop.

It is so much better than canned corn. —*J. W. Densford.*

WAR SHIELDS FOR COPS

JAMAICA, N. Y.—The Greek heroes had shields. The Roman gladiators carried them. Primitive tribes have them. So I believe war-type body shields of lightweight metal would save many lives of cops.—*George Durst.*



AT SIXTY-EIGHT SHE HAILS YOUTH OF TODAY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Oh, this Why Young Girls Blush No More is a *grand* article (January 22 Liberty) and here's to Rupert Hughes, its author!

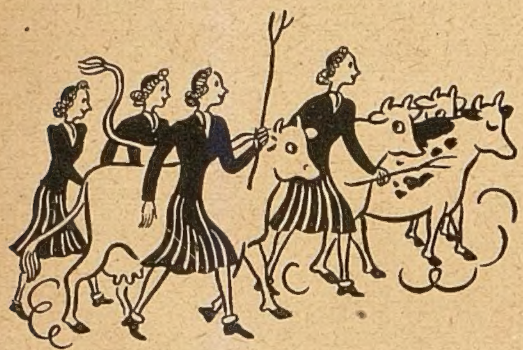
I am a woman sixty-eight in years, but I'm for the youth of 1938. My parents came West to California in 1868—

pioneers with vigor, vim, grit, and the guts to do! They had to cut and chop their way through to victory. *But we have California!*

I live close to Olympic Street High School in Los Angeles, and a finer or better class of boys and girls never existed—healthy, full of fun, and well behaved. I wish I was one of them.

A grand sight I saw a few days ago. Passing a bus were four girls who were sisters, herding a large bunch of cattle. And how they did herd them! And how the passengers on the bus applauded them!

Give us more youth of 1938, Rupert Hughes and Liberty.—*Kate Sullivan.*



TEDDY ROOSEVELT NEVER CAPTURED SAN JUAN HILL!

NORTH KANSAS CITY, MO.—In his splendid story on the life of President Roosevelt which ran in Liberty Mr. Ludwig made several references to "Teddy" Roosevelt and his Rough Riders and their participation in the assault and capture of San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898.

This is one of the many instances when positive untruths become part of our American history and are accepted as facts. The truth is that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor his Rough Riders had any part in that fracas—they were somewhere else.

I would advise Mr. Ludwig to study General Shafter's report on that battle. It can be found in every first-class library.

He probably will not do it, though, for nothing is more futile than criticism. —*Frederic Binckli.*

SALUTE OF THE JOLLY HIKERS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Are the jolly hikers shown in the picture in Mr. Macfadden's story (February 12 Liberty, page 56) giving the Fascist salute? If they are, is their gesture "un-American"? And if they are not, what, by comparison, is un-American in the Fascist arm salute?

Thanks for this picture, at any rate. It will provide food for thought when some fanatics start shouting again about un-American customs.

And here is a two-word comment on Emil Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt:

Hooey—phooey.—*H. A. Pohle.*

Disputing the Skulduggery in the WPA

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Any respect I may have had for Liberty has been blasted to the four winds after reading an article entitled Skulduggery in the WPA, by Ben Whitehurst (January 29 issue). How could any self-respecting publisher print such an amazing fabrication of falsehoods?

The WPA needs criticism; it has been inefficient in many situations during its early days; it has made mistakes in trying to solve a new and huge problem. But it is in any case entitled to honest and sincere criticism. Statements in the Liberty article to the effect that "constructive suggestions" and "complaints" are "buried in the general correspondence files," that "former employment and references are not checked," that workers who are ill are discharged from projects, that "part-time work for private concerns" by relief workers is "taboo," that "Communism is openly espoused," are senseless twaddle which even a simple check-up would negate.

I have been with WPA for two and a half years. This may seem to you to discount the foregoing comment, were it not for the fact that I was selected to head up a foremanship-training program because of extensive past experience in personnel and training work and was without any political "pull" whatever.

I have seen the works program in action in nearly every state in the Union. I never heard of Mr. Whitehurst before, although your headline states that he was an "official."

If conditions were as they are painted, it would be interesting to know how a man with any sense of honor or decency continued to draw his check for as many years as Whitehurst seems to have done. —*R. O. Beckman.*

[When writing the exposé of the Relief set-up, I knew that very likely there would be some who would ascribe my motive to spitefulness. For three years I earned my bread working in the FERA-WPA headquarters in Washington, and I am truly grateful—I certainly hold no resentment. Would that I could say, "All is well," but, before God, I cannot! If I kept silent I would virtually be condoning repulsive faults. It is more important that the American citizenry be awakened to the state of affairs which exists than that I be spared criticism.—*Ben Whitehurst.*]

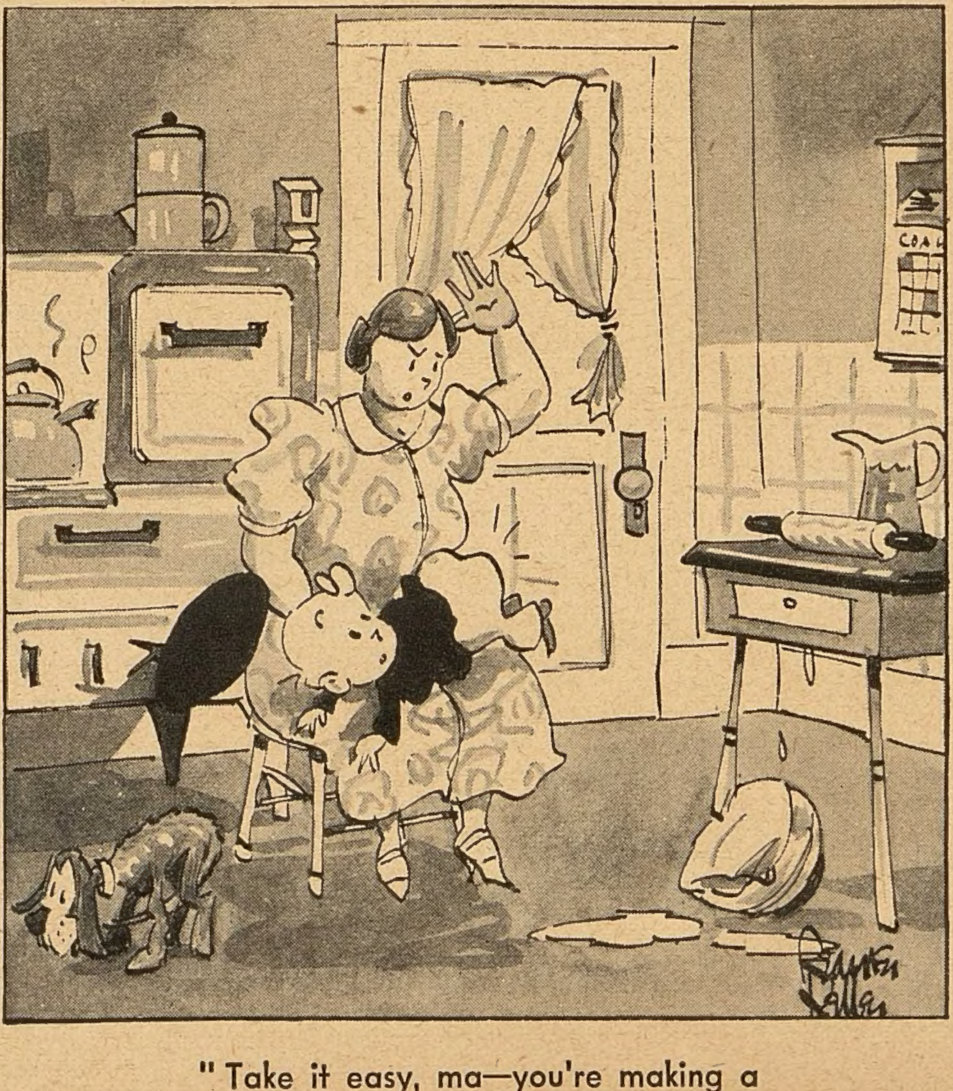
WHY SHOULDN'T PARENTS EARN HONOR?

COLERAINE, MINN.—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! and many low salaams to Elsie Robinson on her Listen, Youth! True words. Why shouldn't parents earn honor?

We train our children to be wide-awake and clear-thinking. Then why demand that they use rose-colored spectacles when they look at us?

Should they honor us? Not unless we rate it, kid.—"*Mom*" *to Three.*

"HARDTACK"



"Take it easy, ma—you're making a mountain out of a molehill."

I PER CENT BRAINS 99.9 PER CENT LUCK

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—Mr. Tom Hibbens (January 8 Vox Pop) is not contest-wise. If he were he would know that being a winner in most contests requires 1 per cent brains and 99.9 per cent luck.

I have been addicted to the contest habit for about twenty years. Right now, along with thousands of others, I am trying to put bits of paper together to make faces of Presidents. It doesn't matter if I get Lincoln's whiskers on Hoover's face, or T. R.'s mustache on Andrew Jackson—it's a lot of fun for shut-ins like myself.—*A. P. Nutt.*

AS EASY AS ALL THAT!

ONEONTA, N. Y.—With all this hullabaloo about sex before marriage, why don't some of these smart people suggest the only possible solution, namely: Let the women give the men back their jobs and get married ten years sooner.—*Ray Nicholls.*

"MISTER" A TERM OF REPROACH

BLUE SPRINGS, NEB.—Doesn't Borden Chase (January 8 Liberty) know that in the United States army the word *Mister* is applied only to second lieutenants, and is considered by all concerned as a term of reproach?—*H. E. Harpster.*

Is President Roosevelt a Well Man Today?

THERE IS HARDLY a person in these United States who does not realize what a physical and mental strain the Presidency of our country is upon any man elected to that high office. . . . How is Franklin D. Roosevelt bearing up under the strain after five years in office? . . . Ernest K. Lindley gives the answer in next week's Liberty. . . . Mr. Lindley is a distinguished Washington newspaper correspondent and prepared his article after consultation with Dr. Ross T. McIntire, the White House physician, who usually sees the President several times a week. . . . In this remarkable article there are a number of intimate glimpses of the President's regime, his methods of exercise, his diet, and so on, as well as an accurate analysis of the present state of his health. You'll want to read this in Liberty next week. . . . TALK OF WAR spreading from East to West and to our very shores is in the air. . . . Next week Liberty will publish a debate on the part America should (or should not) play in achieving and maintaining peace in the world. The debate is argued by Colonel Edward Mandell House and George Sylvester Viereck. . . . Every one remembers Colonel House, the closest adviser of Woodrow Wilson, his missioner to Europe, and one of the signers of the Treaty of Versailles. . . . Today Colonel House is no longer young, but his vigorous intellect is excited by the turmoil on the earth. . . . He speaks with clarity and force. . . . Mr. Viereck, so often the storm center of political disputes, takes issue with his old friend. . . . Liberty prints their opposing views in the belief that both men have something pertinent to say and with the hope that others will carry forward this discussion. . . . PRAYER is perhaps what the world needs; prayer for peace, for understanding among nations and men, for alleviation of the ills of everyday living. . . . Some may scoff at the efficacy of prayer, but thousands of people do believe in its potency. . . . It may be news to you that there is a society in the United States the members of which pray for the well-being of their fellows in distress. . . . The amazing story of this society and the miracles attributed to it is another feature in Liberty next week. Barbara Maclaren tells you about it. . . . BUT DON'T THINK from the seriousness of the foregoing that Liberty has forgotten entertainment and its great value to all of us in times like these or, for that matter, at any time. So next week, too, you will want to read the first installment of the first novel that extremely popular author, Faith Baldwin, has written for Liberty. . . . Hotel Hostess is its title, and it is really an alluring tale with a girl as heroine who is just about tops so far as our taste in girls is concerned. . . . A full announcement of Hotel Hostess appears elsewhere in this issue. . . . For further entertainment there's the short story, Gee, Mr. Kerrigan! by Charles Green, which gives the adventures, humorous and thrilling, of a bellboy whose hero was the house detective. AND AS LOVE, we're told, keeps the world going round, there's also a most appealing love story. Its title, No More Together; its author, Leonie Mason. . . . Jim Tully, that authority on sports and nationally known writer, contributes Today's Greatest Prizefighter. And who he is we'll leave it for you to find out next week—although we must say, whether you agree with him or not, Jim makes an excellent case for his choice. . . . GOVERNOR HOFFMAN has more on the Lindbergh case. . . . Another installment of Doctors Don't Tell. . . . And Elmer Davis continues his serial in generous and exciting measure. . . . A. E. Blanco, Director of the Anti-Opium Information Bureau at Geneva, sends us an interesting letter in which he charges the Japanese government with exploiting the opium trade in countries to which it is not friendly. . . . This will be of interest to every American. . . . Says Mr. Blanco, "Although Japanese activities in China are so intimately linked up with the opium and narcotic drugs traffic, the press in America seldom stresses the role played by narcotics as a preparation for military invasion; and the public does not realize sufficiently that narcotics have become a weapon—a deadly weapon in the hands of the Japanese." . . . He encloses the résumé of an address delivered on the subject by General Chiang Kai-shek and an interview with Madame, his wife. . . . These are indeed serious charges. . . . One of the appalling facts of contemporary history is that so much is known in Geneva about the deadly narcotics international traffic and so pitifully little is done about it.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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COVER PAINTING BY SEWELL BOOTH

OLD DRUM'S A TREAT THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

Calvert
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT

In recognition of his masterfully accurate rhythm and his unusual and exciting "breaks", Bernie Mattinson of Horace Heidt's Brigadiers has been awarded this month's honorary Gold Drum.

"THE FLAVOR'S SWELL I'M HERE TO TELL!"

Trust your taste! Sip Old Drum slowly... note its mellow flavor... its delightful bouquet!

"IT'S RICH AND RARE BEYOND COMPARE"

OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

It's skillful blending that gives Old Drum that distinctive taste found only in *quality* whiskies. No wonder the swing's to Old Drum!

OLD DRUM

BRAND · *Blended Whiskey*

90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1938 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C.

"I'll tell you the difference I have found in cigarettes!"

SAYS

WILBUR SHAW

record-smashing auto driver
to BEN E. WILBUR,
radio announcer

"You're known as a great Camel smoker, Mr. Shaw. Are they really so different from other cigarettes?"

"Yes, Ben, they sure *are!* That's why they're the racing drivers' favorite. To us, there are so many things that mean a great deal in smoking. One big angle is that Camels *agree with me!* I've smoked Camels for 10 years, so I *know* that from experience."

"ON THE AIR" after his victory in the 500-mile Indianapolis race, Wilbur Shaw said: "This is the happiest day of my life—outside my wedding day." Then reached for a Camel. "First thing after a race," he says, pointing out another difference between Camels and other cigarettes, "I get a 'lift' with a Camel."

"Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me—the cigarette that lets me enjoy smoking to the full!"

•

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

MEMORIAL DAY is when Shaw races. Most of the rest of the year, you'll find him "noodling" out a tough problem in automotive design. He gets in a good bit of Camel smoking, doing it.

SHAW AND COTTON HENNING, famous racing car builder, agree on how important healthy nerves are. And Shaw says: "The fact that Camels don't get on my nerves scores a big hit with me."

"IT'S YOUR MOVE, Cathleen," says Wilbur to Mrs. Shaw, his checkers partner. His own move is to light up a Camel—"for digestion's sake." "A few Camels help my digestion along," he adds.

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Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER → "Camels agree with me"